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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

GETTING RICH HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: 'SUPERBRAIN' BARRY JONES

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PLAYBILL

WE'RE living in an era when women are demonstrating an almost uncanny ability to take care of themselves. That can't be all bad because it has revealed a few exciting sides of femininity that we've rarely glimpsed before. One thing we've learned is that women can be tough and sexy at the same time. In this issue we take a pictorial peek at three girls who are tougher than the average male but give nothing away when it comes to looking good. PLAYBOY photographers **Richard Fegley** and **David Mecey** have filed Women Of Steel, a tribute to tough women.

Labor front-bencher Barry Jones has made the subject of Future Shock his baby. "Superbrain" Jones, who modestly admits he's qualified enough to hold down one of a whole range of portfolios, is the federal Minister for Science and Technology and the man with the most to say about how we will work and play in the future. We sent science writer **Tim Griggs** to Canberra to harness Jones for the PLAYBOY Interview.

Crime doesn't pay — especially for the victims. In The Anatomy Of A Hold-Up, freelancer **William England** examines the full implications of the violent robbery of a Melbourne TAB and just what happened to the assailants and their victims. It's a powerful piece of investigative reporting certain to make you think differently about the process of law, detection and the judiciary.

The travel figures say that a good percentage of young Australians have taken the prescribed back-packer's route around Europe. But how many of you, while perhaps lolling in a humble youth hostel, fantasised about doing it in style? And we mean blue *riband* style. PLAYBOY's **Phil Jarratt** had entertained the fantasy for some years and he finally got his chance to find out just how someone in a banker's, corporate lawyer's or successful coke dealer's tax bracket might do Europe. For a real charge of pure elitism read Europe On $1000 A Day. In between hob-nobbing around the Continent, Jarratt also found time to research and write The Buck Stops Here, a look at the money-go-round of financing an Aussie film. **Mike Skelton** embellished the piece with his excellent photography.

Sydney is the city where you're likely to find gorgeous Grace Parr. This exotic butterfly fluttered in from Asia to make her home in Australia's largest city and Sydneysiders agree the town is looking better since Grace's arrival. Via the camerawork of **Rico Mettbach,** we're able to present Grace as our March Playmate.

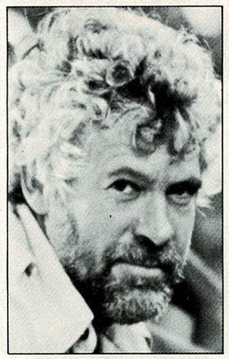
For March we've increased the quota of beautiful Australian PLAYBOY girls. Photographer **Pompeo Posar** presents a stunning six-page pictorial of Justine Greiner while **James Baes** has weighed in with his testimony to the sex appeal of Valerie. Our 20 Questions interview subject is Sylvia Kristel, the *Emmanuelle* star who has done for soft porn what Michelangelo did for ceilings.

So, you always wanted to be rich but went broke buying raffle tickets? There is a fortune out there waiting to be made and we've got a questionnaire that will help you determine if you're up to the task. Our Entrepreneur's Quiz, compiled by **Joseph Mancuso,** throws up enough curly ones for you to decide if you've really got what it takes to get rich.

Amid the oil and tyre smoke of motor racing there is a bunch of guys who just might be crazier than most. They're the Madmen Of Formula Ford. Motoring editor **Rob Luck** reports.

Fiction writer **Arthur Baysting** makes his PLAYBOY debut with My Grandfather's Air Ticket.

Regular PLAYBOY writer **Steve Bunk** went on a Barossa binge to file The Grape Escape, a wine-stained idyll through Australia's greatest valley of vines. If that's not lubricated enough for you, then take a look at Wet Dreams, **Vitek's** fashion guide to wetsuits. Yes, not only *fish* get to look good in water. You might like to swim in our drinks special, Cocktail Construction, by **Emmanuel Greenberg** and illustrated by **Will Nelson.** It's a perfect ready-reckoner for fixes you've always wanted to drink. Let's call it a March concoction!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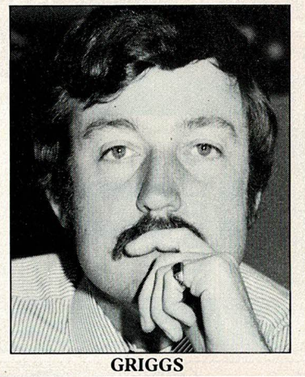
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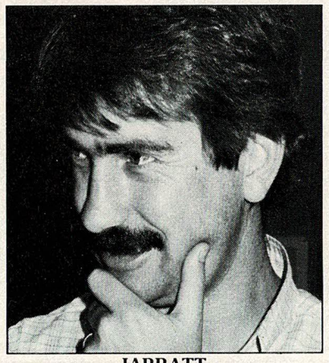
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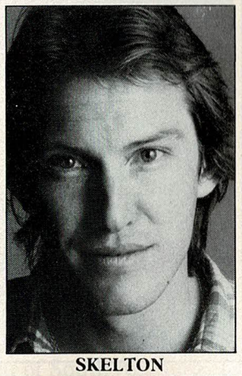
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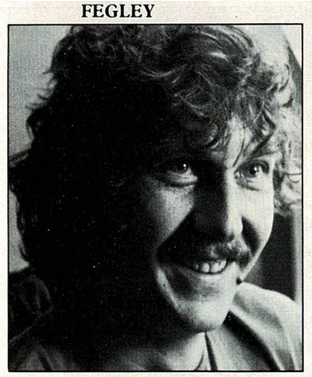
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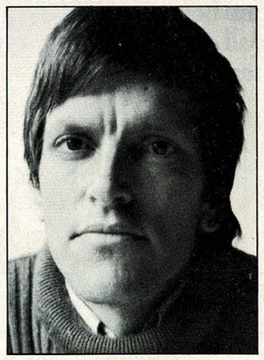
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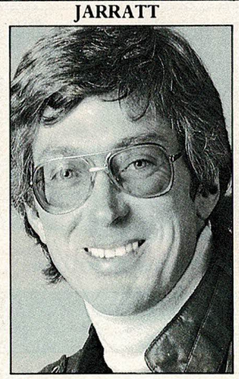
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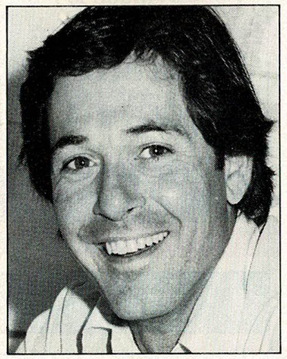
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CONTENTS

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
WORLD OF PLAYBOY 11
AFTER HOURS 13
BOOZE 14
MONEY 19
MUSIC 20
VIDEO 24
ADVENTURE 27
MOVIES 28

33
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Self-confessed superbrain Barry Jones, Minister for Science and Technology, predicts radical social change as the future arrives with a jolt.

42
THE BUCK STOPS HERE
Phil Jarratt exposes all the financial wheeling and dealing which went into the making of the movie *Undercover*.

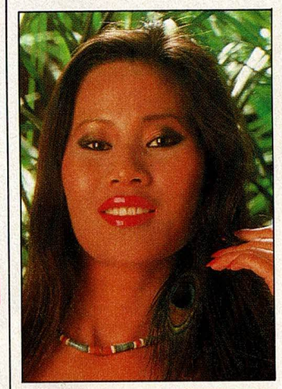
46

JUSTINE'S JOURNEY
Just one look and you'll never forget the superbly proportioned Justine Greiner.

52
MADMEN OF FORMULA FORD
There's only one way from the Aussie motor racing circuit to the international grand prix — that's to blast your mates off the track.

56
ANATOMY OF A HOLD-UP
The harrowing true story of a shotgun robbery and the victims who are scarred for life.

60
TO SYDNEY WITH LOVE
Playmate of the Month Grace Parr, photographed by Rico Mettbach.



74
HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET RICH?
Or do you just talk a great game? Find out if you have real entrepreneurial flair by tackling our questionnaire.

76
EUROPE ON $1000 A DAY!
On-the-road madness during a debauched, decadent and thoroughly depraved grand tour.

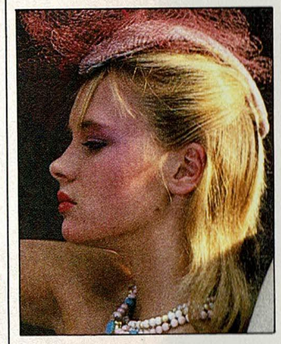
82
GRANDFATHER'S AIR TICKET
Fiction from Arthur Baysting.

86
20 QUESTIONS
Sylvia "Emmanuelle" Kristel — frankly erotic.

89
WOMEN OF STEEL
If you want to make it with these women, you'd better say please.

94
COCKTAIL CONSTRUCTION
Classic cocktails are back in vogue. We show you how to build 'em to last.

102
DREAMS AND WHISPERS
A stirring pictorial featuring a lady who was not meant to be alone.



112
WET DREAMS
Gentlemen of the board hang five hot wetsuits for high-fashion form in winter surf.

124
THE GRAPE ESCAPE
Steve Bunk takes a wino's tour of South Australia.

132
LOOKING GOOD
If you want to look good enough to eat you'll get the best advice on grooming and body care in our new service column.

134
SEX
Bettina Arndt's warm and witty replies to all your most personal sex queries.

MARCH 1984 • COVER: JOAN BENNETT. PHOTO: DAVID MECEY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

SWANS' FEATHERS RUFFLED

As president of the Sydney branch of the Football Writers' Association, I categorically deny allegations made in the Mike Gibson interview in the October 1983 issue of Australian PLAYBOY concerning "backhanders" and "payola" to members of the media involved in reporting Sydney Swans and VFL matters.

As for the so-called free trips alluded to in the interview, members of this association employed by the major Sydney newspapers sought and were provided with one or two seats (depending on availability and requirements) on the Swans team flights in order to get to Melbourne to cover matches. This transport would not have been otherwise available on a regular basis.

Last year, before the Sydney branch of the long-established Football Writers' Association was set up to bring Sydney journalists and commentators the same rights and facilities as their Melbourne counterparts, two groups were invited to VFL Park by the Victorian Football League.

Fares and accommodation on both occasions were provided by the VFL, just as they are for other media people when they are invited by other sporting bodies to participate in group tours.

Leigh Bottrell,
Bottrell, Knight
and Associates,
Surry Hills, NSW.

I have had pointed out to me an interview in your October edition with the television sporting commentator, Mike Gibson.

Mr Gibson is, of course, entitled to his views and feelings about football of whatever code. His preference in codes is of no interest or concern to the Swans or the VFL.

But we have a very real interest when Mr Gibson implies that the move to Sydney by the Swans was not a brave and historic decision by a famous old club which was beset by financial problems. The club moved to save its very existence and at the same time bring regular top level Australian Rules football to Australia's largest city.

Most disturbing of all Mr Gibson's statements is his claim that "they gladhand sports writers. . . they're getting backhanders. They get free trips to Melbourne, and that's payola of the worst sort."

Such a claim is utterly without foundation. It is a vicious insult to the intelligence and integrity of the Sydney media as a whole, and to those men and women whose job it is to cover VFL football.

In conjunction with the Sydney branch of the Football Writers' Association, we this past season provided seats on the team plane for one or two reporters covering each Swans match in Melbourne. Otherwise, they could not have got to Melbourne.

Barry Lyons,
Sydney Swans Administration,
Randwick, NSW.

I am deeply disturbed by comments in your October edition attributed to a fellow journalist, Mr Mike Gibson. He made several statements about the Sydney Swans and their move to Sydney. The comment that really concerns me is that "they gladhand sports writers" and that Australian Rules writers in Sydney are "getting backhanders".

Bottrell, Knight and Associates was an integral part of the publicity machine which launched the Sydney Swans here in 1982 and maintained the publicity during the season. Our company renewed its association with the Sydney Swans half-way through the 1983 season.

The inference is that we are responsible for "gladhanding sports writers" and giving out "backhanders". I have been in journalism for almost 20 years and, like Mr Gibson, believe in the strict enforcement of our profession's code of ethics. Never before have I been accused of breaking this code.

Bill Knight,
Bottrell, Knight
and Associates,
Surry Hills, NSW.

CLASSIC COLLINS

The feature on Joan Collins in your January issue is spectacular. She just has to be one of the most classically beautiful and durable actresses in the world. Joan puts many younger stars to shame with her poise, wonderfully proportioned body and alluring expressions.

It was worth the wait to finally see Joan in a nude pictorial. I think the cover is amazing, too, and would love to obtain a poster of same. Is this possible?

Chris MacIntosh,
North Adelaide, SA.

Front cover posters are available for $3.95 each. Check out our ad on page 133 for details. And for all those readers who wrote in to rave about Joan Collins, here's another glimpse of the immutable actress — Ed.

MODEL OF PERFECTION

The feature on Lynn Eason in your December issue is one of the most stylish and sexy spreads you've done for a while. I also thought the cover pic of lovely Lynn on Santa's knee was just great.

Hope to see Lynn again soon.

F.G. Pratt,
Port Douglas, Qld.

ROCK ON, DEL CRUSTACEANS!

The montage which introduced Rick Telander's reminiscences of the Del Crustaceans (Rock 'n' Roll I Gave You The Best Years Of My Life, December PLAYBOY) is one of the most brilliant I have ever seen: it complemented perfectly his tales of what it was like to be in a band of second-raters who still managed to enjoy themselves.

The beautiful, ironic point of it seemed to be that because they were in it for the fun of it, they stuck together. People (very few, mind you) left of their own accord, they never got fired, no matter how bad they were. No one has ever made any money, but they continue to jet in to perform together, because they regard each other as their "best friends in the world".

They could never have been top-notchers — but how many top-notchers could have sustained the friendship, and the fun?

Perhaps even more interesting is the question of how many other groups are in the same position — pursuing their own lives but still playing, for the hell of it, as a balance for their normal existences? Or are the Del Crustaceans a unique phenomenon?

Anne Coleman,
Lavington, NSW.

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

IT'S NOT UNUSUAL. . .
Is this man attractive to women? Does Dolly Parton sleep on her back?

Tom "The Throat" Jones jetted into Sydney for a 10-day panty-throwing convention at the Revesby Workers' Club and somehow found time for a bit of socialising during his visit.

It just so happened that two of his biggest fans, Tassie twins Denise and Janette Robinson (Australian PLAYBOY, September 1983), were in town at the same time and turned up at the same party. They were more than happy to help Tom unwind after a tiring show. Well, the lad was a long way from home, you know. Denise and Janette's attentions obviously helped, he doesn't look homesick at all does he?

WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

You probably think we suave PLAYBOY types get pretty blase surrounded, as we are, by gorgeous, vivacious, exciting women every working day. Well yeah, it's a struggle (yawn) but we manage.

Some days are better than others of course. Such as those occasions when Karen Pini drops in to say hello and reminisce about old times. Karen, you will recall, was Australian PLAYBOY's first centrefold. Co-incidentally, we presented a delightful reprise of Karen in our fifth birthday issue last month.

Karen also persuaded Australian PLAYBOY publisher Philip Mason to organise a team of water bunnies to compete in a charity swim on behalf of the Multiple Sclerosis Society of New South Wales.

How could anyone say "no" to Karen?

GOING DOWN

Remember all the fuss about the sit-in staged by 24 miners at the Southern Cross Colliery in Queensland? And how your curiosity was aroused by the mere thought of their bizarre protest, freezing in the dark, hundreds of metres underground?

It seems the buggers weren't really suffering. They had an ample supply of Australian PLAYBOY back-issues to keep them warm, as their local MP, Foreign Minister Bill Hayden, discovered when he paid the lads a visit.

In fact, once Bill got settled nicely into our June '81 issue, by romantic lamplight no less, he quite forgot about the pressures of the outside world. It's a condition peculiar to politicians and PLAYBOY readers.

MAKING CHANGES

The women of Australian PLAYBOY do get around.

Lovely Lynn Eason has worked non-stop as a model since her Australian PLAYBOY debut two years ago. One of her most recent assignments required Lynn to stir up some interest on behalf of the Westpac Banking Corporation staff magazine, *Changes*. Lynn joined male model Steve Kennedy in a preview of some of the Westpac sporting gear available to employees. Just the stuff to start a run on the bank, wouldn't you say? Their joke, not ours. Honest.

Picture courtesy Changes *photographer Cathy Fisher.*

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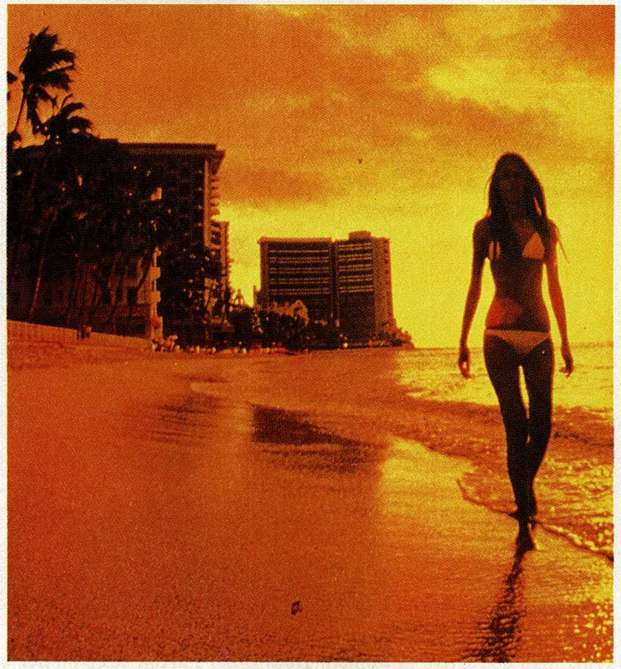

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

HARBOR LITES

Australian PLAYBOY had the best bar on Sydney Harbor the day we went cruising with Mike Gibson and Ian Chappell to taste the new crop of lite beers.

Our luxury craft was TMB *Simpatica*, a 13-metre cruiser of the Island Gypsy class built by Halvorsen, just possibly the most acclaimed boat builders in Australia.

Intrigued by the TMB prefix, we asked owner-skipper Roy Smeal what TMB stood for. Assuming his best mock Italian accent, Roy pronounced, "That's-a-my-boat." When Roy isn't playing silly buggers, he MDs Enterprise Color Video Products Pty Ltd, at Crows Nest, Sydney.

It just so happens it's Australia's largest independent video production group and, as well as handling Elton John's world-wide video releases, specialises in home video duplication. Who's a clever boy then?

FLEECED

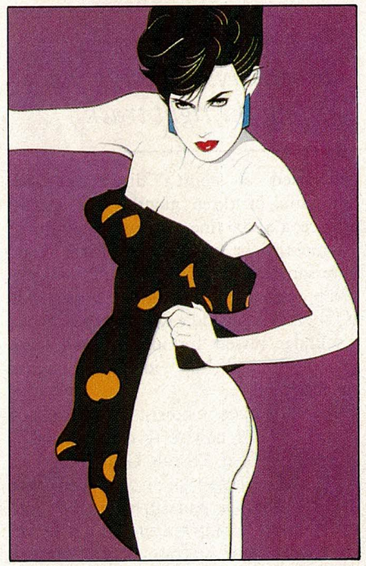
Private John Macarthur is the formidable Merino ram mascot of the 8/9 Royal Australian Regiment based in Brisbane. For the past few years, Private Macarthur has been a big hit at Brisbane's annual Warana Festival. Unbeknown to the ram, however, a number of ladies in the handicrafts pavilion had been eyeing his private parts lasciviously. Especially his lovely wolly coat. At the last festival the ladies descended on Private Macarthur, a direct descendant of the Merinos first brought to Australia by John Macarthur in 1797 and stripped him of his coat. This they transformed by having the fleece spun into a flashy coat of Macarthur tartan "for wear on special occasions".

Private Macarthur apparently was not impressed by his new tartan jacket. Perhaps he liked it the way it was.

SWEET CHARITY

Australian PLAYBOY'S Associate Editor Neil Jameson recently returned from a visit to the West Coast of the USA where he says he saw many wondrous things.

Among these wonders was an establishment in Los Angeles called Le Chateau run by the Reverened Sir James Hellier. Apparently the chateau is equipped with fully functioning dungeons and torture equipment for those who know how to enjoy that sort of thing. What really impressed our fearless reporter was that the delights of the dungeon can be enjoyed tax free. Le Chateau is a registered charity!



TUTU MUCH

A male dancer in the London Festival Ballet was fired because he wasn't strong enough to throw ballerinas around.

Naturally he sued. And this led the company's artistic director, John Field, to argue before the industrial court that dancer Geoffrey Wynne's appearance on stage was "rather effeminate." He added: "While some dancers are not exactly manly, they must portray a virility that was not in Geoffrey."

The arbitrator nevertheless ruled that Geoffrey's dismissal was unfair — although he allowed for further hearings. Well, that's the sort of thing that cost the poms their empire in the first place, isn't it?

DIRTY TALK

Tired of dirty phone calls? The solution is simple — The Telephone Aromatiser. Invented by the Chinese to muscle in on the new technology, it's a simple device which fits on to the mouthpiece of any telephone, killing germs and odors for 30 days.

Naturally the aromatiser comes in such pretty colors as red, pink, blue and green. If you want special fragrances, you can probably ask for spring roll or garlic prawns.

ROYAL CLOUT

Our Queen's youngest son, Prince Edward, having been properly groomed by his teaching assignment to New Zealand, has since gone on to study at Cambridge. Head porter John Haycock has the responsibility of keeping the prince under control.

And what does he tell young Eddie when he misbehaves?

He informs the prince: "Sir, you are a worm."

Added John: "It always seems to work."

MARITAL SPLAT

Yilong, a 42-year-old, five-tonne elephant in China's Canton Zoo, came on heat with a rush last summer. She put the hard word on her mate, a 53-year-old, seven-tonne male called Baibao who had already sired her four offspring.

Unfortunately it seems Baibao had a headache. His jilted missus did not take rejection gracefully. She charged him and butted him squarely on the head. Baibao lost his balance and fell into the moat which surrounds the elephant enclosure. Yilong promptly fell on top of him. More than 100 rescuers tried to get the struggling couple out of the moat but tragically both elephants died.

A Canton newspaper reports that the pair will be stuffed and "mounted for display". The position hasn't been decided yet.

BOOZE

Any day now, at any time and almost anywhere in the country, you could be asked to give a blow-job. If you refuse, it could cost you two grand and a long stint in the slammer. If you agree, you had better not have been drinking: a roadside blow-job at the Blue Light entertainment centre is only free if you can give the test device good clean head.

The big question is, "how clean?" Well, if you're driving in SA, ACT or up north in the Territory, the answer is .08. In Tassie, Victoria and NSW, bring that figure down to .05. In WA and Queensland, there's no random breath testing... yet. But what does all that mean when you're holding up the bar and fibs are flying? The airwaves are thick with conflicting yarns of heavy drinkers who don't blow it and light drinkers who do. You can get odds from experts on cabbing it home and then getting busted while picking up the transport next morning. You almost certainly know someone who knows someone who drank 10 schooners and cruised through the test.

But if you dig deep into the truth-box and find the bottom line, you're really looking for excuses... an excuse to have another. Forget it. Coppers aren't swallowing hard-luck stories and magistrates aren't dealing in sympathy. Nor are police commissioners or licence review boards. And they don't give a stuff if the boss pulls the rug out from under your job tomorrow just because the deal is that no licence means no job. In the hard cold light of dawn, when you wake up in the slammer, far from the camaraderie and the back-slapping, you're on your bloody own, mate. So you'd better get hold of the facts...

Fact One: The recommended guides published for drinking levels up to .05 or .08 in various states are liberally daubed with big fat disclaimers pointing out that they are *only* guides.

Fact Two: If you blow the statutory level of .05 or .08, regardless of what proof you have of consumption below the "guide" limits, you will be convicted. That's the law.

Fact Three: If you are convicted of blowing it, you'll get a fat fine and you will lose your licence. You'll really have blown it then.

Most states have taken the trouble to grade their drunks. These figures from NSW are typical:

Lower Limit (.05 — .079): For first offence, a $400 fine and six months' automatic disqualification with variation at discretion of the court; for second offence, a $1000 fine and 12 months' disqualification which can be varied at the discretion of the court from a minimum of three months.

Middle Range (.08 — .149): For first offence, a $1000 fine and/or six months' jail plus 12 months' disqualification which can be varied at court's discretion from minimum of three months; for second offence, a $1000 fine and/or a minimum of six months' or maximum of three years' imprisonment.

a do-it-yourself breathalyser to keep you on the right track

Upper limit (.150 upwards): This stands as the same for Middle Range at present but it's under review for increase and some courts are already imposing higher penalties.

Of course every motorist has the right of appeal but it's unwise to expect a lot of sympathy. Some Appeals Court judges in NSW are *increasing* lower court penalties. And if it's your second run before the court at an Upper Limit reading, you'd better take along your suitcase because you're almost certainly going to end up inside.

If you are like most drinkers, those penalties probably haven't completely cured you of drinking and driving. You're probably still kidding yourself that you'll be okay if you count the intake carefully. The problem is that once you've had one or two, you frequently can't count all that well any more or else you don't really care that much, anyway.

But fortunately there's now a gadget that can show you a reasonably accurate assessment long after you've lost the ability to figure it out on your own. It's called an ATC-1 Alcohol Test Meter and was developed in Germany in parallel with the actual breath-testing equipment used by police there. It won an international invention medal for design and development and offers perhaps the most comprehensive scale of measurement of any test device on the market.

The ATC-1 is powered by a half-dozen Penlite (AA) packs of compressed electricity, has a check-system to prove calibration and battery power before testing, and reads in gradients of .01 from zero to "free accommodation". It's so simple to operate that it can be handled by a complete drunk and it doesn't nag or try to take your car keys away. If you plunge the key into the starter after getting a "no go" signal on this, they should lock you up and throw away the key. They probably will.

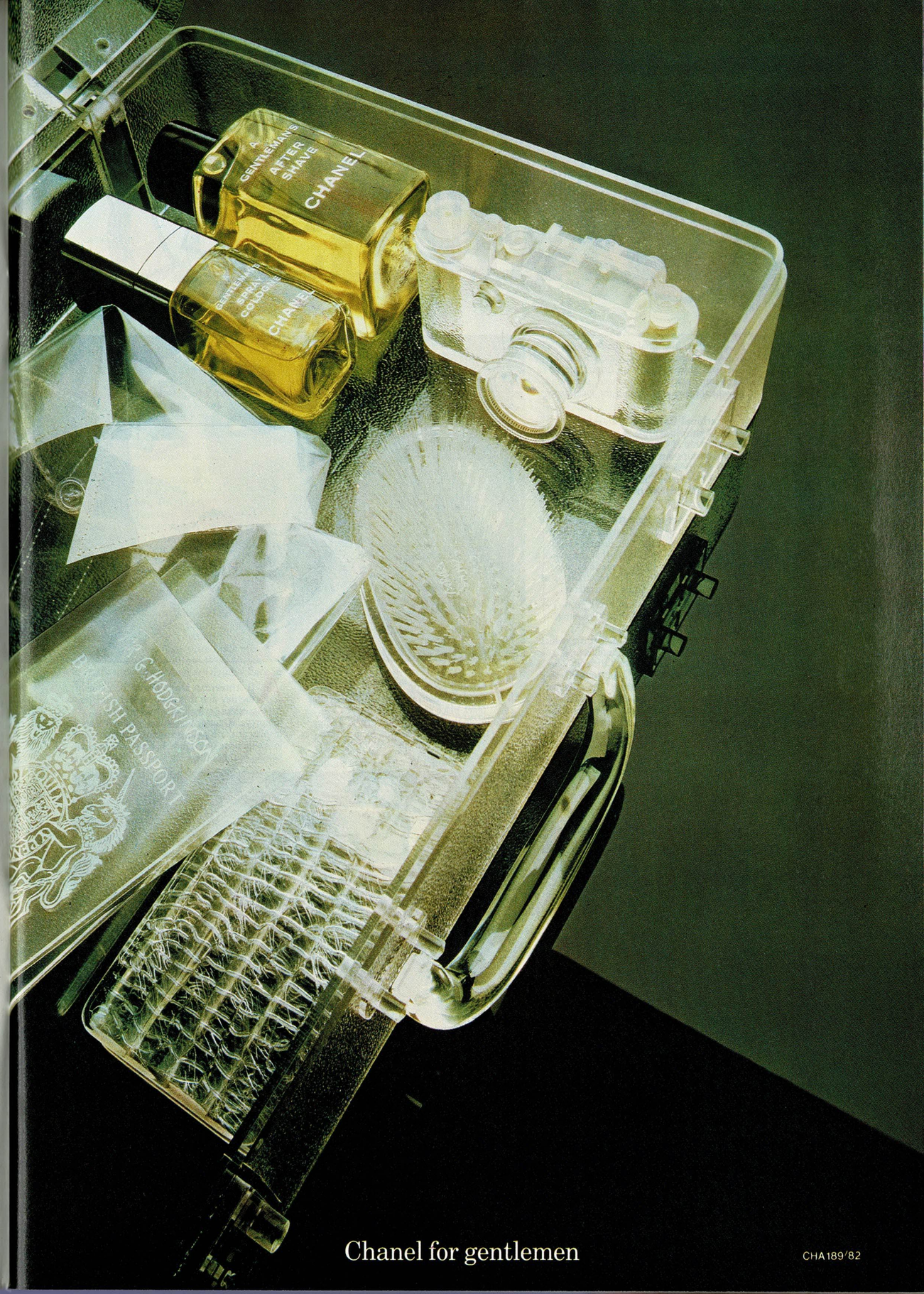
We ran a whole bunch of tests on drunks and then checked the machine back against the NSW Police hardware. It checked out against the equipment used by officialdom and produced some pretty interesting findings on drinkers. For example, eating slows the absorption of alcohol while fasting and smoking accelerates it.

Professor Starmah of Sydney University, who's a leading expert on the subject, has some scientific observations. He can practically calculate your blood-alcohol level by formula from input obtained from size, weight, build, diet (adjacent to the binge) and intake. He will also tell you that, given a clear exit, the alcohol will discharge from the bloodstream at the rate of .02 per hour (the NSW Police agree with this). So you can beat the bag by staying on after the booze session, quaffing food and non-alcoholic beverages, stowing the fags, relaxing, keeping alert and taking fresh air. That's providing you were only marginally over the limit in the first place.

A lot of other things can produce or lift readings. These include apparently innocent items ranging from breath fresheners to cough mixtures. Not to mention fags: the breathalysers get readings from carbon monoxide absorbed from cigarettes and ethanol from a lot of proprietary products taken by mouth. Some pharmaceuticals have an extraordinarily high alcoholic content (11 to 13 per cent or more and that's higher than most beers).

These points are of some relevance to the mild drinker but of very little concern to the entrenched boozer. Professor Starmah will tell you that if you are really smacked with booze, there's no hope. You can't shake the alcohol and its effects in minutes or hours.

No one has said anything about dope yet. But a new NSW report recently showed some kind of drugs (legal and illegal) figured in 60 per cent of all road deaths. Now for random dope tests. Not all of them need be smokers, of course. — ROB LUCK



CAMEL

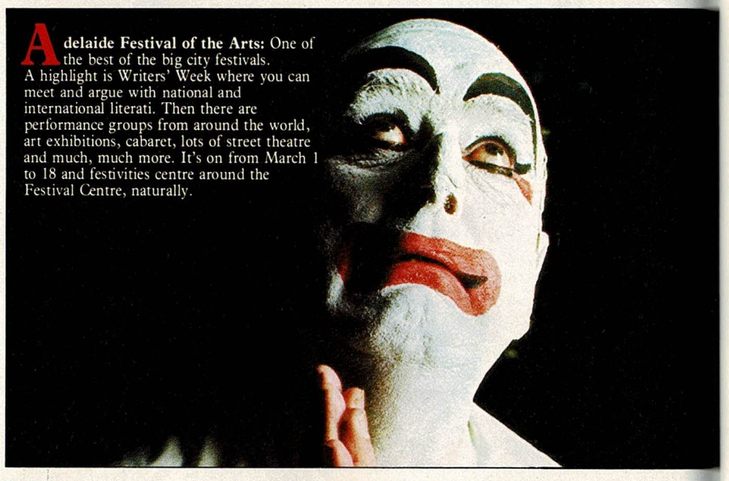
CALENDAR

Cricket: The final of the McDonald's Cup takes place on March 3 and the Sheffield Shield Final is on from March 9 to 13. Venues are to be announced, depending on which teams win. Watch the local papers.

National Barefoot Waterski Championships: A bit of hotfooting it along the top of the water. The championships are on at Patawalonga Lake in South Australia on February 20. Not only do they ski on two feet but they also do it on one foot and perform tricks as well.

Milk Carton Regatta: Hundreds of people have been saving up milk cartons throughout the year just for this event. They build something that resembles a boat and hopefully floats, sometimes using more than 2000 cartons. The regatta is on at Patawalonga Lake in South Australia on February 26. The race is 100 metres or whoever stays afloat longest.

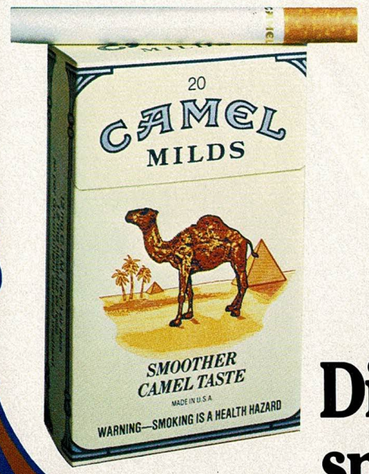
Moomba Festival: Melbourne, which regards itself as the intellectual capital of the south, becomes the Silly City during Moomba 1984. It's on from March 2 to 12 and will include an untold number of events including theatre, dance, music, sporting events, food carnivals, rubbing shoulders with famous people and the crowning of the Moomba royalty. It started in 1955 and is still going strong.



Adelaide Festival of the Arts: One of the best of the big city festivals. A highlight is Writers' Week where you can meet and argue with national and international literati. Then there are performance groups from around the world, art exhibitions, cabaret, lots of street theatre and much, much more. It's on from March 1 to 18 and festivities centre around the Festival Centre, naturally.

National Cycling Track Championships: The national cycling event takes place at the Canterbury Velodrome in the Sydney suburb of Tempe from March 17 to 24. Events include time trials, sprints and pursuits. About 30 riders from each state will take part.

All American Day: That's the name of the day and it is about motor vehicles, All-American style. There will be cars, motorcycles, buses and military vehicles on display at the Flemington racecourse car park in Melbourne on March 4. From old to new, you'll see them there.



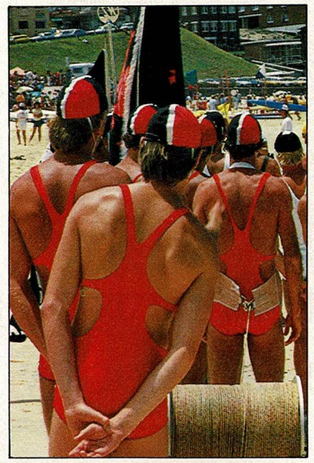
Discover Camel Milds - smoother and milder

Australian Surf Lifesaving Championships: Surf lifesavers will be attempting events like Iron Man, surf skis, surf boards, running in an effort to maintain the myth in good order. That's the Australian Surfing Championships at Kurrawa, Queensland, from March 30 to April 1.

State Surf Lifesaving Championships: The Queensland Championships are on February 25 and 26 at Tannum Sands, Queensland, near Gladstone. On March 3 and 4 the WA Championships will be on at Scarboro, WA, and the Tasmanian at Carlton Park, Tasmania. On March 9, 10 and 11 the NSW Championships take place at Wollongong, NSW. On March 10 and 11 the Victorian State Championships are on at Warrnambool, Victoria. The South Australian Championships are also on March 10 and 11 but the venue is still to be announced.

Australian Track and Field Championships: Running, jumping and generally hurling themselves into a physical high. The Australian Track and Field Championships are on from March 29 to April 1 (no fools, they) at Olympic Park in Melbourne.

Melbourne International Motor Show: The International Motor Show includes motor cars and motorcycles ranging from the vintage to the latest models. There will be special show cars on display as well plus a wide range of accessories. That will be on at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne from March 8 to 18.



Australian Triathlon Championships: This is the inaugural event. The Triathlon begins at Frankston, Victoria, goes to Sorrento and returns. All on March 18. Events include a 2km swim, an 80km bike ride and a 20km run. 1200 participants are expected to take part. Can you imagine all of them hitting the water at once?

Moomba Masters Waterski Tournament: The finals are on the last three days of the Moomba Festival in Melbourne, March 10, 11 and 12 on the Yarra. The tournament includes racing, jumping and trick skiing.

The Conquest of Carmen Miranda: The Sydney Theatre Company presents this play/cabaret written by Robyn Archer (a Carmen Miranda reincarnation) at the Recording Hall at the Sydney Opera House from March 14 to May 12. John Gaden directs.

Waterskiing: Big events in NSW include the Lake Illawarra Classic at Wollongong on March 4 and the Jim Reeve Race at Wiseman's Ferry near Sydney on March 25. Both are 50 mile races.

Motor Sport: Round 2 of the Australian Touring Car Championships will be held at Symmons Plains in Tasmania on March 11.

Australian Kayak Racing Championships: These spring canoe races also include the Olympic trials. They will be on at Stanthorpe, Queensland, on March 24 and 25.

RJR 8083/CC 1495/83

Money to play with.

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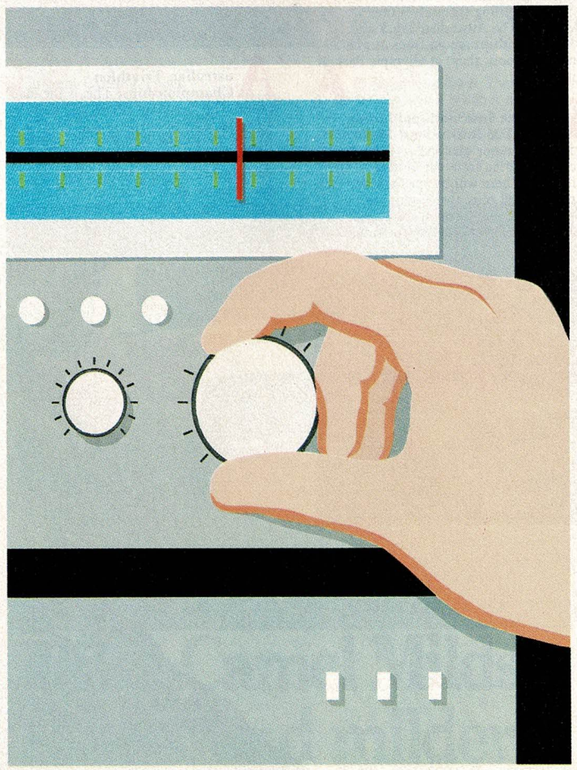


SB0734.FMH

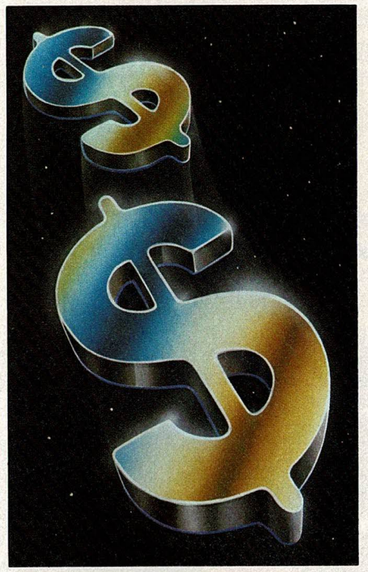
State Bank of New South Wales

You don't need me to tell you that we live in inflationary times. But do you know just *how* inflationary? According to the Australian Bureau of Statistics (ABS to its fans), from the middle of 1974 until mid-1983, the Consumer Price Index rose at a compounded rate of 159 percent. In other words, the purchasing power of one 1983 dollar had shrunk to less than 40 1974 cents. Although horrifying, high inflation doesn't necessarily mean we are poorer than we were 10 years ago. After all, wages and salaries have also gone up since 1974. In order to know whether we are better or worse off than we were, it is necessary to compare wage increases with price increases. Fortunately, the ABS can help us with this as well.

In mid-1974, the average male earner earned $147 per week (including overtime and allowances). The corresponding figure for females was $110. By the middle of 1983, earnings had grown to $381 per week for males and $293 for females (again including overtime and allowances). These figures translate to a 159 percent increase for males and a 166 percent increase for females. Subtracting the 159 percent due to inflation leaves males exactly even — no better off, on average, than they were in 1974. Females, on the other hand, managed to increase the *real* value of their earnings by seven percent.

To use a phrase favored by the Commonwealth treasurers, these figures may be slightly "rubbery". The reason for the bouncy figures is that both the method used by the ABS to calculate average earnings and the specific items that go into the Consumer Price Index changed between 1974 and 1983. This makes it difficult to compare across years. Nevertheless, even if the true salaries and percentage points were slightly higher or lower than those given here, the conclusion would remain unchanged. Despite much higher incomes, most men were no better off in 1983 than they were in 1974. Psychologically, many were probably worse off. High earnings lead people to expect an equally high standard of living. Finding one's self no better off despite a much higher salary is depressing to say the least.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of these figures is the discrepancy between men and women. There is a tendency to think that inflation affects everyone equally, but it obviously doesn't. The women's movement and the gaining of job seniority have given many women an economic boost during the past 10 years. Although they are still taking home less money than men, women are definitely catching up. In 1974, women averaged 75 percent of men's salaries; by 1983, they were making 77 percent of male salaries and



inflation breeds both winners and losers

closing fast. The result of this improvement in women's wages has been to further widen the gap between the single and two-income families. Since males made no real income gains, single (male) income families were also no better off. Households with two incomes, however, benefited from the real increase gained by the female wage-earner.

Women were not the only inflation winners. Anyone on a pension also did well. In early 1974, the age pension "married" rate was $45 per week. By 1983, the same pension was worth $137.30. Discounting inflation during that period, that still leaves a real increase of around 20 percent. Those on the dole also found their real incomes increased. No one would suggest that anyone could live comfortably on the dole or the age pension, but it is still true that a large transfer of income has taken place from workers to pensioners. As a group, pensioners did better in the past 10 years than most workers.

Another group to do better than inflation was politicians. Between 1974 and 1981 (the last year for which I could get complete figures) Commonwealth parliamentarians increased their incomes at a real rate of 20 to 30 percent depending on the size of their electorate. Not bad when the average worker was just breaking even. In fairness, it should be noted that not all politicians did this well. The Queensland Premier increased his income by only five percent after inflation during this period and the New South Wales Premier actually lost ground (his real income went down by around 10 percent).

Some workers, particularly those with strong unions, also beat inflation. In fact, manufacturing employees improved their real income at a rate not much different from Commonwealth parliamentarians. Real increases of 20 to 25 percent were not uncommon, helping to explain why so many of our industries are on the verge of collapse today. In fact, the only workers who fell behind despite having strong unions were those in the building industry.

If females, pensioners, members of strong unions and politicians were winners, who were the losers? After all, for the average man to break even, someone must have lost ground. By and large, the losers were salaried workers without strong unions to protect them. Highly paid professionals were particularly hard hit. For example, the starting salary for university lecturers in 1974 was $9002. Although this increased to $22,430 or 149 percent by 1983, they were still 10 percent behind where they were in 1974. Professors, the highest-paid academics, were 20 percent behind. Medical specialists working for hospitals also lost ground. An ear, nose and throat man employed in a state hospital started at $16,226 in 1974. This rose to $40,500 in 1983 representing an increase of 150 percent or a nine percent *decrease* in purchasing power. Medical superintendents were 13 percent worse off. Non-professional workers with relatively weak unions (employees of public authorities, for example) also lost ground to inflation.

Before we decide what they mean, let's summarise these numbers. First, although they are not exactly living in the lap of luxury, pensioners' incomes rose in comparison with other Australians. So, too, did the average earnings of women. Most politicians managed to take good care of themselves and strong unions were also able to get real increases for their members.

The winners of the inflation game were not being rewarded for their productivity. Pensioners are non-productive by definition and even among workers, some of the largest increases were achieved in our least productive industries. Indeed, real earnings went up higher in our declining manufacturing industries than in any other industrial area.

So what determines who wins and who loses? The answer should be obvious. Increases were achieved by those with power — strategic or political (remember, even the elderly vote). What the losers had in common was weakness. In this, there is a lesson for all of us. — SETH GREGORY

MUSIC

The toughest part about being a rock'n'roll star is that someday, somewhere, someone will want you to "make it in America". It could be your manager, record company or even those people who just won't buy your records until you prove you are great by cracking the biggest market of them all.

In the entertainment game, America is still Canaan — the land of gilt and money —and there is something missing from your form (as well as your bank balance) if you haven't made a dent in the US market. It was America, through the medium of video, that decreed Oz rock should be an international rage. Despite what the critics might say, the US deems that Air Supply become millionaires and The Little River Band ("this is America, we try a little harder") should still reap the bucks long after their star has waned in Oz.

Performers who understand but do not necessarily like the fact that their Mecca is in the States, have had a hard time concealing their chagrin. Joe Jackson once thought the average American rock fan was mentally retarded, Bowie suggested Los Angeles should be wiped off the face of the earth and Stewart Copeland (Police) hinted US punters had to be told what they liked, and even then it was crap.

Ironically, the majority of what we consume has first had the American seal of approval. The most important recent developments in music consumerism suggest the trend isn't about to cease. The power of MTV (Music Television) — the rock video channel that "broke" Men At Work and a host of acts with good clips — means the once influential radio dee-jay is on the slide. In bars around the country, stereo video is also knocking the disco jock out of business. That doesn't mean the three arts of drinking, conversation and seduction have been sacrificed to the tube, but after due time Yanks have found the video novelty has run full course, and now they watch selectively.

In recognition of MTV's popularity, the mighty CBS network has launched Video Music Network with former Oz pop item Mark Holden as host.

●

Selectivity might be the buzz word if the manufacturers of yet another American innovation, video juke box, make a suitable market impression. The days of the old pub blaster are almost done, making way for the reign of coin-operated consoles that offer a short list of top 40 video clips accompanied by stereo sounds. The video jukes will put a whole new dimension on retail sales of rock clips with the idea that mass production might further lower the price of the basic item, making them more accessible to the average consumer.

innovation dictates that usa is still the mecca; rock's celluloid heroes.

●

Rock's visual element hasn't just triggered a few changes in the industry — it has sparked a revolution. The queue to follow Bowie into the land of celluloid fame is stretching longer by the day with the almost delirious Prince ready to debut in his upcoming film, *Purple Rain*.

Look soon for Neil Young's *Trans Solo Tour*, directed by Hal Ashby and featuring NY and the Shocking Pinks. John Landis (director of *The Blues Brothers*) and Michael Jackson were patching their talents and budgets into a 10-minute video clip of *Thriller*, Al Jarreau will be starring in a telemovie about Nat King Cole and Rick James has forsaken touring in favor of making movies. Director Martin Scorsese was so impressed with the Call's video of *The Walls Came Down*, he has tested lead singer Mike Boon for a role in a new film. No doubt, all contracts will be signed without the aid of the nominal casting couch.

●

Collectables of the month include Cold Chisel memorabilia, live Elton John and even hardier perennials such as the swell-selling Stones plus Dylan albums. Basic Australiana rock clobber for the summer of 1983-4 was the Jackie Howe as worn by almost everybody and especially Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett. Still called the Jackie Howe after the famous shearer who once hacked the sleeves off his blue work shirt, the navy-blue update has become an Oz rock signature.

●

The ghost of John Lennon rocks on more than three years after his demise. Following Mike Oldfield and Maggie Riley with their Lennon dedication, Moonlight Shadow, we have Paul Simon's tribute off his *Hearts and Bones* (WEA) album. Never one to sit quiet for long, Yoko Ono has been giving away part of the Lennon estate in the name of peace, charity and goodwill. Among the bargain knock-downs were 22 and a half acres of waterfront estate complete with mansion in Virginia, the Isle of Dornish, Ireland and a 128-acre waterfront plantation plus brick mansion in Virginia.

The Liverpool Art School will get the proceeds of a collection of Lennon lithographs and New York's Central Park is in for a $500,000 facelift. The proceeds of a documentary film, *Yoko Ono — Her Life Of 50 Years*, will go to CARE. Additionally, there are the Holstein cows, the '65 Roller, instruments, jewels, dairy farms and personal effects all for the auctioneer's hammer.

Accompanying the release was a plea to all those more fortunate than most to share the joy of giving and love. It might be pointed out that it was Yoko's, rather than John's, hard-headed business drive that collected and maintained most of the above. Imagine! Let's not forget, however, that it was Lennon who made most of it possible.

— NEIL JAMESON

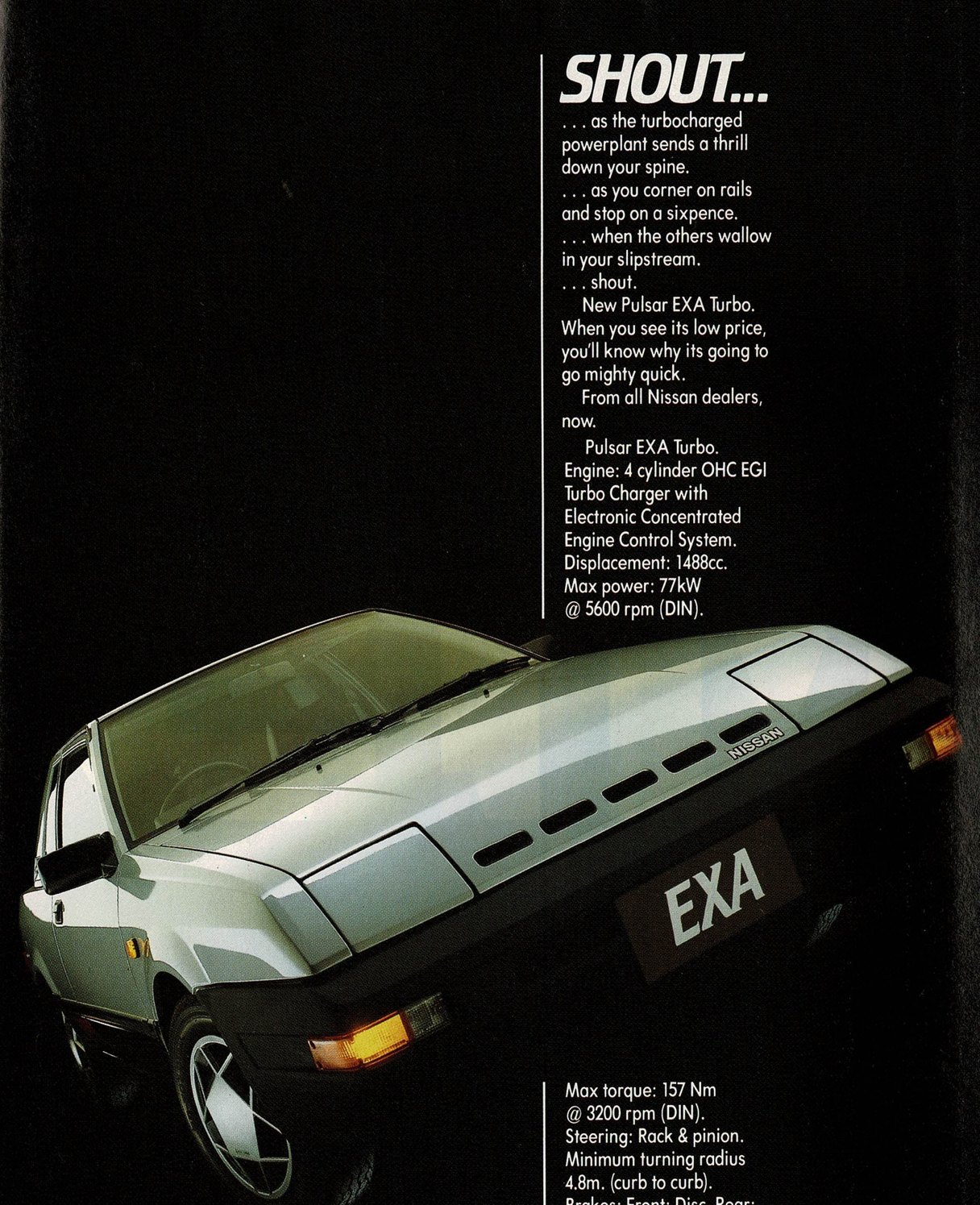
SHOUT...

. . . as the turbocharged powerplant sends a thrill down your spine.
. . . as you corner on rails and stop on a sixpence.
. . . when the others wallow in your slipstream.
. . . shout.

New Pulsar EXA Turbo. When you see its low price, you'll know why its going to go mighty quick.

From all Nissan dealers, now.

Pulsar EXA Turbo.
Engine: 4 cylinder OHC EGI Turbo Charger with Electronic Concentrated Engine Control System.
Displacement: 1488cc.
Max power: 77kW @ 5600 rpm (DIN).



Max torque: 157 Nm @ 3200 rpm (DIN).
Steering: Rack & pinion.
Minimum turning radius 4.8m. (curb to curb).
Brakes: Front: Disc. Rear: Self adjusting drum.
Suspension: Four wheel independent. Tyres: 175/70 HR13 steel belted radials.

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DAT 2098

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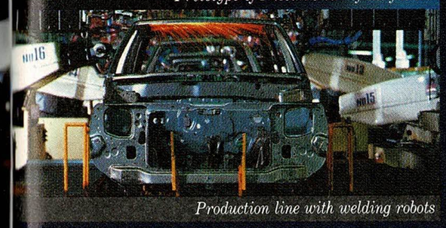
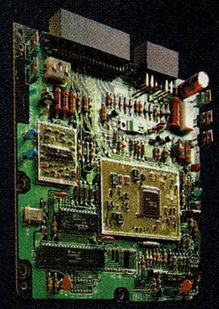
Prototype of Nissan's car of the future



Production line with welding robots



IC for computerized cars

Throughout the world, Datsun has become a symbol for superior achievement in advanced technology. We're proud of that. And we appreciate your approval. But the truth is, superior technology isn't our goal. It's just a tool. A tool we very innovatively use to help reach what is our goal. And that is, to enrich the lives of people everywhere with products that not only meet their individual needs, but meet them in a way that's in harmony with the broader needs of society. So, to more accurately symbolize our real aims, we're giving our Datsun products a new name. Our corporate name. Nissan. That way you'll be calling Datsun by its most proper name.

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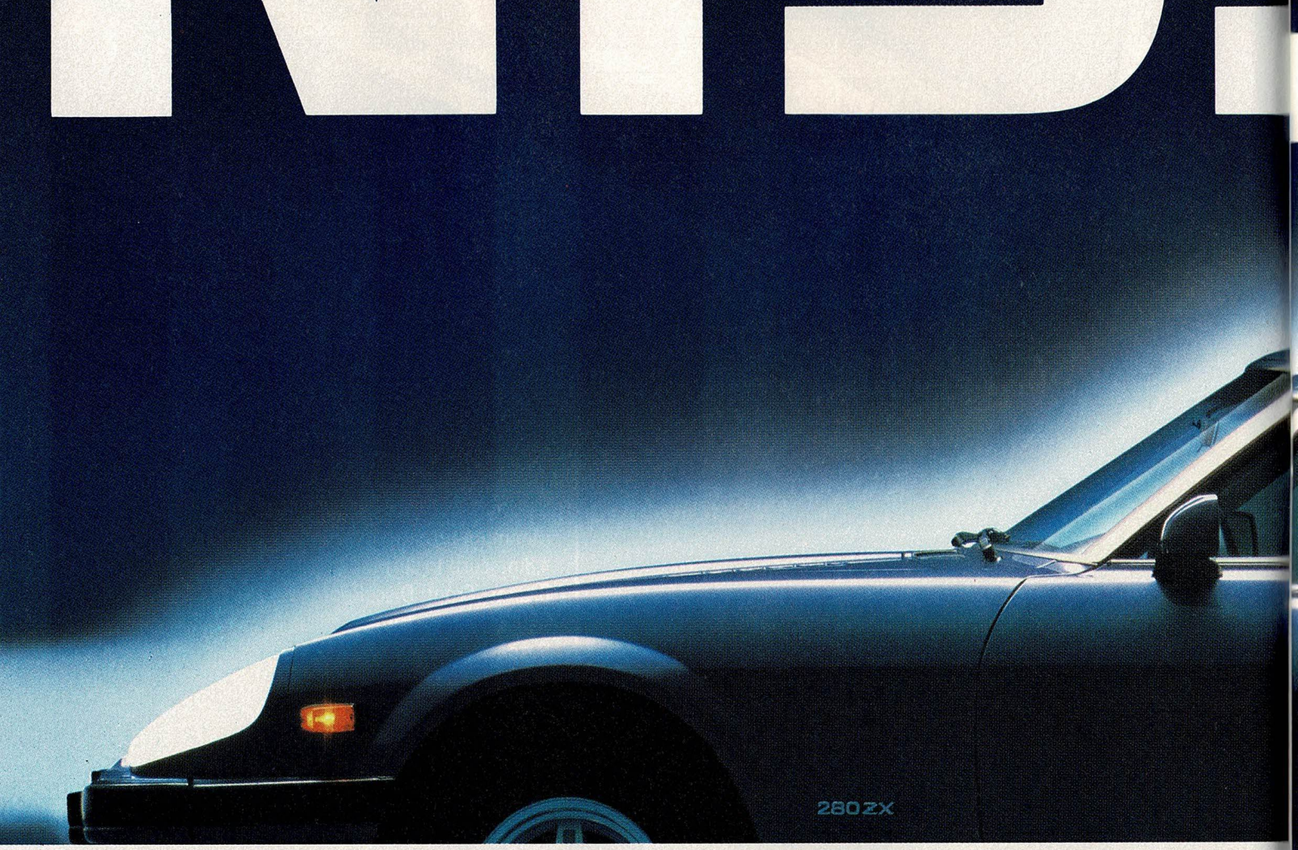

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VIDEO

Has video killed the radio star? Or just radio, live gigs, the cinema and the art of after-dinner conversation? Les Smith of Thorn-EMI video has a few things to say about the combination of music with visuals.

PLAYBOY: With a few exceptions, music videos haven't proved to be best-sellers. Do you have any theories why?

SMITH: An obvious one is that many retailers are somewhat reluctant to stock music videos because, on the whole, they're not big rental items. People want to own them. Also a lot of the first music videos available weren't of great standard — they were mostly live concert footage and the sound and picture quality was pretty dodgy.

PLAYBOY: So what makes a best-selling music video?

SMITH: Performers mostly, then quality of picture, sound and the overall concept. Olivia Newton-John's *Physical* was a great success world-wide, and while that's not entirely a concept video, there are visual themes running throughout. And Paul McCartney's *Rockshow*, because the staging was so spectacular and the sound quality was excellent. Then there's *Duran Duran* which has been one of the most successful releases ever. Some people will tell you there's no way a music video tape can ever sound as good as a record or videodisc. There's no argument the videodisc format is better for music reproduction but then again, stereo-VCR sound quality is not bad at all; the technological advances there have been quite spectacular over the past two years.

PLAYBOY: So what would a successful music video, say *Duran Duran*, sell in Australia?

SMITH: Well, it sold 11,000 copies in the UK. We haven't quite reached that mark yet, but we're working on it. At the moment the video industry doesn't release sales figures because it's easier to include rental figures as well and talk about market share.

Then again, I was at a meeting last month with a number of other distributors, we all wrote down our estimated market shares and the total came to 220 percent [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Any projections on the future of music videos?

SMITH: It comes down to some fairly constant factors — picture and sound quality combined with price. Our policy is to price music videos under $50 because of the tendency to buy rather than rent. The future I think is pretty much open to exploring the concept video — say, classical music with pictures of stately mansions slow-dissolving into other images that convey a sense of grandeur and calm in keeping with the mood of the music.

With a music video, we're very aware that you can put one on, wander around the house, take a phone call and still keep in touch with the music while occasionally checking your favorite visual sequence.

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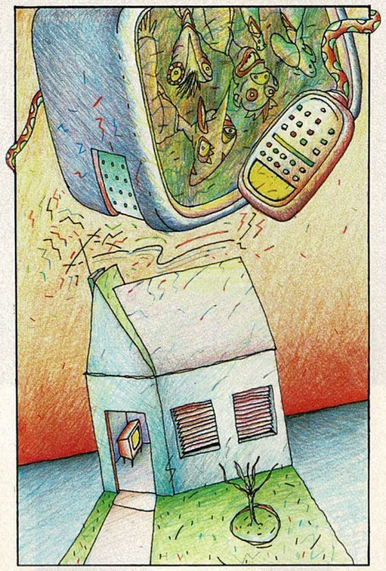


after a slow start, music videos are playing to full houses

One of the scenes you wouldn't want to miss while taking a call from an insurance salesman is the bondage/rape/torture sequence on *The Tubes Video*. The Tubes were the guys who took over from Alice Cooper as purveyors of the most lavish rock stage show in America. As touring costs mounted and the record recession hit, it was a logical choice to transfer their visual/music assault to video. *The Tubes Video* was released simultaneously with their album *The Completion Backward Principle* and convincingly outgrossed the vinyl product. It also eclipses anything the group has achieved on record.

Nudity, violence, sexism, satire, fantasy and visual extravaganzas galore. Anything else? Oh yeah, the music's not bad. The Tubes have written a few great songs (Don't Touch Me There and White Punks On Dope are two of their better moments, but Don't Touch, unfortunately, isn't on the video).

Basically, though, they tread middle ground musically, as do most American acts. Australian film-maker Russell Mulcahy directed the video.

Talking of America (the group that is), their New York Central Park Concert before 12,000 people pales by comparison with the hundreds of thousands who turned up for Simon and Garfunkel and Diana Ross. But, like The Tubes, America put their faith in an Australian film-maker — this time, Peter Clifton. It makes sense, after all — the art of the rock film clip *was* pioneered in Australia.

Clifton was also involved with *Pink Floyd At Pompeii* and the Led Zeppelin film, *The Song Remains The Same* (available only on video bootleg). Mulcahy's career highlights include the mammoth-selling Duran Duran compilation. If the music doesn't entrance you, the visuals surely will.

You want it live? Everything from Black Sabbath to Gary Glitter to Rod Stewart to The Who to the Rolling Stones, Sheena Easton and Kate Bush is available. Visually, the most impressive is Kate Bush: if ever there was a stage show made for translation to video, then this is it. *The Who Live Across America* is a celebration of their most recent and (they say) their last major haul on the road, but you'd do better going for *The Kids Are Alright*, a documentation of the band's history featuring early performances and archival interviews. Back then, they were real history-makers, not just big money grossers.

You want visuals and music with a theme? As Les Smith says, this direction is the future of the music video and the exploration has only just started. One of the few available is *White Rock*, a documentary of the Winter Olympics with narration by James Coburn and music by Rick Wakeman.

●

In the past, this column has urged you to connect your VCR to your stereo system and outlined a few basics of creative home video use. The main problem has been that you've had to do all the setting-up work and integration yourself. It was only a matter of time before some smart company leapt in and did it for you and Sharp was the first in the Australian market-place to do it. They call their system Visual Integration and its basis is a monitoring system that allows painless patching of your audio system to your stereo video, home computer, audio disc, video camera and VCR portable video.

Home video-makers never had it so easy and video armchair jockeys were never so much in control. Sharp even went into a huddle with Australian furniture-makers to come up with a range of modular designs to hold everything. One of the most important design features of the monitoring system (it comes in two sizes, the 20-inch DV2095 and 26-inch DV2695) is that everything patches from the front instead of the back. It sure relieves the hassles of crawling under the TV set.

— ANTHONY O'GRADY

This is the revolutionary Sanyo Betamovie.
It records a standard Beta cassette inside the camera itself.
Just pop in the cassette and you can shoot for up to 3 hours 40 minutes with sound.
That's 3 hours longer than you can shoot with any similar VHS camera.
By wrapping the tape around the circular recording head 300 degrees instead of the conventional 180 degrees, Betamovie's recording head has been reduced in size by 40%.
So everything is self-contained in one lightweight unit.
No external recorders and cables.
The small Betamovie is big on other features too.
It has an F1.2 6x power zoom lens with a 9-54mm focal length, so it covers everything including macro.
The minimum light requirement is just 28 lux – a little more than one candlelight.
The through-the-lens viewfinder features LED indicators with all the relevant information you need.
There's automatic white balance adjustment.
And a built-in uni-directional microphone.
Of course if you're considering buying a video cassette recorder, Sanyo Betamovie is a great reason for choosing the Beta format.
But soon there'll be another.
Sanyo Beta Hi-Fi; VCR's with Hi-Fi sound approaching the quality of digital audio disc.
Sanyo Betamovie and Beta Hi-Fi.
Giant breakthroughs that make Beta the better format.
Available soon from selected retailers.

THE FIRST VIDEO CAMERA TO TAKE A STANDARD CASSETTE.

SAN12579TWP

As much room as a boring car.

The Renault Fuego coupe takes four full-sized adults in comfort. With ample room for their luggage.

This means the Fuego is actually a beautifully practical alternative to a lot of boxy looking saloons.

And with classic European performance and handling, it's anything but boring.

Luxury equipment fitted as standard includes an alloy two-litre overhead camshaft engine with front-wheel drive, five-speed gearbox, Pioneer KE4000 stereo radio cassette, air-conditioning, central locking, and alloy wheels.

All for only $15,995*, plus statutory and dealer charges.

RENAULT FUEGO

Renault Importers (A Division of LNC Industries Limited). N.B. Fuego is pronounced 'Fway-go'. Which translated means 'fire'.

* Price as at 1/12/83.

Doyle Dane Bernbach 29\9 230

If you drop your watch overboard in the Straits of Lombok, you can kiss it goodbye. It is around 1000 metres straight down. In 1942, the US Navy almost dropped the steamship *Liberty* on the bottom — in fact, they missed by a bare few metres. It happened in the grim, grey pre-dawn hours of January 12, as the USS *Van Ghent,* with the wounded *Liberty* nuzzling alongside, raced time and tide to tow it to port. In the event, the race was lost as the *Liberty* began to wallow and list with water shipped through an aperture provided courtesy of a Japanese submarine. Instead, the *Van Ghent* shoved the doomed transporter ashore just off the coast of a small island in the Indonesian Archipelago known as Bali.

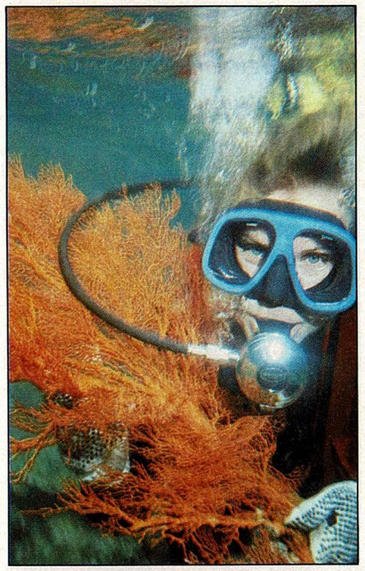
Liberty rode the shoreline like a suiciding whale, rolled over, sank and slumped back down to the edge of the shelf, her back broken. As she groaned to a halt nose-down on the edge of the abyss, her massive forward cannon was half-wrenched from its mooring and teetered crazily over the edge — a fickle finger of fate pointing down to eternity.

She lies there still, a hair's breadth from the underwater never-never. The earth would have to move before she could plunge to a more dignified grave. Instead her broken bones lie exposed and weathered a bare 50 metres from the black pumice-pebble beach of Tulamben. She is easy pickings for divers — her jagged mast, snagged across the bridge, can be reached with a surface duck-dive in fins and snorkel. Her upper deck is just 10 metres down at the high end, no more than 20 metres at the lowest point. A complete exploration of her mangled galleys, quarters and holds can be conducted between 10 and 23 metres, fully escorted by the pairs of affectionate batfish which bail you up in the corridors to extract payment in food.

Roll over the side and plunge to the underside, and the depth gauge drops to only 30 metres where the broken bow lies on the edge of the ocean precipice. Below it is black, sometimes laced by the flash of resident barracuda.

Yan, our Chinese dive guide, has pulled sundry hardware from the Tulamben wreck over the years, and displays some of it at the Gloria Maris dive establishment which was the base for this mission.

Yan's GM headquarters is located behind mainstream Kuta Beach so serious divers can concentrate on personal R & R rather than racking up megabuck bar bills. However, if double-decker thatched bures and Mrs Yan's home brew don't sound like your speed, Yan's pick-up service can access you from virtually any accommodation on the island. We also tried the new Nusa Dua Beach Hotel, which is Garuda Airways answer to the Taj Mahal.



indonesia lures divers with new economy packages

What Yan offers that hotels and most international diving establishments don't is Total Dive Environment: brand new equipment (turned over each 12 months) to save excess baggage transport and cost (just take your favorite regulator and mask), drying rooms, on-site fills, laboratory-standard sample-tanks, dive-library, ideal diet, gear storage, service and parts, and full tuition if required. Yan has Oz-standard instructor rating, plus lifesaving gold and 15 years' experience and the equipment to back it — boats, cars, commuter buses.

But the best part I kept till last. Yan and his team do everything for you except breathe. I mean everything. Strip, soak, wash, dry, repack gear and carry it — even put it on for you. Most of the dives are one to three hours drive from base. A support team follows the bus and a back-up crew is recruited on-site.

This is millionaire diving on a pauper's budget. Yan's all-up costs are US$50-60 per day for three meals and two dives, all equipment, transfers, accommodation, transport and guides included (one guide for five to six people).

Non-divers need to budget $30 per day extra for two daily dives, instruction, all equipment, air, etc.

Garuda estimates that more than half the people who take up dive packages to Indonesia have never dived before. For the newcomers to Neptune's world, it's a classroom in paradise. Permanently warm water, an army of gear-toters, the latest equipment and personalised instruction complement a vivid apres-dive scene.

In such a conducive environment most novices become scuba competent to safe depths within two days of intensive training. Around 90 percent of what Bali has to offer under the surface can be viewed from 10-15 metres (30-45ft), so it's custom made for the new chum. The instructor or guide-to-diver ratio is high (one to five) so the safety component is reassuring. And the dive program covers two tank-dives per day so the team covers a lot of undersea ground in the typical 15-day package. This is a special bonus for tourist-divers and novice-divers who get to see all the best country as part of the dive program without having to buy extra tour packages. And that means lying around on the island's most exotic beaches, some of which are reached by such exotic forms of transport as sail-powered dugout outriggers. Neat stuff.

You don't need to be told that getting there is about the cheapest for any destination outside Oz, or that Garuda, the flag carrier, knows more about Indonesia than anyone else (they also seem to own half the joint these days).

Package prices ebb and flow faster than the average high-speed Straits of Lombok current, but a good general guide for 15 days of undersea decadence is around $1200 at Gloria Maris (airfare, accommodation with *three* meals per day, all equipment, two dives per day with guides, tours, transfers, extras and army of gear carriers) or around $1600 at top-shelf Nusa Dua Beach Hotel (minus lunch/dinner but plus disco and sport facilities, including wind-surfing). Similar 8-day packs range from $800 to $1000. A local operator who has already packaged programs into Bali and other Indonesian destinations is Seascape Dive Tours (in conjunction with United Universal Holidays), 49th Level, MLC Centre, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Tel: (02) 949-6454.

One of the most experienced operators to the favored South Pacific dive destinations, Seascape Dive Tours sees Indonesia as the new economy frontier in destination diving. With remarkable variety (wrecks, coral, boat and the adrenalin-pumping, high-speed drift dives), Bali offers a world-class underwater panorama that is amplified by its natural advantages as a bloody fine destination for a general layabout holiday on the surface.

And then there is the main island of Java, and the wall-to-wall underwater coral reef formations of the Thousand Island group. . .

— ROB LUCK

MOVIES

kline and hurt in chilling nostalgia and maclaine's emotional striptease

Lawrence Kasdan's *The Big Chill* is a cleverly-crafted movie, as admirable for what it avoids as for what it accomplishes, but it does test your faith before establishing this happy conclusion. Over the past decade, American filmmakers have virtually established a new genre of good ol' days nostalgia movies, recalling each year of each decade with an identical flush of salutation as the best ever. More often than not, in fact, they have exposed an existential wasteland, the survival of which seems to be an initiation rite to American adulthood.

The Big Chill changes all that. In reuniting a group of former college housemates who have drifted apart over the years, Kasdan plunges us into the lush possibilities of an existential everglades. There's a distinct soapiness about the early scenes in which the old team assemble at the funeral of one of their number who has taken his own life. Self-contained as they imagine their lives have become, the suicide of the person who was their collective conscience shocks them into attempting to re-establish the bond that had served them through idealistic years.

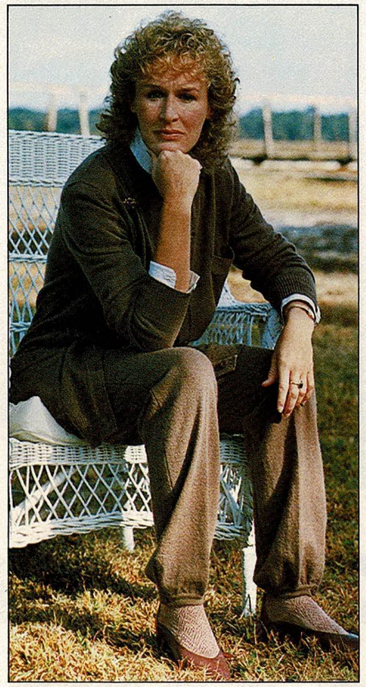
There's neither the scything wit nor the paralysing pessimism of Woody Allen's panic over contemporary society, but writer/director Kasdan is perceptive and compassionate in both his characterisation and his analysis of a confused generation. All, to some degree, have traded in their college days' non-conformity for a niche in the establishment, but all are planning changes which they believe will make their lives more meaningful.

Amid all the psycho-babble, Kasdan plays metaphors with his title, *The Big Chill*, and he cleverly paces his movie at a saunter which cons us into believing that we've been hanging out with these people for years. Kasdan is served by a splendidly-balanced cast with Kevin Kline from *Sophie's Choice*, William Hurt from *Body Heat*, Tom Berenger from *Looking For Mr Goodbar* plus JoBeth Williams, Glenn Close, Jeff Goldblum, Mary Kay Place and Meg Tilly.

Another conspicuous contribution to this film's easy charm is its brilliantly integrated soundtrack and collection of middle and late '60s rock and soul numbers that makes its own comment on their collective awareness crisis. The Stones, The Beach Boys, Creedence Clearwater, Percy Sledge, The Temptations. . . just like, um, the good old days.

●

Academy Award claims are already being made for *Terms Of Endearment* and, more specifically, for the performances of Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger. Again, it's the analysis of a relationship and again, it avoids the familiar territory of urban masochisms.



Glenn Close is sitting pretty with The Big Chill *looking good and an upcoming lead role opposite Robert Redford in* The Natural.

Graduates of the baby boom generation contemplate life's lost sting in The Big Chill.

Terms Of Endearment slowly defines the form of a mother-daughter relationship and gathers considerable force as it develops, despite constant, and welcome, forays into whacky ribald humor. This is another writer/director effort with James L. Brooks creating a small gem of a movie out of a novel by Larry McMurtry, whose *The Last Picture Show* also translated so successfully to the screen. In this story, as in *Picture Show*, he diligently explores the human frailties that bind people together, promising comfort and often delivering despair.

Shirley MacLaine plays a brittle Texas widow in a remarkable portrayal of an emotionally frustrated woman with ribs of self-pity showing through a torso of martyrdom. Debra Winger is the daughter who marries a school teacher and goes off to live in Iowa, an act which mother regards as nothing less than abduction. Any danger of the soap-in-the-eyes syndrome is cleverly stylised out of the film and, in its emotionally and technically stark moments, it's like looking at a topographical map of life.

MacLaine's emotional striptease is so intimate you feel embarrassed to watch, but her metamorphosis over the duration of the film sets the course for the inevitable magic of the movie. Director Brooks seems unafraid that beneath the Band-Aid of humor there's nothing but raw-to-the-bone emotions and, in MacLaine, he has an actress who is magnificently in control on both levels.

Hollywood's current piece of hot property, Debra Winger, isn't the slightest bit overawed by MacLaine's bravura and slipstreams her all the way to the finishing line. Great script, cast and direction put this film into a very special category. The other thing that makes it special, and elevates the MacLaine status, is the appearance of Jack Nicholson in a very minor role as MacLaine's ex-astronaut neighbor whose "Right Stuff" image is looking a little tarnished.

●

Black Stallion director Carroll Ballard has come up with another passionate epic of survival in *Never Cry Wolf*. It is based on the memoirs of conservationist Farley Mowat who, in 1963, published a remarkable tale of the two summers and a winter he spent living among arctic wolf packs.

In Ballard's movie, it is a young Canadian government biologist named Tyler (Charles Martin Smith) who is assigned to the arctic wilderness to confirm the belief that wolf packs are decimating caribou herds in the area. He is flown into the wilderness by a crazed bush pilot and left to fend for himself, ill-equipped in experience and supplies, to come to terms with the environment. He eventually locates a den of wolves which he keeps under surveillance and finds that, far from being vicious predators, they display more affection, devotion and responsibility than many human family units.

Mowat is acknowledged as an eloquent spokesman for conservation, but the movie's Tyler becomes totally emotionally unhinged, eating mice as the wolves do so he can prove to authorities that their ecologically harmless diet can sustain large animals, and siding with them against the hunters to the extent of shooting at their aircraft. The film's stand on morality and idealism is depicted very much in black and white but it does have moments of fine natural humor such as when Tyler realises that the wolves establish their territorial boundaries with urine trails, and drinks 27 cups of tea before setting out to lay claim to a couple of acres of his own.

Ballard's treatment of the film creates a tale of indelible imagery. Charles Martin Smith is convincing as the dreamer who blossoms in competence as he rides out his intrepid voyage of self-discovery. But the memory that will remain is that of the awesome arctic wilderness of Northern Canada as captured by ace wildlife cameraman Jack Couffer.

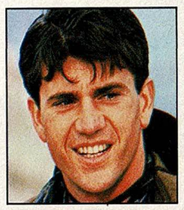
The myth and magic of man's true place in the wider sweep of nature is laid on a bit thick, but even cynics will be touched by the film's visual majesty. —ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

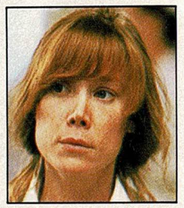
PURPLE PATCH: Alvin Purple, the unlikely Aussie super-stud of the early '70s, is set to ride once more. *Son Of Alvin,* already in production, will again star **Graeme Blundell** as the reluctant sex symbol and will bring Alvin face-to-face with a long-lost son. Producer **Jim McElroy** promises a "dirtier, more depraved, more sexist, racist and much funnier film" than the two predecessors. The revival was prompted by the enormous success of the Alvin Purple films in recent video cassette rentals. Blundell, who cheerfully surrendered to offers to re-create the role, says, "Sex comedies are always successful in Australia. *Alvin Purple* and *Alvin Rides Again* were our most successful comedy films." Oh, and you will have little trouble recognising our **Amanda Dole.**

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Mel Gibson and **Sissy Spacek** have been set to top-line Universal's *The River,* a sort of contemporary *Grapes Of Wrath* about a corn-belt farm family's struggle for survival against economic obstacles and the elements. Word has it that several well-known actors (including **Harrison Ford**) wanted the Gibson role, but the Aussie actor was chosen by director **Mark Rydell** after demonstrating his ability to speak with an "American accent". *The River*, which is being shot in Tennessee, is Gibson's first American film. While on the subject of Aussies making their first American films, director **Peter Weir** has been signed to helm Warner Bros' film adaptation of **Paul Thereux's** novel, *The Mosquito Coast.*



GIBSON



SPACEK

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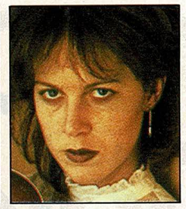
WATCH OUT FOR LYONS!: Judy Davis, Helen Morse, Wendy Hughes. . . Australia seems to be a fertile breeding ground for actresses with star quality. A top contender to join the big league is **Susan Lyons** who is about to charm audiences with her performance in the **Mark Egerton** feature, *The Winds Of Jarrah.* The performance is no flash in the pan — or can, as the case may be — it's a confirmation of the impression she made in the television mini-series *For The Term Of His Natural Life.* Susan, 25, spent a year at university before studying at NIDA from which she graduated in 1979. Then, like another NIDA graduate, she joined the State Theatre Company of South Australia. The other? **Judy Davis.** In *The Winds Of Jarrah,* Susan plays the role of an upper middle-class English girl transplanted to a northern NSW timber town. "It's a wonderful part," Susan says. "She's got to keep going while a procession of men do their best to make her cut and run. . . and she's got to, almost unwillingly, find herself falling for the worst of them. Not easy to play, but what a challenge."

HUGHES



DAVIS

●

DUCK SEASON: The Australian-made film of **Ibsen's** play *The Wild Duck,* due for release here in April, has attracted some big raps overseas. The movie was produced by **Phillip Emmanuel** and directed by **Henri** *(Storm Boy)* **Safran** and boasts **Liv Ullman** and **Jeremy Irons** at the top of the cast. It was voted the success of the San Sebastian Film Festival, and not just as an Ullman/Irons shop window. Critics also waxed lyrical about Australians **Arthur Dignam** and **John Meillon**, confused as they might be by which one is the archetypal Aussie.

●

YOU DIRTY RAT: Twentieth Century-Fox's gangster film send-up *Johnny Dangerously* ought to sound familiar to movie buffs: Johnny Kelly (**Michael Keaton**) is a poor but honest newsboy who joins the mob to pay for his mother's (**Maureen Stapleton**) pancreas surgery. He becomes a top crook in short order and puts his brother through law school only to have the kid become a crime-busting DA. Natch, Johnny's sent up the river but escapes to vindicate himself, only he's too late and gets shot in what, we're told, is one heck of a death scene. Along the way, of course, he meets all sorts of oddballs including a crazed killer named Danny Vermin (**Joe Piscopo**); a corrupt DA (**Danny DeVito**); the tough, vulnerable, Harlowesque Lil (**Marilu Henner**); Jocko Dundee, head of the Mob (**Peter Boyle**). "We're making it like *Public Enemy*," says producer **Michael Hertzberg**. "The key to making it work as comedy is we're not shooting it as comedy. Everyone plays it straight. It's the insanity of what they're saying and doing that will get the laughs."

●

FLASHFEVER: The song and dance has already begun about *StreetHero,* Australia's entry into the *Flashdance/Saturday Night Fever* genre which brings together some very interesting names. (Meanwhile, **Jennifer Beals**, star of the original *Flashdance*, has dropped out of a sequel planned by Paramount, to pursue college studies.) *StreetHero* is being produced by Paul Dainty Films and executive producer **Dainty** is handling the creative co-ordination of the bands and artists. Creatively, it's very much the team that brought you AFI award-winning *Moving Out* — director **Michael Pattinson,** producer **Julie Monton** and screenwriter **Jan Sardi.** Heading the cast is *Moving Out*'s **Vince Colosimo** who even gets the lead role named after him. *"StreetHero* is the story of a magnetic young man, Vinnie, who is burning up in a blaze of energy," says the promo. "Vinnie knows the rhythm of the streets. Vinnie is a runner for racketeers. Vinnie's music keeps him sane." Director Pattinson doesn't deny the *Flashdance* formula. "It has that energy and that vitality, but otherwise it's original," he says. **Sigrid Thornton, Sandy Gore** and **Bill Hunter** give the cast plenty of depth. And if the film doesn't make a few million, the soundtrack album probably will.

THORNTON

COLOSIMO

— ROBIN INGRAM

New Toyota Supra. Move over Turin, here comes Tokyo.

The areas of Turin, Milan and Modena, in Northern Italy, have long been leading centres of high performance automotive innovation. The home of such legendary names as Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Alfa Romeo, Bertone and Pininfarina.

New Toyota Supra is about to challenge such European exclusivity.

It has been described as the most exciting Toyota ever, the flagship of Toyota technology, and with very good reason.

Supra will be as impressive on our highways as it is on an autostrada.

A welcome development from the Spartan style of road warriors, to a luxury sports car that still has the iron will of a Samurai without denying the driver or passengers their creature comforts.

SUPERLATIVE STYLING.

You simply have to look at Supra to see that it is a super car.

The wedge-shaped styling literally slips through the air. With wind resistance cut to a mere 0.35 drag coefficient (the same as a Porsche 944).

The retractable headlights, built-in driving lights, bumper and air-scoop combine to present a picture of aerodynamic efficiency and elegant design.

A LUXURY INTERIOR THAT IS ANYTHING BUT SUPERFICIAL.

Sit inside and you enter a world like that of Luke Skywalker, ready to win the 'car wars'.

The instruments are completely digital. Concise and easy to read. They feature a speed sensor, zone display tachometer and fuel gauge, and a segmented water temperature gauge.

Another impressive element is something the driver will rarely look at, but always use. The sports driver's seat is adjustable 8 separate ways, including something no other car has in Australia, a pneumatic lumbar support.

And there are so many standard luxury features on this anything but standard car, the only major options to consider are electric sun roof, genuine Toyota air conditioning and cruise control.

Supra is really in a class of its own!

A TRUE SUPER POWER.

If the engine is the heart of a true performance sports car, Supra is indeed in excellent shape.

It is powered by Toyota's remarkable new, low inertia Super Responsive engine.

A 2.8 litre, OHC 6 cylinder, electronically fuel injected power plant that turns the accelerator into an exhilarator. With engineering that refines this raw ability into sheer driving enjoyment.

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SUPERMAN.

Unlike some sports cars you don't have to work like Fangio to handle the excellent performance.

Supra's road manners are impeccable.

The flared guards house low profile 60 series tyres on 7" alloy wheels that hug the road.

The rack and pinion power steering, combined with all-independant Toyota Suspension Tuning, and a limited slip differential let you hug corners and straighten out sharp curves.

You also have a choice of a snappy 5-speed manual transmission, or responsive 4-speed overdrive automatic.

Not only does Supra go quickly, it also stops quickly and surely with 4-wheel disc brakes.

The other thing that sets Supra apart from other high performance sports cars is that you don't have to be a Howard Hughes to buy it.

SUPRA. THE SUPER TOYOTA.

It is a car designed for people who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

So you get true European performance with the solid, reliable character that distinguishes Toyota.

The new Supra proves that Toyota is well on the way to becoming the new super power in affordable performance.

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

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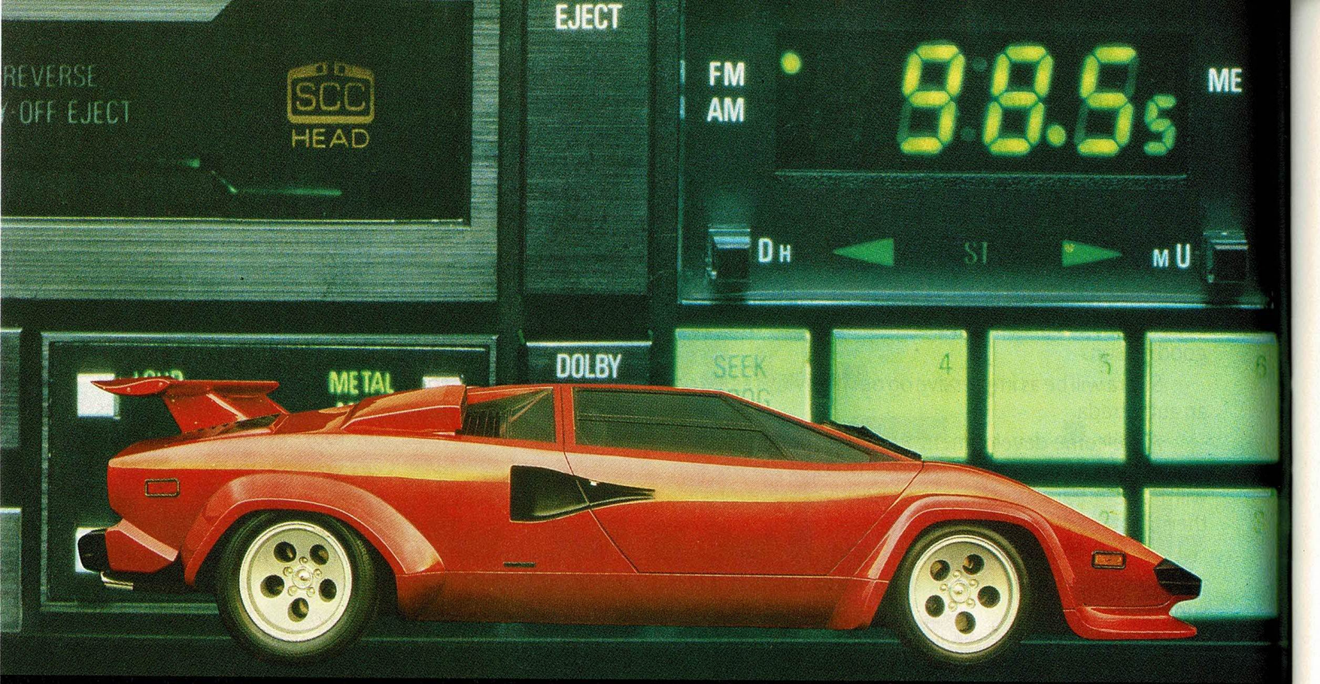

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARRY JONES

a candid conversation with the only man in australia who claims, with a straight face, he can do any one of a dozen cabinet jobs with ease

Barry Owen Jones may be federal Minister for Science and Technology, but he is Barry Owen Jones first. A passionate Australian, he is, nonetheless, everything Australians are reputed not to be. He dislikes drinking, he is not interested in sport, he loves classical music and he's an unabashed intellectual.

Despite these handicaps, Jones, at 50, is one of the brightest stars in the Labor firmament. No newcomer to politics, he served in the shadow cabinet of the Victorian Parliament from 1972-77, then became the federal member for Lalor. Along the way he has found time to train as a lawyer, to work as a high school teacher and university lecturer, to appear frequently on television, to be a public servant and to campaign vigorously for penal reform. He was a founding father of the born-again Australian film industry, and the performing arts remain a passion with him. He pioneered the first radio talk-back show in Australia, and claims he managed to narrow down to 73 the number of topics about which he knew at least something and on which people might ask him questions.

While Jones is a very public figure, his wife wants none of the reflected glory associated with a cabinet minister and Jones becomes uncharacteristically reticent when she is mentioned. For the record, he has been married 22 years, there are no children and his wife is a teacher.

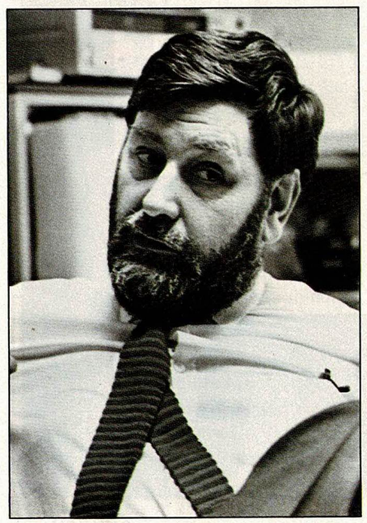
Australian PLAYBOY *sent science and technology writer* ***Tim Griggs*** *to pin down the peripatetic Jones, a process which took several weeks and meetings in Sydney and the nation's capital, Canberra. Says Griggs: "I met him first in his Parliament House office, the walls decorated with maps of Antarctica and autographed historical documents of Abraham Lincoln, Attlee and Darwin. Only slightly larger than life, Barry Jones is a Peter Ustinov figure with a spreading girth, a grey-flecked senatorial beard and the voice of a trained baritone. We talked well into the night about nuclear energy, Aborigines, European history, French philosophers, Plato's Republic, ceramic steel, Cypriot terracottas, and other equally important subjects.*

"A week later he phoned me at three hours' notice to meet him for dinner —just in case we had missed anything. 'Turn on the tape,' he said in the middle of the barbecued prawns, 'this is going to be good.' And it always was. Barry Jones is charming and arrogant at the same time. Delightful company and without the least tendency to pull rank, he is an easy man to talk to; but make it good, or it's not so easy to get him to listen. He has many of his answers ready in formulated packages and will reproduce them — word for word, pause for pause, if you don't watch him carefully.

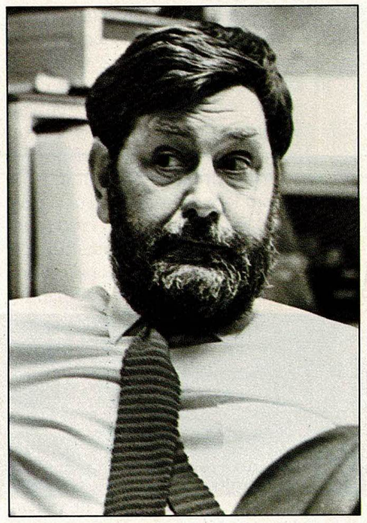
"He works and thinks at astonishingly high speed and on a bewildering variety of subjects. If you didn't know who he was, and happened along in the middle of one of his flights of rhetoric, you would have little idea whether he was Minister for Science and Technology or maybe for Arts, Foreign Affairs or Employment.

"His virtuosity is both impressive and irritating. He tends to lose sight of whomever he is talking to. We talked for hours over dinner and then he introduced me to someone else and forgot my name. His cleverness can not be in doubt yet one feels he is not often enough confronted — that he is too used to opponents who are overawed by his presence, his breadth of knowledge, or even by his reputation as a one-time quiz king.

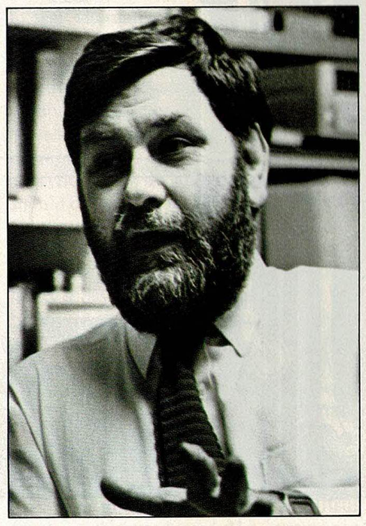
"He can be rather endearing too, which may surprise his critics. He showed me a card he had just received from Barry



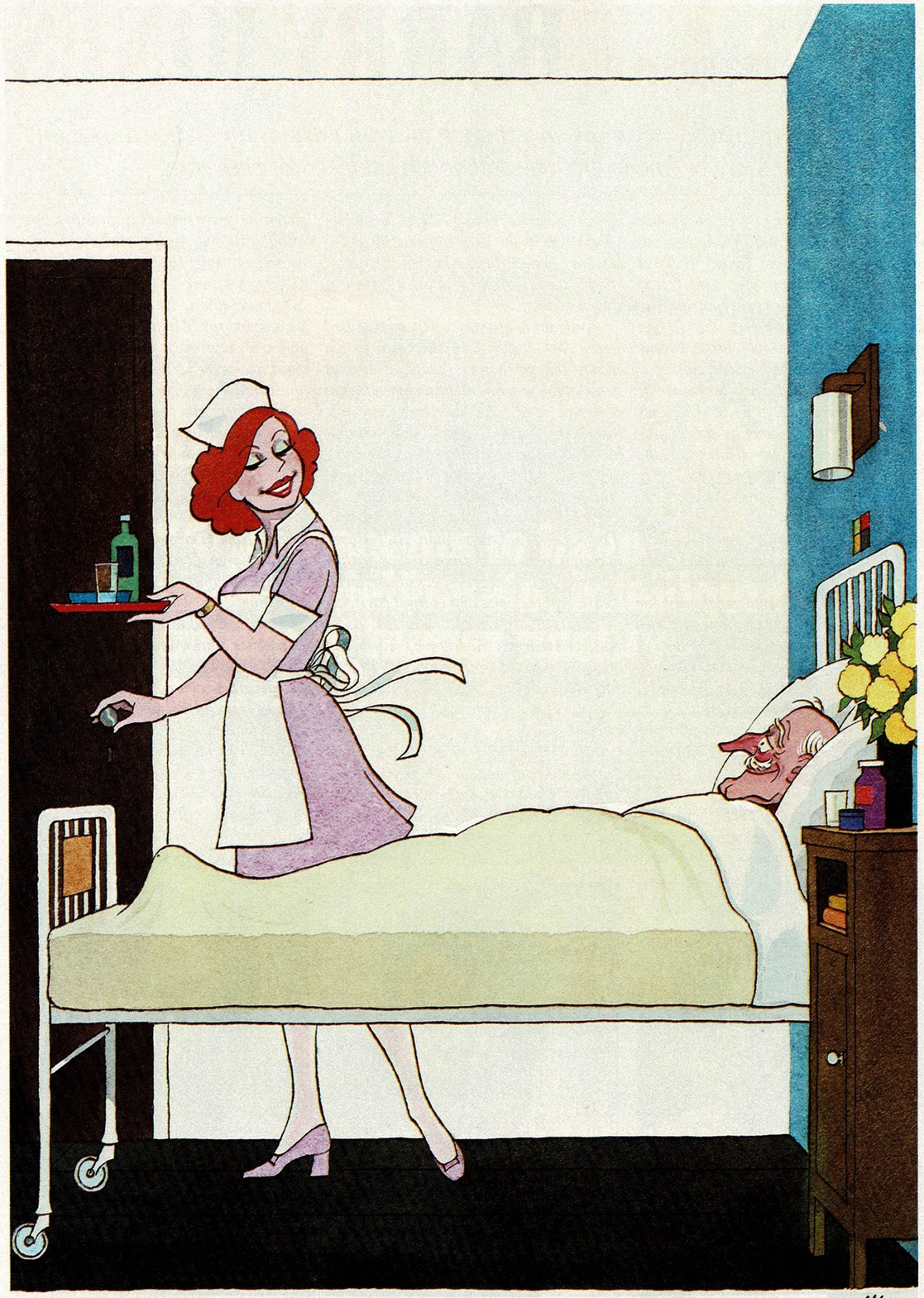
". . . we've had some experience of redistributing wealth, we haven't had a great deal of experience redistributing poverty."



"Antarctica has a potential for defence training. The military would be demonstrating a presence there."



"A lot of working class people take it for granted that the arts are just things for snobs."



"No, Mr Barratt — I've already granted you three last requests this week, and you're overtaxing yourself."

Humphries and Malcolm Muggeridge, 'in the depths of autumnal Sussex'.

"'Our thoughts turned to you, burdened with the responsibilities of office amidst the garish blooms of the bush,' ran the card, which sported a chintzy picture of a girl in rustic pastels watering sunflowers, 'hoping that you continue to display the more kindly face of socialism until inevitably time and accumulated wisdom convert you to a saner viewpoint.'

"Barry Jones showed no signs of imminent conversion, but was clearly delighted to be described as the 'kindly face of socialism', especially from the heights of Muggeridge's elephantine conservatism."

PLAYBOY: What sort of Australia do you see in 20 years' time?

JONES: Assuming, first of all, that the nuclear cloud does not go up, which is a very real risk.

PLAYBOY: What are the chances of that?

JONES: I'd say about one in 10, which are pretty high odds.

PLAYBOY: And if the rest of the world did get caught up in a nuclear holocaust, how would you see life going on in Australia?

JONES: If the worst scenario happened, we could find life here rather less affected than in other countries, but there would still be irreparable dislocation. It could become a very hedonistic society, with people unable to face up to the moral problems confronting them. Perhaps they would retreat into weird cults or alternative lifestyles, maybe there would be a lot of drinking and smoking of grass.

PLAYBOY: Under the circumstances, what would be wrong with that?

JONES: I suppose it's just that I always see problems being solved not by less application of the intellect, but by more of it.

PLAYBOY: Assuming that a nuclear war doesn't break out, how do you see the life of a middle-class Australian family in 20 years' time?

JONES: The ordinary family would be much more flexible. They would enter the workforce later and leave it earlier. On the whole the middle class will be better off. They are coping fairly well with the transition to a post-industrial society. But there could well be a socially and economically disenfranchised minority, which is very serious. We can't be sure that there won't be any work for them — the population will be older on average in 20 years, and the working population smaller. But they may have to move into boring repetitive service work of the McDonald's variety. There is the danger of creating a new servile class.

PLAYBOY: Some of these people might be discontented with that lot. How serious is the threat of social unrest or rioting in the streets?

JONES: You might get rioting — but in the transitional phase. Say in three or four years' time, rather than in 20. After 20 years, I think things will have shaken out somewhat. A minority may still be discontented, but they are likely to be impotent.

PLAYBOY: And what should we be doing to make the transition easier?

JONES: You have to make a fundamental analysis of the centrality of work in life. We face regional, ethnic and class problems. The working class will suffer because they have very limited expectations. We have to put a lot of effort into raising levels of expectation. Apart from education, the media and the political process have to play a part. The political process has never been properly used as society's transmission belt. Mr Tom McVeigh said the other day that the unemployed "have to be brought to heel". Jesus! What does that mean? There is this tendency to regard the unemployed as subversives in some way.

PLAYBOY: What should Mr McVeigh have said?

The population will be older on average in 20 years, and the working population smaller. But they may have to move into repetitive service work.

JONES: I recommend he should join a conspiracy of silence if he can't say anything more helpful than that. Perhaps, too, he should look at his own family and ask himself how many of them are actually "employed". Thirty-nine percent of our population is unemployed in the sense that they are not part of the workforce.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you have a magic wand and can put things right. What exactly do you do?

JONES: Well, it isn't my portfolio responsibility. But I should certainly abolish all work tests, and make it much easier for people to move in and out of the workforce.

PLAYBOY: It's an interesting idea. What real differences do you expect in the way society is going to shape up?

JONES: The differences are basically class differences. They relate to what you might describe as traditional blue-collar employment, particularly employment in areas where you have over-specialisation, the concentration on a single form of work. That's under very serious threat. It's not so much the technology itself, it's changing patterns of demand. People are spending money in different ways, doing things in different ways. In the blue collar area, people take it for granted that they enter the labor force at 15, that they do an end-on stretch of 50 years, they are out of the labor force at 65 and after that they self-destruct. And that rigidity doesn't exactly help them. The middle class are very much more laid back. They enter the labor force earlier or later, depending on what they want to do; they don't see themselves having a 50-year stretch or, indeed, a 40-year stretch. If they want to have the big trip overseas or if they want to go on a long working holiday or something like that, it's all right. If a job disappears in one area, well they are flexible enough to go and work in some other area that's promising. If you want a formula for disaster, it would be to live in an area that has a mono-culture, has a single employment base, where the education is limited, or where the education available is extremely vocational to the nth degree.

PLAYBOY: Can you cite such an area in Australia?

JONES: Well, the western suburbs of Sydney, the western suburbs of Melbourne, Newcastle, Port Kembla, the Iron Triangle of South Australia — those are the areas, places where the unemployment figures are two or three times the national average and where the impact of things like computerisation and robot technology pose a very serious threat to them. The point is if you live in Pymble or St Lucia, then the threat of the automated production line doesn't cause anyone to lie awake at night. It has never crossed their minds that their kids would be working as process workers. They don't worry that they can't get apprenticeships in sheet metalworking. It doesn't make any difference to them.

PLAYBOY: You speak of the possibility of a golden age of leisure for some but it's not a lot of use to the sheet metalworker. How do you change his attitudes?

JONES: It's harder to change those attitudes profoundly when you live in a mono-culture area, where you've got a one-crop economy. It's very difficult for workers in that group to seek alternatives. They are going to be faced with all sorts of social problems.

PLAYBOY: This is why you say that boredom is Australia's greatest non-economic problem?

JONES: Yes, absolutely. Life is pretty boring for them.

PLAYBOY: How do you propose that society should change the old Protestant work ethic for those people? Most of us who have the choice *don't* take a lot of leisure, we involve ourselves in other things. You work 16 hours a day, for example, and would be a pretty poor advocate for leisure.

JONES: Absolutely. But I think what I've argued is that we ought not to maintain what I have called the compulsory work ethic. If you impose it on somebody and say, "Look, you've got to work, you've got to work harder," and they say "At what?", because they've got no clear idea of what they want to do, then you make it difficult for them. We've adopted, I'm sorry to say, the English model, of assuming that the working class and a lot of the lower-middle

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class are virtually ineducable. And we've followed what Raymond Williams calls a very odd principle that the slowest learners should have the least time to learn, and the fastest learners should have the most time to learn. In Australia, at 17, we have only 31.7 percent of our young people still full-time at school. In Japan the figure is 88.1 percent. From that point of view, we have followed the pommie model. In Japan they regard that concept as ludicrous. You see, 39 percent of Japanese labor force entrants have tertiary qualifications. Our figure is seven percent.

PLAYBOY: What about the future of work itself?

JONES: If you ask any mixed group to define work, ask them to give an illustration of a typical worker, I'd say 95 times out of 100 they'll give you the illustration of the process worker in a factory. And you get the impression of smoke going up the chimney, and of something being produced that hurts if you drop it on your foot. And yet in a sense you and I are both much more typical of the labor force than the production worker. The production worker is really an endangered species. There are not too many of them. But that is not people's perception.

PLAYBOY: Obviously the people who are, at present, members of that endangered species, are going to have a great deal of stress placed on them.

JONES: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee much violence and social unrest?

JONES: Sometimes. It depends whether I'm optimistic or pessimistic. That is the anxiety, unless we can do more to diversify the employment base in those over-specialised areas. You are going to have several ways of coping. One way might be to cope with it by population decline. Now you can't say that's a bad thing. A lot of people say, "Population decline? That's horrific." But it may be the best thing. In the case of South Australia there is enormous concern about the fact that the state's population has fallen behind the population of Western Australia — it's the first time there's been a change in order. I think it's an indication that they feel in some areas of development they've gone about as far as they can go. I don't say we are very good at it, but we've had some experience of redistributing wealth; we haven't had a great deal of experience of redistributing poverty, and if you've got a declining growth rate, then you've got some poverty to redistribute.

PLAYBOY: What about changes of attitudes in the unions? How will you deal with unions which feel the only way they can get anything out of the situation is to hold on as long as possible to the old ways of doing things?

JONES: That's because they don't see themselves very readily as being engaged in transition. Frankly, neither do I. This is an example of lateral thinking: you've got to redefine what you mean by security. A lot of people see the idea of security as hanging on to a crummy job. What we have got to put heavy emphasis on is making sure that the productivity gains of our society are distributed more equitably. But notice this: you might think that manufacturing is the area most affected by the introduction of computerised technology, but you'd be wrong. Manufacturing is pretty far down the list. In fact you can put an argument which is the reverse of the conventional wisdom, and say that the sectors of the economy which are least computerised are the ones most at risk.

PLAYBOY: What about things like increasing violence in the cities, drug addiction, and vandalism? Are they symptomatic?

JONES: Well, they may be. But there have been some very serious surveys carried out in Britain which indicate that the unemployed there are inclined not to move in the direction of violence but to move towards passivity, utter passivity. A high proportion said it was their fault they didn't have a job and really took a very passive view. For 200 years, since the Industrial

We have got to put heavy emphasis on making sure that manufacturing is the area most affected by the introduction of computerised technology.

Revolution, we have been teaching people that life without work is meaningless. You then pull work away from them, or make it very difficult for them to get work, and it's inevitable they have to very drastically re-examine their lives. And a lot of them are saying, "I'm worthless, no one wants me."

PLAYBOY: Ought we to be encouraging groups of people who find their self-fulfilment in ways other than conventional work — hippies for instance — because they are leaving the jobs to the people who really need them?

JONES: I'm very relaxed about that. I don't know that it's a matter of positively encouraging them, we simply create an environment where it's possible for it to happen.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't there have to be a shift in society's attitudes toward those people because they are still looked down upon by many?

JONES: In a way, we may well find that it's the middle-class people who are starting to adapt to that more readily. They might, at first, have had the strongest objections, but then a few years later you find that they are much more able to accept it. In some ways, I think it's working-class people who are much more rigid in their views.

PLAYBOY: What do you expect people to do with their leisure in the years ahead?

JONES: A figure which sticks in my mind, which I find staggering, is that in 1983 it was estimated that the total American expenditure on fitness was around $65 billion. The sale of tracksuits and sneakers and all the rest of it, quite apart from courses and that sort of thing, has been simply phenomenal. It's a cultural change. The enormous increase in — that dreadful word — the hospitality industry has been very dramatic. What it reflects, of course, is a changing cultural perception of how we dispose of our time. It's a consequence of two things: the contraceptive pill and the two-income family. With a two-income family, you've got a higher level of disposable income, and you've got a growing disinclination, perhaps, to prepare your own meals. The enormous emphasis on what we call leisure living — the kind of features that every newspaper runs — is simply a fundamental cultural shift.

PLAYBOY: We have talked about Australia in 20 years. As a thumbnail sketch, how do you see the world shaping up, the relative positions of what are now the super-powers? Will the map look roughly as it does now?

JONES: I really should leave this to Bill Hayden. I am very worried about the future of democracy and whether democracy is going to "take on" in the Third World, or whether you might have something really quite like what George Orwell suggested in *1984*. What you might have is a very serious decline in living standards in the Third World. And if you have that decline in living standards, then the prospects of democracy catching on are very remote. But I'm not saying that the Third World would be in a position to apply force, to apply pressure to the First and Second Worlds, to the North American and European style world of which we are part, or the Eastern European Soviet bloc.

PLAYBOY: In the North-South dialogue then, what does it mean for Australia to be virtually the only First World nation in the South?

JONES: We're in a very curious cultural dilemma. Geographically we are part of Asia; from a cultural point of view we are the outpost of European civilisation. But I will say I am confident of our capacity to convince our neighbors, the people in our region, that we are serious in trying to address ourselves to improving their quality of life, to try to raise their living standards. I think we are doing quite a lot in our aid programs, and I'm very impressed by what CSIRO — part of my own ministerial responsibility — is doing to reconstruct their lives, to help bring about an agricultural revolution in South-East Asia.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee a greater involvement in the Third World?

JONES: It seems to me that we haven't exhibited anything like the intellectual vitality that has been exhibited in parts of Asia. Only a couple of months ago I was talking to Dr Hahm Pyong-Choon, who was one of the people who was killed in Rangoon, and who was the secretary-general to the President of the Republic of Korea. Now 10 years ago, if we'd been talking we might have said: "What could Australia do to help Korea?" Now, without irony, we are getting very close to the stage of asking what Korea can do to help us. Perhaps they can help us out with some computer expertise, or perhaps they can assist in our transition to an information society. I mentioned to him that 39 percent of Japanese labor-force entrants had tertiary qualifications. He said: "The Japanese shade us by one or two percentage points at the moment, but by 1985 I'm confident we'll be ahead." It's clear that a number of those areas are going to have very dramatic increases in living standards. Singapore, for example: it's thought that Singapore's average weekly earnings will pass those of New Zealand by 1985, and they will pass us by 1991.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for the new society to come would you like to see, for instance, more choice and less specialisation in schools?

JONES: Yes, I think we specialise far too early. A lot of very highly specific training doesn't seem to me to be getting anywhere. It is odd that if you look at, say, apprenticeship which has almost disappeared, it's a highly specific sort of training, and it just doesn't seem to be effective. It's only ringing the bell for about four percent of the age cohort between 15 and 20. It seems to me that the most specific vocationally-oriented courses, up to university level anyway, have been the least successful in placing people. And in a whole number of areas, I find the background and qualifications of people very mysterious.

PLAYBOY: Why do you want to develop high technology? Why do you want to get in on that particular race now? A lot of people would say that Australia has already missed the boat.

JONES: No, that's not true. There are really two classes of sunrise industry. The first class are the ones where we really are at the leading edge — where we are in a very strong position, where we make our mark in the international scene. The second class are areas where we are not really quite at the leading edge — or are perhaps some distance from it — but where it's clear that the domestic market in itself will be of some significance. It is pretty clear that in, for example, biotechnology, which I've no doubt at will be the biggest of all, we are very well placed. We are not well placed in all areas of biotechnology — we're not very good in fermentation technology and we haven't done very much in enzymes — but in a whole number of areas we are really doing extraordinarily well.

PLAYBOY: But some of our most able people have been lured overseas; hasn't that had a limiting effect on Australian development?

JONES: Yes, there are a number of difficulties we've got to overcome. The first is the problem that we lack the capacity to produce in high volume what would be necessary to penetrate a world market. That's a problem we've got to address ourselves to very quickly, because it's not just a technological problem, it is to some extent an ethical problem. A classical illustration would be if the Hall Institute succeeded in producing a malaria vaccine, which looks very likely, and it tested out and looked pretty good. Given the very rapid recent increase in malaria — malaria seemed to be phasing out for a while but now it's on the increase — we'd then be in the embarrassing position where the World Health Organisation says, "Terrific, we want it, we want 10 thousand million shots by Friday week." And we just couldn't do it. That's the point, you see, at which foreign interests could say, "Well, we could, give it to us. You've got a moral obligation, this is too big for you." And that's the risk that we face — of the Americans or the Japanese saying, "This is really too big for

In 1900, the two countries with the highest per capita living standard were Australia and Argentina. In a way, we both stuffed it up.

you. You couldn't handle it alone, you've got to let us do it." Take PSZ for instance; partially stabilised zirconium. You can use PSZ for a whole variety of purposes as what we call ceramic steel. The first use will be in diesel engines. It reacts better than metal alloys under conditions of heat and stress. That means diesel engines can operate at a much higher temperature. If you don't have to worry about exhaust and you don't have to worry about cooling, you can increase your fuel efficiency something like 40 percent. Now if that's the case, and all the tests indicate that it's right, its implications for the industry are enormous.

PLAYBOY: But we don't have the capacity to produce it in volume?

JONES: I think we will have the capacity. We are moving in that direction. If we don't develop it, what is the alternative? I think of the question someone set to Maurice Chevalier: "What does it feel like to be 80?" And he said: "It feels great, when you consider the alternative." You see it's clear that the idea that we can make our way in the world simply by mineral exploitation just isn't valid any more. Among other things there are a mere 99.4 percent of us who are not employed in the mineral sector; there's the little problem of what happens to us. But even if you take primary industry generally, there's a mere 94 percent of us who are not involved in that. If you look at our economic relationship with Japan, you find that in 1957, we had a balance of trade which was 10.7 to one in our favor. It became six to one, then five to one, then three to one and so on. Now for the first time, in 1984 it will be negative. Technologically we are running very badly. Of the 24 OECD nations, we are ranking 23rd in terms of ratio of high technology imports over exports. We've got an imbalance of 9.5 to one. Only Greece is lower. The curious thing is if you went back to the year 1900, you'd have found in terms of relative international competition that Australia was technologically more advanced then than it is now. Another thing that's curious is that in 1900 the two countries on earth with the highest per capita living standard were Australia and Argentina. In a way, we both stuffed it up — the Argentinians more seriously than we have.

PLAYBOY: What do you see in Antarctica that is going to be critically important to Australia?

JONES: I don't claim any great originality for it, but I recognise something that Douglas Mawson and others recognised very clearly. The whole future of that area is absolutely critical to us. If it became, instead of an area of peace as it is at the moment, an area of confrontation between the powers, if you had real jockeying for position — I don't say it would necessarily get to a shooting stage, but if we'll say Argentina. . .

PLAYBOY: The Falklands got pretty close.

JONES: Well, that's right. Absolutely. And what was to me more interesting even than the Falklands was South Georgia because there was no historic Argentinian claim to South Georgia. They claimed the Falklands as the Malvinas, but they didn't claim South Georgia. It was within the Antarctic convergence which the Falklands was not. Nevertheless they sent out forces and captured it. What is extraordinary about Australia is that it's one of the very few countries in which the military have taken no interest at all in Antarctica. A lot of funding for what the Americans are doing in Antarctica is, in fact, defence funding. And I think that's true of the New Zealanders. I think — I could be wrong — that whatever British contribution is down there is largely funded by defence. Of course it's extraordinarily big. It's much bigger than Australia. We claim 40 percent of it, so that the area we claim is really virtually as big as Australia itself.

PLAYBOY: Should we fight for 40 percent of it?

JONES: Well, I hope it won't get to the fighting stage. It would be very unlucky, I think, if somebody made an oil strike of some sort. Once you had that, you'd have that whole area totally destabilised. My view, frankly, is that we ought to be very wary about setting up a minerals regime

(continued on page 114)

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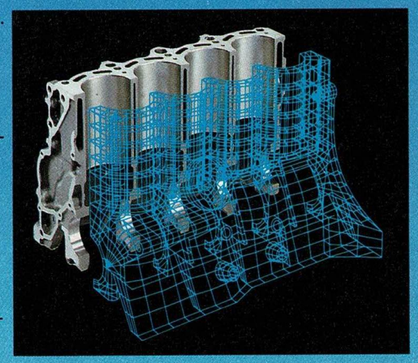
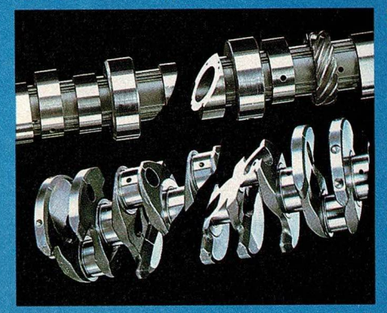


Special laser holography of the engine block led to huge weight cuts. New materials cut friction and reduced inertia. With design innovations such as pentroof combustion chambers and swirl control valves.



In fact, Toyota has developed several world firsts in the process. A hollow camshaft, and sinter-forged connecting rods.

The objective was to challenge all existing engine technology and break new ground. And many million dollars later, leaving no stone unturned, the SR series of engines is Toyota's super response.

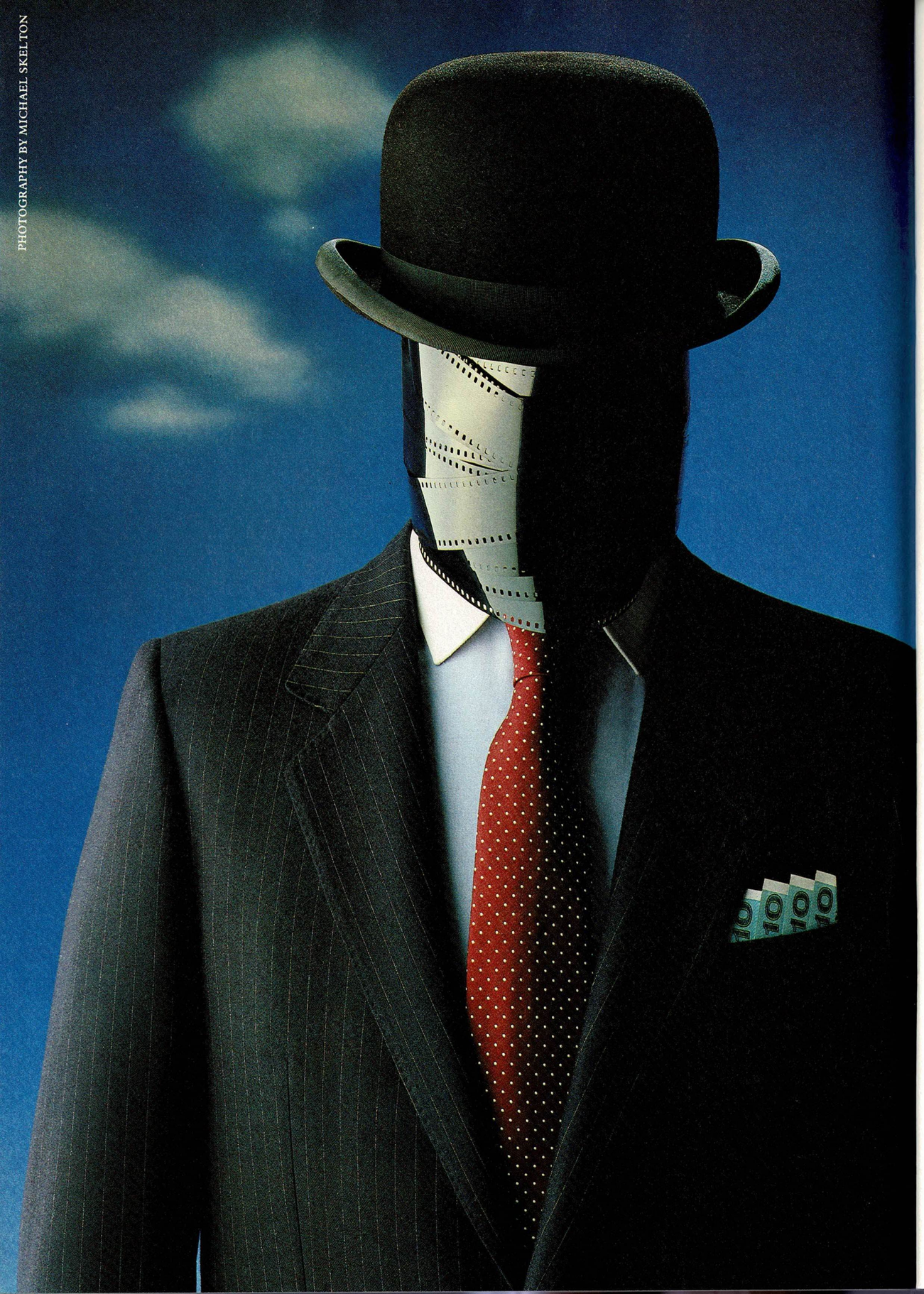
"Make no mistake. These are very wonderful engines...the main interest lies in lifting the bonnet and showing the amazement underneath. They are for visual gasps and whistles of excitement." The Financial Review.

The best way to judge the difference in these engines is to feel it for yourself. In remarkable cars like Camry, Sprinter, Corona, and other exciting new Toyotas. To sit behind the wheel and feel the Super Response. It's a fact!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

OFFICIAL SPONSOR 1984 OLYMPIC TEAM



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SKELTON

THE BUCK STOPS HERE

why we pay seven dollars to see a movie and why australian movie-makers don't drive limos.

ALTHOUGH MOVIES are made all over the world, and although for most of us the movie business brings to mind images of dry martinis, fat cigars and even fatter cheques, there is only one Hollywood.

The deals that go down in North Sydney and St Kilda Road, for example, are not the same as those that go down in New York and in Hollywood. There is no local equivalent to Michael Cimino or Francis Ford Coppola, both of whom have busted down the door on 30 million bucks in the name of art. Oh, we're all in favor of art, but not that much worth, thank you very much.

No, outside of Hollywood, people — even people who make films — have to live in the real world, and are subjected to the same budgetary considerations that you and I have to face every Saturday morning in the No Frills supermarket. We have a pay packet and a film-maker has his investment money.

In Australia, making movies is roll-up-the-sleeves, no-bullshit work. There are no big studios standing by to bankroll a foundering project if the star takes ill or if the director suddenly decides that the movie will lose all integrity unless a system of inland rivers is built for the last scene. Making a movie in Australia is a task that takes guts. For starters, there are two rules that don't apply in Hollywood. The first is that if it's a film by and principally for Australians, then you have to be able to recoup your costs from a very small market of paying customers — which means you have to make your movie on a shoe-string. The second is that an internationally appealing script is not enough. With rare and notable exceptions, the Australian films which have made money internationally have featured actors or actresses with world box-office appeal, which in turn has helped the producer secure foreign investment and distribution.

All things considered, it's a frightening and precarious business, which dangles the carrots of fame, fortune and deep, personal satisfaction but rarely delivers. Most Australian film-makers take the good with the bad, spend half their lives hustling and the other half worrying. Sure, it's fun, but very light on for martinis and cigars.

So, if the guys who make the movies aren't making a mint then who is? Or if no one is, why does it cost so much to see a movie?

This is a story about the making of a movie called *Undercover,* about how much it cost, about where the money came from and

article by phil jarratt

about where it went. It's essentially a happy story. The movie was made, no one ended up on the dung heap (at least not yet), it's extremely entertaining with a pertinent message in these jingoistic times and it stands a very good chance of success in 1984. But this story is not about its artistic merit, nor is it about its thematic content. This is a story about investment, sweat, tax concessions, holding your breath and the all-important bottom line.

Outlined below are the actual costs of producing *Undercover*.

ABOVE-THE-LINE COSTS	
	$
Story and script	123,560
Producer's fees	102,000
Director's fees	92,520
Cast: Overseas Principal	75,000
Total	**393,080**

BELOW-THE-LINE COSTS	
Production Unit Salaries:	
Cast: Local Principals	145,250
Extras, stand-ins, stuntmen, crowd	305,040
Management and accounts	129,610
Technical Advisors	15,800
Wardrobe	60,650
Make-up and Hairdressing	28,100
Art Department	182,575
Editing	60,775
Assistant Directors and Continuity	43,250
Camera, Light and Sound Crew	122,100
Grips and Still Camera Crew	37,600
Set Laborers	24,400
Miscellaneous Staff	4,400
Casting	15,000
Overtime, Holiday Pay, Payroll Tax	66,000
Music	50,000
Materials for set construction	72,600
Props and Set Dressings	142,250
Costumes and Wigs	65,000
Livestock	6,000
Stage Rental	67,500
Film and Lab Costs	125,282
Sound — Post Production	49,040
Equipment and Stores	117,778
Rentals and Storage Facilities	55,390
Travel and Transport	133,550
Hotel and Living Expenses	177,143
Insurances	83,500
Publicity	13,400
Miscellaneous	14,900
Total	**2,413,883**

INDIRECT COSTS	
Finance and Legal	29,000
Overheads	30,000
Total:	**59,000**
Completion Guarantee	171,950
Brokerage	175,000
Contingency	286,596
Total Budget:	**3,499,509**

A few years ago David Elfick, an Australian film producer, was on location at Glen Davis, near Lithgow, NSW, shooting a movie called *Chain Reaction*. His crew was filming *Mad Max*-style scenes of the post-nuclear world on the site of an Aboriginal massacre. Call it karma if you must, the project was going from bad to worse. Elfick was running out of money, his financial backing looked shaky and the local publican (a one-pub town) had decided he'd had it up to here with Hollywood and the entire crew was out on its ear. Put simply, *Chain Reaction* was in the shit.

But it wasn't the first time Elfick had encountered adversity. The one-time editor of the teenybopper magazine *Go Set* had come to films via the financially insecure world of surfing, first as one of the founders of the surfing magazine *Tracks*, and then as producer of the phenomenally successful surf flicks *Morning Of The Earth* and *Crystal Voyager*. The latter received accolades from outside the surfing subculture and got Elfick's foot in the door of the mainstream film industry. However, along the way, David Elfick understood the misery of not being able to pay the print bill and the injustice of a city council that would tear down the advertising posters it had taken him all night to paste up.

So it was not an entirely new experience for him to be in Glen Davis and on the bones, as they say, of his arse. His immediate solution to this problem was to pour himself a cold one and watch the sun set over the Lithgow hills, in the company of his attractive production secretary, Miranda Downes. Perhaps to cheer up her boss, Ms Downes related a story she had heard when she was in England a few months earlier. It was a story about an Australian of great vision who had believed in his product enough to sell it to the world against all the odds. It was the story of Fred Burley, who played with his name and gave the world Berlei lingerie.

Mandy Downes had attended with a friend the funeral of an elderly lady who had been a Berlei model in the 1930s. She recalls: "It was a sad occasion, but at the same time it was very dignified. A lot of people who had worked for Berlei in London in the '30s were there and they were all fine, handsome ladies of good posture who were passionately nostalgic about Berlei and its founder. I struck up a conversation with a wonderful lady called Edna Shrives, who had been in charge of Berlei's publicity department in London. She started to tell me the whole story."

Mandy Downes had originally thought of the Berlei story as material for a book which looked at women's values over the years. It was an interesting proposition because while Fred Burley spent his working life putting women into corsets, he also pioneered equal job opportunity and was in the forefront of the lobby for Australian-made goods. Berlei, in fact, became a blueprint for worker participation in industry.

Elfick was intrigued. He says: "As well as the fascinating social period we were talking about, I saw a new kind of Australian hero, a bloke who could be heroic and still be interested in women's underwear."

Chain Reaction overcame its problems and went into post-production. The crew split up, Elfick began researching a rock musical and Mandy Downes became production secretary on *A Town Like Alice*. But both kept the Berlei story in the back of their minds. When Downes and *Alice* parted company she had a little time on her hands, so Elfick asked her to prepare a preliminary treatment for a movie based on the life of Fred Burley.

With this document and a good track record in Australian period drama (*Newsfront* had been a critical and box-office success), Elfick was able to convince the Australian Film Commission to support the project with a small development grant. Early in 1980, Elfick's Palm Beach Pictures received $15,000 script development assistance, of which $7000 was allocated to Miranda Downes for the purpose of researching the Berlei company and preparing a full treatment. She immediately flew to England where she spent long hours ensconced with Edna Shrives and others who knew and worked with Burley. The company history was poorly documented and the research was arduous work, however, slowly but surely, Downes pieced together her story. She became so involved with the project that she was loath to pass her work on to a scriptwriter. So, although her previous writing experience had been confined to poetic contributions to college magazines, she began working on a first draft script.

She says: "I was already thinking about the film in terms of scenes and dialogue, so it seemed natural for me to write a script. I wanted to stand or fall on my writing ability. If they were going to tell me to piss off, it was better to know early in the piece."

Palm Beach Pictures, by this time into production on *Starstruck*, didn't tell her to piss off. She was offered $5000 to write a second draft. In the movie business, script drafts can go into double figures before everyone is satisfied, but the acceptance of a first draft is usually a good indication that the idea has investment potential and might actually be made. At this point, however, Mandy Downes dug her heels in, refusing to go on with the project unless she was contracted as principal writer. She got her contract.

A small digression: Mandy Downes would receive $12,000 in total to take the Berlei story to second draft. Out of this sum, she had paid air fares to London and all her expenses. In a recent issue of *Esquire*, John Gregory Dunne related the story of how he and his wife, Joan Didion, knocked back $250,000 which they had been offered to write a first draft script for John Le Carre's *The Little Drummer Girl*. They had planned to knock out the job during a six-week holiday in the Bahamas, but the offer was $50,000 less than they could tolerate. Tough, huh?

While Mandy Downes worked on the script, the picture was budgeted and David Elfick began putting out feelers for finance, but the project was placed on a back burner for much of 1981 while *Starstruck* was released. Early in 1982, however, Elfick was in Hollywood negotiating a release deal for *Starstruck* when, through Bryan Brown, he got the message that Olivia Newton-John might be interested in starring in the Berlei film, which by this time had been named *Undercover*. This was the opportunity he'd been waiting for. If he could pull in Bryan Brown and Olivia as his stars, he would have no trouble getting backing for a big budget movie. Elfick had in mind investment of $6 million.

After a string of deals, promises, meetings with agents and more promises, Elfick flew to Cannes for the film festival, where he was able, on the strength of verbal agreements, to announce to the Australian media that Olivia Newton-John and Bryan Brown would star in *Undercover*. But the verbal deal proved not to be worth the paper it was written on.

Newton-John opted out, Brown had conflicting commitments and Elfick returned to Australia with the stigma of having a film which had lost its stars. On top of this, the Australian film industry was entering a winter of confusion and discontent. The tax concession laws were in a state of flux and investors were staying away in droves until the situation was resolved. Against this backdrop David Elfick rebudgeted for a $3,500,000 picture and started looking for money.

He recalls: "It was a crook winter. *Starstruck* wasn't doing as well as we'd hoped at the box-office and it was very hard to get finance. Fortunately, my director, David Stevens (*A Town Like Alice*), stuck with me through this period. If he'd gone, I think the project would have gone too."

Finally, with AFC money and private loans, Palm Beach Pictures was able to bankroll the film to $80,000. Elfick then went to the major film investors. Cash flow problems were rife. Roadshow had just taken on *Hostage* and Hoyts had committed to Edgley's *Phar Lap*. Filmco's John Fitzpatrick read Mandy Downes' script and liked it, but money was tight and Filmco came in only tentatively, subject to final script and casting. In the spring of 1982, Filmco advanced $350,000 to enable Elfick to gear up for production.

As Elfick went about hiring a crew of 80 for pre-production (during the eight-week shoot in the new year, the crew would expand to 94, and a cast of some 750 actors and extras), he ran into more problems. Firstly, Actors Equity took issue with the casting of American actor Michael Pare in one of the lead roles, despite the fact that the role was that of a promotions whiz-kid from Brooklyn and everything else about the film was aggressively patriotic. Casting bogged down in protracted negotiations with the union.

Secondly, Filmco changed management shortly after committing to the film. Elfick and new chairman Dick Toltz developed a fiery relationship over the picture. Toltz ended up putting himself on the project as executive producer.

Elfick says: "Dick and I had our ups and downs, mostly related, I think, to the fact that the economic climate was so bad. We had to be so damn careful. We started working as a team after we both finally realised that we wanted the same thing —a financial success. We spent a lot of time in the Sebel Town House (a plush Sydney hotel) talking in funny languages to possible investors. They kept mentioning 'LCs from the Manny Hanny', which I later discovered meant letters of credit from the Manufacturers Hanover Bank."

Mandy Downes, by this stage at work on the final drafts of her script, also recalls Dick Toltz's involvement: "Dick had very definite ideas about what he wanted. I had to virtually rewrite all the dialogue in one night because he decided that Australian swearing and colloquialisms would hurt its overseas sales potential. Strides meaning trousers, for example, wouldn't do."

But connoisseurs of strine will be relieved to know that "strides" made it. Toltz had more success in other areas. With Elfick's assistance, he found a further $2.7 million, meaning that there was a shortfall of less than $500,000 with the AFC providing a shortfall guarantee of $150,000. However this deal, struck just before Christmas 1982, came only just in time.

Elfick tells the story: "In the weeks before Christmas, we were outlaying a fortune preparing for the shoot but nothing was coming through Filmco. They were desperately trying to pull the deals together but in the meantime I had a crew I couldn't pay."

As Christmas drew closer, Elfick considered aborting production. In the Australian film industry this is the worst thing that can happen. That particular summer, with only two other features (*Phar Lap* and *Careful, He Might Hear You*) in production, it was even worse than the worst thing that can happen. Aborting would mean that the entire crew, booked through to mid-March, would be out of work with no prospects of other film employment for months. For the technical crew, as we shall see when we examine the wages of film in a moment, it would mean poverty, a Christmas without duck or bubbly.

David Elfick was staring down the barrel. In order to pay severance money to the crew, he would have to sell house, car, everything he had earned in a decade making films. And if he didn't make severance payment, he would lose his credibility in the industry. He would probably never produce again. Understandably, Elfick was not a happy man. He got on the phone, called in old debts, new favors, pleaded, grovelled. Filmco's Dick Toltz was doing the same. At 2pm on the Friday before Christmas it looked like the game was up. At 5pm they had a deal. There were loose ends but the money was there.

Shooting began in the first week of January at the beautiful old Queen Victoria Building in George Street, Sydney. The Queen Vic had just been purchased by the Malaysian Ipoh Gardens consortium and

(continued on page 110)

"I'd always heard you guys knew where to eat!"

"JUSTINE'S JOURNEY"

Next time you're planning a holiday, choose carefully. If you're lucky, you could wind up in the tender care of gorgeous Justine Greiner. That's because 20-year-old Justine wants to go into holiday resort management and she's especially interested in Club Med. Now we've let that little secret out of the bag, we expect Club Med will be clamoring for Justine's attention. Club Med and everybody else.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

We think Justine is destined to be one of our most popular models and do we really have to explain why? Perhaps it's something to do with the promise of those beautiful brown eyes or the way that lush auburn hair frames her perfect girl/woman face. Or perhaps it's the inviting softness in her smile or those impossibly white teeth. . .

We'll let Justine tell you about her body: "I don't like to see people fall apart physically. I think when you can look better than you do, you might as well. Because, whether people like it or not, everything is based on first impressions and it usually sticks for a while. Posing for PLAYBOY has made me more aware of my body, aware that I can be sexy. I think every woman should pose nude — a lot of women can go their whole lives without having nude pictures taken of them. You can really look at yourself. It's interesting. I've gotten to know my body so much better." Justine, we assure you it has been a mutual delight!

MADMEN OF FORMULA FORD

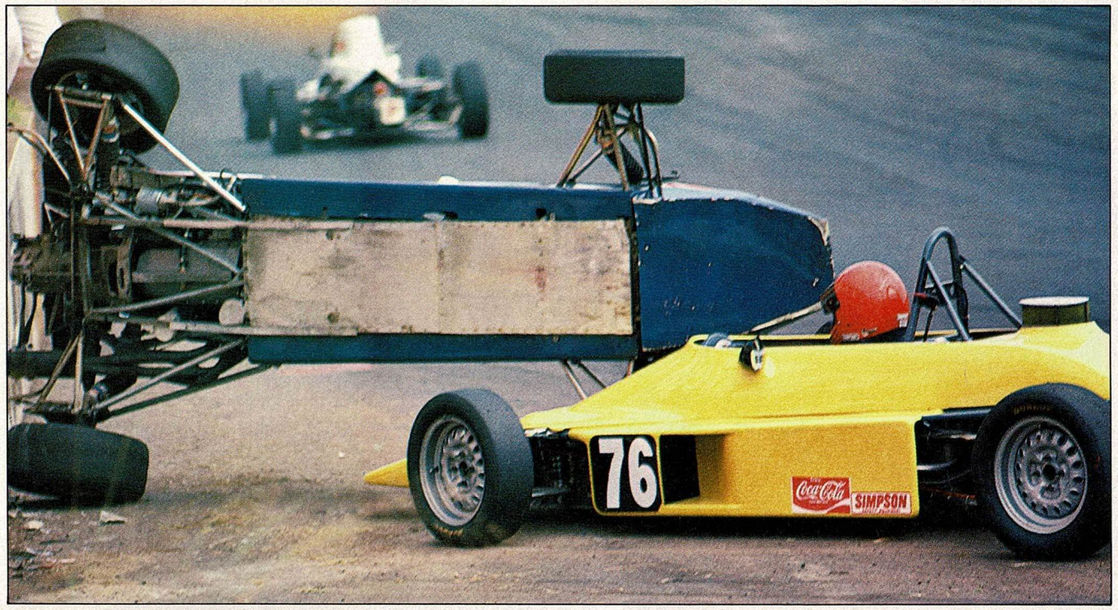
when the flag drops, the bullshit stops. the opposition would rather drive through you than around you.

"WARWICK ROOKLYN came zooming up behind me, so I slammed the gate shut into the corner. He tried to go outside, then he tried to go inside. Then he hit me and turned me round and went over the top. He rolled wheels with me, got airborne and about 10ft off the ground it started to look bad for him. He hit nose first and endo'd a couple of times, then got airborne again and barrel-rolled another six or eight times. Then he crashed. I didn't see it all because I was charging the wall backwards myself and the view wasn't all that good. But it was a big enough wreck to pull all the corners off. When he stopped, what was left of Warwick's car was sprinkled over 100 metres — rollbars, springs, bits and pieces. It was a really long crash . . ."

Malcolm Oastler is talking. Calmly, coolly and unemotionally. He is talking about racing in his

article by rob luck

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE HARDING



Top: Moment of truth for Greg Kentwell who ducks his head as he aims between the wheels of an upturned racer at Sydney's Amaroo Park Raceway. He stopped just short of a scalping. Above left: Bluewater Racer Warwick Rooklyn swaps the sea for slicks at Oran Park and proves it's no easy transition as he slides off the circuit, taking Laurie Bennett (53) with him, shown here about to bite a big hole out of the wall. Left: Another expensive excursion coming up for Formula Ford Champion Bruce Connolly (No 9 — red car) as he is about to get winged by Thomas Mazera (41) with all four wheels locked under brakes and nowhere to go. Mike Quinn (88) has already made tracks. Above: Laurie Bennett (53) shows how it's done at Amaroo ahead of a gaggle of cars all trying to get on to his roadspace.

favorite formula —Formula Ford. It's a pretty typical day in Winton, Victoria, and the last race of the season. For Malcolm, the season has ended much as it began, — backwards, off the circuit, rammed by another car. To any outsider, it is Formula Frantic: an exercise in lunacy. To Malcolm Oastler it is just part of the deal and all in a day's work.

Malcolm Oastler is the find of the season — the gun rookie, the demon charger and the man to watch. On race days, he turns up on the front of the starting grid like clockwork. When the flag drops, he leaves the line like a man obsessed. He tries to take possession of the race at the first corner. He plugs his race car into holes that look half-size. He elbows for airspace. He has a habit of getting his way. . . and his way is winning. He won three times this past season (in his first-ever year of racing) and at three different circuits — Surfers Paradise, Amaroo Park (Sydney) and Sandown (Melbourne). He came within an ace of winning the championship and the big carrot — a free trip to England. In the end, he beat himself out of it; he overcooked it in round six with the lead in sight. But he'll be back this year, and he won't be making the same mistakes. In fact, there's precious little space for mistakes in Formula Ford racing. It's run for thousands of dollars and measured in hundredths of seconds. It's the closest, tightest, fiercest, nastiest racing on this continent, and it's meant to be that way.

●

SANDOWN, MELBOURNE, SEPTEMBER 12, 1983. Round Eight of the Formula Ford Driver-To-Europe series is on and it's a mindbender. At least four drivers want to win badly enough to drive over the top of each other. Even early in the race, a couple try. The capacity crowd suddenly comes alive. The lead is changing — sometimes twice a lap. Down the field, drivers are drafting, dicing, clashing wheels, spinning and driving through invisible "holes". There's barely an inch of track that isn't covered with electrified action. At the end, you could throw a tarp over the first four finishers and the crowd explodes on its feet, screaming itself spitless. The first two cars are credited with the same race-time. The next two are 6/100ths off the mark.

Malcolm Oastler won Sandown. It was a great moment representing the vindication of all the depth of experience and driver emotional control he mustered in one helluva hard-fought season. With sheer doggedness and a fair mix of cool, deliberate calculation, he outlasted the series champion, Bruce Connolly, and skidded under the checker by the width of a stopwatch needle. Not just a victory on the day, but a victory over himself and a triumph over impetuousness. Proof positive of his maturity into the ranks of calm, calculating "thinker" drivers, and a stunning contrast to his early season. . .

"I think I knocked the nosecone off on anything that was lying around at the start," says Oastler. "I left one on the back of another car, some hanging from walls. Nothing serious."

Nothing serious? At 24, this quiet, unassuming mechanical engineer attached to the Urban Transit Authority bus workshops at Chullora in Sydney is spending his weekends hanging 130mph of motor car on various obstacles. It's the original Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde story. Oh, and he paints, too.

He's no fatalist, believing that the race driver "makes his own luck": "I got myself into trouble at Calder when I blew an 11-lap lead and I did it again at Winton when I used tyres that went off and allowed another driver to catch and press me. That's experience. You don't have to do it again."

Deceptively simple when you consider this small oversight led to the monumental incident that started this story. Yet the good racer is essentially philosophical about these things. If not, Malcolm Oastler would never have got a start in racing: just before this past season he tried out a Formula Ford at Amaroo and very nearly wrote it off. He could have totalled himself, too.

Oastler re-assessed his driving ability, knuckled down to use his engineering base to rebuild and re-develop his friend's Bowin race car and started again. He is lucky his friend and mentor, Ed Vieusseux, was committed to a mechanical engineering course, otherwise he would have been on the sidelines.

He is typical of the new Young Lions of Formula Ford — dedicated, demoniac, and utterly fearless. Take Geoff Walters, who's regarded as the renegade of Formula Ford. He's been involved in almost as many crashes as he has had races, and like most of the other drivers a good number were caused by "someone else". No one outside the formula will probably ever really know. But he claims he has settled down. At least this year has been better. . .

"I haven't been airborne this year," he comments. "Last year I went through the air at Oran Park. I did about half the length of one corner about eight feet off the ground and hit the wall backwards."

In some respects, Walters is almost a Xerox copy of his arch-rival, Malcolm Oastler. He is 24, of similar height (178cm) and weight (73 kgs) and fighting fit. He works hard at his trade, testing and practising relentlessly. He has sorted his own car (with a little help from his friends), he mixes it hard and he hates to lose. But that's where the similarity ends.

Geoff Walters plucked his Higher School Certificate and drafted himself immediately into a panel-beating apprenticeship, short-circuiting any further academic career. Four years later, he graduated straight into his own licensed repair shop and moon-lighted on the horror shift at the steelworks near his Wollongong home to spread the dollars out. Two years later, aged 24, he

(continued on page 98)

IT'S DRIVERS NOT DOLLARS

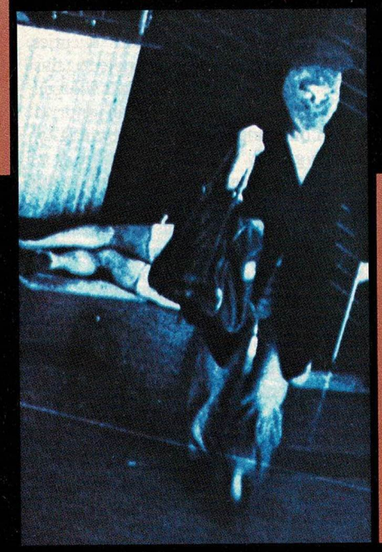
Formula Ford is a "control" formula — every inch of the cars is checked by stiff rules. The cars are classic open wheelers, which means they have no mudguards. They have long narrow tube-like bodies made to seat one person lying down and that's why they get nicknamed "pencils". The suspension sticks straight out of the "tub" with the wheels stuck on the end. Every car racing has the same size wheels and exactly the same type of tyres. At the moment it's Dunlop racing "slicks", or tyres without treads; wet-weather tyres are allowed, too.

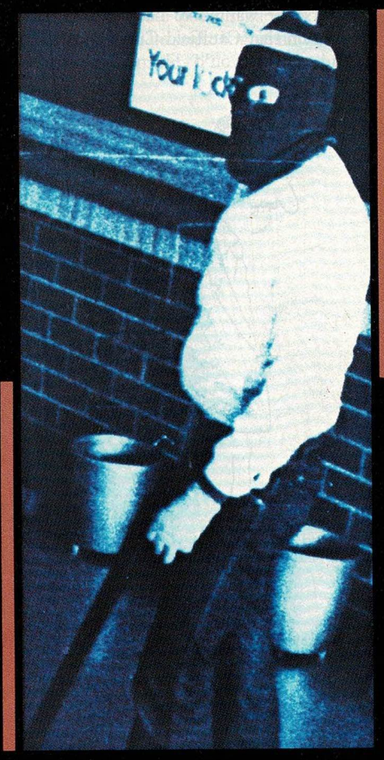
The engines must also be the same: Ford engines (no prizes for guessing where the formula name came from). The racers use the engine that came from Capris, but basically it's the same lump of iron that was fitted to Cortinas and even up-market Escorts. It's old-fashioned and unspectacular but it's dead reliable and cheap. A full-race engine pumping 110 horse-power costs about $3500 or so — about a quarter the cost of a racing engine for a touring car (Brock Commodore or Johnson Falcon). A whole team of engineering shops is making a basic living out of building such engines for racing.

The cars are controlled by a myriad of rules designed to make them all exactly the same — size, design layout, body, even weight (470kg with driver). This rule overcomes the "jockey syndrome" whereby a lighter pilot gets the advantage. Formula Ford head runners range from 5ft 6in to 6ft 2in and from 9 to 14 stone.

Every picky little sub-clause, every comma, every dotted "i" and crossed "t" in the rules is designed to make sure every competitor drives in an "equal" car. That way, it is up to the steerer, not the car, and therefore not according to dollar input. It has been that way for more than 12 years and it works. And it worked that way this past season when national champion Bruce Connolly won with a middle-line racing budget. He was easily outspent by less successful competitors.

ANATOMY OF A HOLDUP





william england examines the traumatic aftermath of a violent crime.

TO UNDERSTAND how blisteringly fast a shot leaves the barrel of a modern weapon, consider this: the point-blank blast that tore past the T-shirt of furniture manufacturer Mark Mottram actually shredded the garment and sliced open his side and not from impact but from sheer speed.

In the parlance of forensic science, Mottram's injury and the blood that swirled around him were the result of a "gutter wound", which, the Supreme Court would hear, occurs "where full penetration is not made so much as the. . . missile goes across the surface at a very high speed and creates very, very bad friction burns." Mark Mottram was unaware of this. For him, the shotgun blast was a shattering surprise, noise and "a terrible burning sensation". With a sigh, he sank through the line of sight of his son, Matthew, and sprawled at the four-year-old's feet.

According to police, Gregory James Clarke related the following to them in the sacred confines of Sydney's Armed Hold-Up Squad: "I'll start off this way.

"We both went in and the bloke I was with called out to everyone not to move, and when he said this, this stupid bastard standing at the window turned around and my mate let one go and I think it hit him in the guts and he just went down in a heap of shit. To tell the truth, I thought he was fucking well dead."

William Edward Smith, on the other hand, would claim it was all a terrible mistake. Smith, white-knuckled and desperate in the dock at the Supreme Court in Melbourne, would fix the judge with a steady gaze. "I couldn't have done it," he'd say, his voice ragged with the threat of 25 years in jail. "I don't gamble. I don't. I've never been in a TAB in me life to have a bet. I don't even take a Tattslotto ticket. And any form of gambling I don't participate in."

The jury was not to accept this intriguing line of defence. Smith was there all right. You just had to ask Alf Hulland — he would never forget the face that took just four minutes to wreck his life. Or Gunther Putz, the full-time chef and weekend punter who parked next to the getaway car and saw Smith remove his mask and drive off. You could ask Harold Smith (no relation), who put police on the trail of a certain red Commodore, the boot of which contained two shotguns and four cartridges, and the front passenger compartment of which contained a green plastic garbage bag filled with bundles of money.

You could feel something for the tragedy of Christine Wilkinson, who followed the man who loved her to New Zealand and then stayed wretchedly with him in the bowels of the bucking ferry all the way across the forbidding Cook Strait. Or Wendy Stephenson, who must have been still rubbing the sleep from her eyes when the police arrived to check the red Commodore parked out the front on the day William Edward Smith's world fell in.

You might even, in a crazy sort of way, have felt just a shred of compassion for Smith himself who plundered Melbourne's Noble Park TAB with a mate and a shotgun and a stolen car. He came out of an institution, soared for a while and then fell into the sewer. Or Clarke, who thought you actually had to do the shooting to get the blame and whose fate was sealed nine years earlier when he got picked up on a lousy drunk and disorderly charge.

Most of all, you'd feel something for Alf Hulland, perhaps at the moment when they put the rubber gag in his mouth and the electrodes on his forehead and zapped a surgical dose of electricity into his brain because, with severe depression cases, such treatment sometimes makes them better. Or Pauline Hulland, his trim wife and mother of five, whose hair went from glossy brunette to brittle grey in 13 terrible days and who wakes up screaming four years later because she can still remember every second of the four minutes that wrecked everything.

You'd need to know that the day they knocked over the Noble Park TAB is already more than 6000 armed hold-ups ago and that there was nothing particularly unusual about the robbery except, perhaps, that by Melbourne standards, October 20, 1979, was unseasonably warm and that Mark Mottram can't remember the name of the horse he wanted to back at precisely 3.38pm on that Caulfield Cup Saturday.

And maybe you'd like to know that Mottram is one of the luckiest blokes alive. He turned to ask: "What's going on?" at precisely the instant Smith squeezed the trigger of his sawn-off double-barrelled shotgun.

A less inquisitive man would have died at that moment; maybe not instantly, but horribly. From a range of less than 10cm, a shotgun blast will cut a man in half. But he *did* turn. He felt a tremendous blast and a burning sensation in his side as the shot tore past him.

In the slow-motion instant before Mottram slipped to the floor, he registered several pieces from an outrageous mosaic. Standing over him, a man in a thick balaclava with expressionless eyes and an incongruous golfing cap crammed on top of his head. And there was a shotgun. The man was holding it. Then the strong, unmistakeable smell of gunpowder. Suddenly he was on the floor, a little surprised at the hot blood puddling beneath him. And yet he felt strangely calm. In a detached way he realised he had been shot. His side felt like it had been caressed with a blowtorch. He closed his eyes not because he was dying — he was sure he would survive — but because the floor seemed strangely comfortable and because by closing his eyes he was somehow out of it, not even a spectator, just an object on the ground.

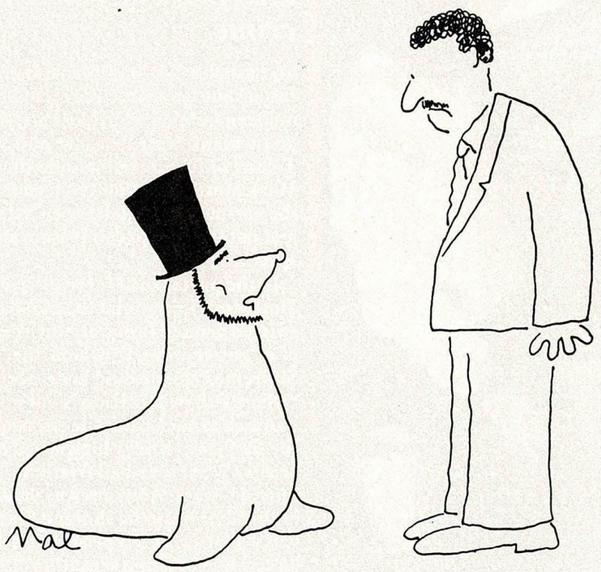
That is one perspective. Another belongs to Pauline Hulland, a wife and mother turned combat veteran by 20 years of TV violence. Mrs Hulland was in the midst of serving Mottram, in the midst of processing his bet, when Smith shot him. As Mottram hit the floor, so did she. It was called "ducking for cover". Even mothers of five knew that. As Pauline Hulland's cheek touched the cold, polished floor, she wondered what would happen next.

Stephen Argoon had his mind on a sure thing in the next race when he drifted on to centre-stage seconds after the robbery had begun. "I was going to place a bet on and felt a shove from behind. I turned around and there was a fellow with a gun in his hand," he recalled.

Argoon, an accountant in his twenties, joined 10 other customers corralled against a wall at the point of Greg Clarke's shotgun. Mark Mottram lay motionless, an upturned rubbish bin nudging his feet, his young son standing guard.

About the same time, Gunther Putz was giving thanks to whatever cosmic being is in charge of parking spots in suburban shopping centres on Saturday afternoons. He nosed his car into a spot next to an ageing maroon Valiant station wagon. The car had been stolen from the Noble Park railway carpark just minutes earlier, though neither Gunther nor the car's owner, Christine Poole, knew this.

While Putz flicked through *The Age* form guide musing over his selections, the Valiant's new "owners" were negotiating some brisk business with the TAB just a few shopfronts away.



"You act like you've never seen a presidential seal before!"

At 3.38 pm precisely, Alf Hulland lowered a teaspoon of sugar into his cup of tea and looked up. The countdown for the four minutes that would wreck his life had just begun. "I heard a disturbance," he stated. "I heard a lot of singing-out at the front door and I looked up and I seen a person entering the TAB that was masked and had a gun and I immediately. . . activated an alarm. . . and as I done that, another person entered the TAB, also with a gun. And I kept pressing the button, continually pressed the button to make sure that head office wouldn't know that there was a false alarm. . .

". . . the first person that entered the agency ran down the agency. . . my wife was serving a person at the window and. . . I noticed that the chap at my wife's window sort of turned and he said something, and I'm not sure what he said, and I heard a shot go and he immediately fell to the ground and my wife fell to the ground too. I thought my wife was dead."

Until that moment of incomprehensible violence, Victoria's second-biggest TAB was heading for its biggest-ever Caulfield Cup turnover. "We'd just been flat out all day," recalled Alf Hulland. "We'd taken $27,000 in six hours. There was so much money we had $6500 crammed into the back of a drawer. There was $11,000 in three burlap bags sitting on the floor. They were in so much of a hurry they didn't even see them."

But Noble Park's Dog Day Afternoon wasn't speeding to any sane or happy conclusion. ". . . the person that had fired the shot sort of retreated a little bit back to where the other person was standing," he would tell the Supreme Court while Smith sat in the dock not 20 paces away and, according to Hulland, caught his eye as often as he could.

". . . and then he came down to the door again," Hulland continued, "but this time he hadn't observed me. He couldn't see me. I'm sure of that. And my wife was still lying on the floor, hadn't moved and this person began kicking at the door to let him in. And swearing. Then he put a shot through the door. My wife looked up at me and said: 'I'm all right, love. I think you'd better open the door.'"

As this desperate conversation unfolded, another gruesome tableau was being played out: Smith had shot Mottram and put a blast through the door to the TAB staff area. That made two shots so Smith had to re-load. He did so, snapping the shells into the breech while he stood with one foot on Mottram's still body like a hunter posing with a prize deer. All through this, the security camera kept rolling and every quarter of a second Smith had his picture taken. Meanwhile, Hulland had decided to open the bullet-holed door when he saw Smith's gloved hand reaching through to try and unlock it from the inside. Hulland testified:

"He couldn't quite reach the lock. . . then he seen me coming towards the door and his hand come back and the gun come through the door. . . I sort of stepped back a little and the gun went off. The gun blew the phone off the wall and put holes in the computer and sent pieces of lead all from one end of the agency to the other.

"Don't shoot me, mate. I'm going to let you in," Hulland reckons he told Smith after the security area at the TAB had suddenly become as safe as Beirut. "I opened the door and I let him in and. . . he said: 'Give us the money and make it quick!' He had this bag and he held the bag open and. . . I tipped it into his bag. Then he said: 'Right, now. Open the safe,' and he turned the gun on me. So I got down on my hands and knees to open the combination safe which is set in the floor. Combination safes have to be activated so they are exactly on the mark when you do them and I think I missed by a little fraction and they wouldn't open. I missed them twice. . . I heard the other person in the agency sing out. . . 'You'll have to make it quick, John,' or 'Hurry up, John.' With that, he belted me across the side of the neck with the shotgun and knocked me off balance.

"And I said to him:'Will you let my wife open the safe? It's pretty hard to open it with a gun trained on you.' With that, he pulled the gun back. He put the gun barrel on the front of my forehead. He rested it on my forehead and he said: 'You've got one second before I blow your fucking head off.' And I don't know how it happened. I said to my wife: 'I reckon we should go to church because I reckon God opened the safe.' It opened. . . I took the two bags out that were in the safe and I placed them in the bag that he had there. He put his hand in and felt them and then he said: 'Right, now where's all the paper money?'"

Piecing the story together afterwards, Hulland believed it was then 3.41pm. In one corner, against the wall, stood 12 glassy-eyed customers. They included Mark Mottram's mother, Betty, four-year-old Matthew Mottram and Stephen Argoon, who had tried to help Matthew's dad and been waved away by Greg Clarke's shotgun. Mark Mottram lay exactly as he fell, sprawled in the doorway to the security area, eyes shut, legs together and drawn up slightly into his stomach, one hand still clutching the betting ticket he would never place. He was five paces from the rest of them but it might as well have been five miles.

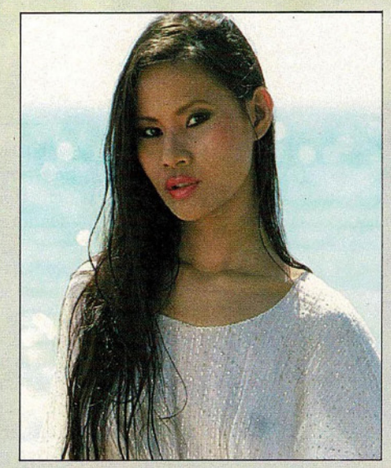
Out the back, the sweat pricking his white shirt, Alf Hulland was mid-way through his worst four minutes on earth. "We have got no other money. Brambles Brinks made a collection," Alf would testify he told Smith. And to which Smith allegedly replied: "Where's the (cash) tin?"

"The tin was in the cupboard," testified Alf. "There was a cupboard at the back. He (Smith) threw that open with his hand and then turned around and he pointed the gun at my wife and said:'I'll shoot the bitch.' He said:'Where's the key?' and gave me a belt in the ribs with the gun. I said:'Will you let my wife get the key?' She came back with the keys and I undone the lock. . . and I opened the box and he grabbed the bags out of that and put them in his bag himself. I anticipated in the box was about $23,000. He put it in the bag. Then he turned around and started to proceed to run out of the TAB. When he got to the door between the partition where we have our cup of tea, he fell over. There was a big Durex (tape) dispenser there and I picked it up. His gun was in the left and he held on to the bag in

(continued on page 118)

"Oh, Oh. . . here comes my husband. Play dumb."

TO SYDNEY WITH LOVE



She's the spirit of Asia, exotic, enticing, exciting. . . and she's brought it all to Australia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

There are two questions Grace Parr hears every working day: "Where are you from?" and "Will you have dinner with me?"

She's been hearing those questions ever since she moved to Sydney seven years ago. Usually from eager Australian men with the gleam of barely concealed desire in their eyes. "I don't mind," smiles Grace. "I'll worry when they stop."

Grace is perfectly aware of the role she plays in the minds of many Western men. . . that of the mysterious Asian beauty. "A lot of Western men find Asian women more attractive because we are quite petite, more delicate than Western women. They think we are more feminine. And of course," she laughs, "I agree."

Grace was raised in Manila, the only girl in a family of seven children. Her brothers were highly protective as she grew up in one of the most raucous tourist hot spots in the Asian-Pacific region. "When I was young they used to scare my boyfriends away," she recalls.

"They were very conservative. They still are. When I went home for a holiday last year they were shocked that I no longer wore a bra. They thought I had picked up some bad habits in Australia."

Grace went to work when she was 16, as a waitress at a five-star Manila hotel. She proved so popular she was quickly promoted to bartender in the main cocktail bar where she learned all about mixing drinks and handling the most awkward customers. When she moved to Sydney, she continued to pursue a career in the hospitality trade and is now the wine stewardess at one of the restaurants in the landmark Centrepoint complex in Sydney.

She chooses to live in the inner-city suburb of Chippendale so she can be near her work and recently she bought a 100-year-old terrace house. "I've spent the past three months renovating," she says. "It was so dirty and horrible when I bought it, I had to put five coats of white paint on the walls. Now, it's like new — a really beautiful little house."

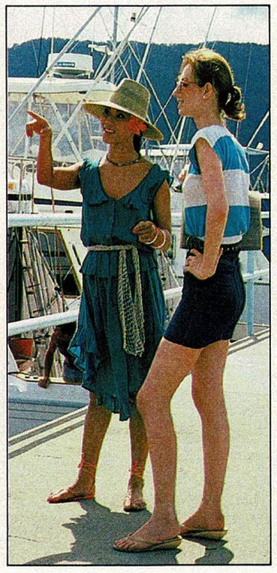
Only 24 years old, Grace has several unfulfilled ambitions. She would like to be a model and an actress and has already auditioned for a movie role as, guess what, a mysterious Asian beauty. To keep her body in perfect tone, she goes to aerobic classes three nights weekly and on Saturdays goes dancing with a bunch of friends.

But during the week, she explains, she's a happy homebody. Grace loves to cook —her favorites are an Aussie meal of steak and eggs or a Filipino meal called adobo, a chicken or pork dish spiced up with garlic and vinegar.

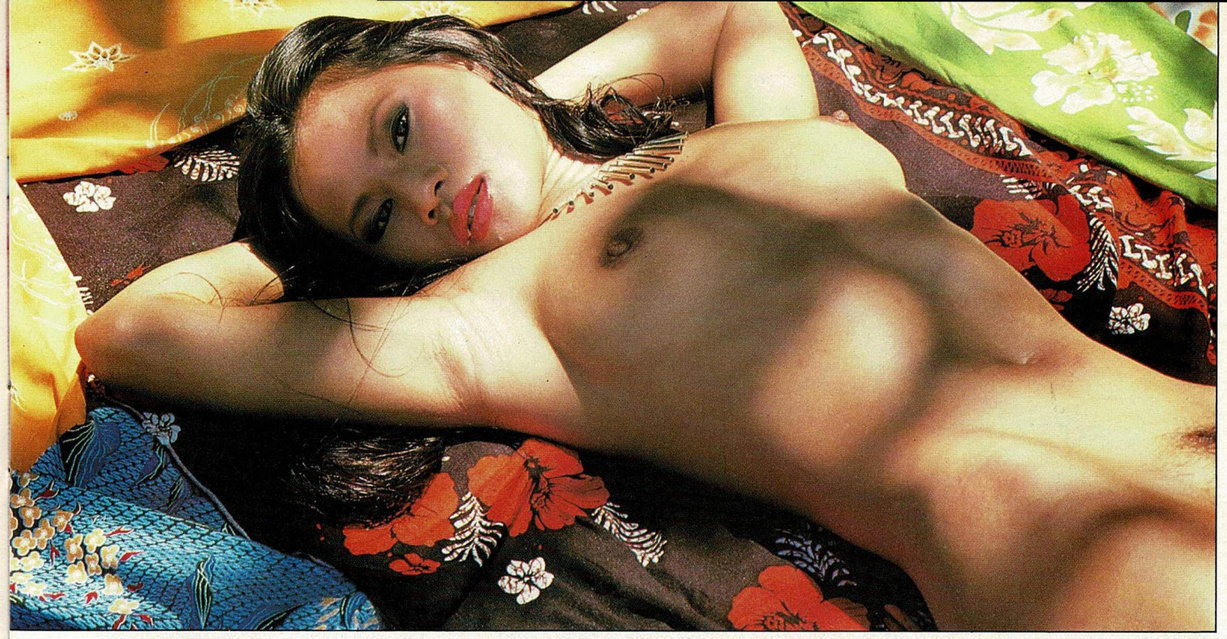
Home is where she can slip back into the culture of her native Philippines. "I like to wear the butterfly sleeve dresses," she says. "They are so elegant and cool."

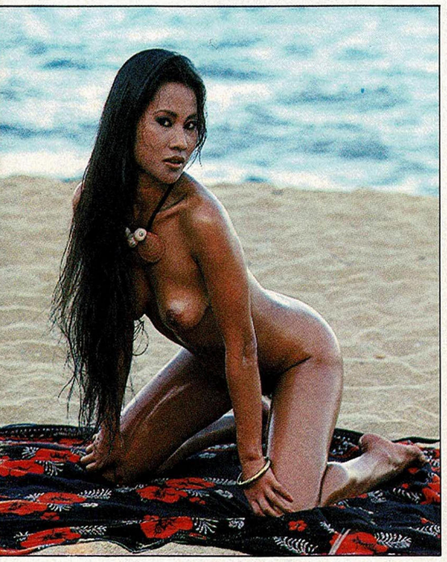
Naturally all this talk about rushing home to cook the evening meal and then slipping into something more comfortable is music to the ears of the average Aussie male chauvinist, though it isn't likely to endear her to the feminist cause. Not that the feminist cause disturbs Grace.

"I don't believe in feminism," she smiles. "I'm happy to be a woman, it has never created any problems for me. I like being treated as a sex object too," she adds. "I feel good when men look at me, when I see the admiration in their eyes. It makes me feel good and I take it as a compliment."



"I was first asked to pose for PLAYBOY five years ago but I refused. I wasn't sure about it then, probably because I was still so young. But I feel very confident in the nude now and visiting Cairns for the first time was like going to paradise. Being without clothes was very natural."



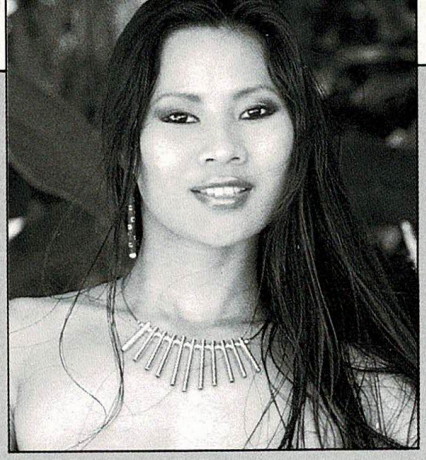


"When I was a teenager I was very naive. Sex was so mysterious. I used to wonder what it would be like. Most young girls fantasise about their first lover. I always knew my first man would have to be gentle. And I believe in making a man wait. . . it's part of the excitement."

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Grace Parr



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Grace Young Parr

BUST: 36" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 7½ STONE SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 10-3-59 BIRTHPLACE: Manila, Philippines

AMBITIONS: to apply my acting & modelling experience successfully

TURN-ONS: Music, Dancing, Good Food & Intimate Dinners & Hot summer nights

TURN-OFFS: War, Boastful People, Violence

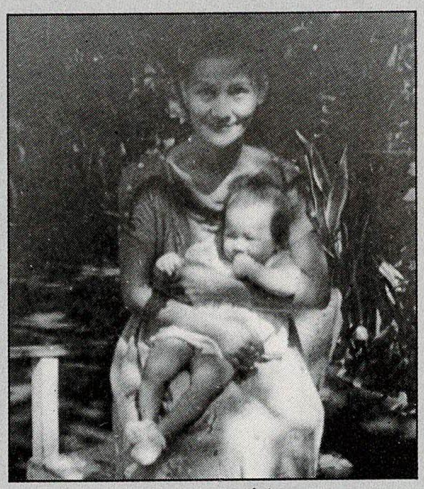
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Hobbit & Jonathan Livingston Seagull

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Michael Jackson, Dladid Bowie, Bambi Leffers, Mel Gibson

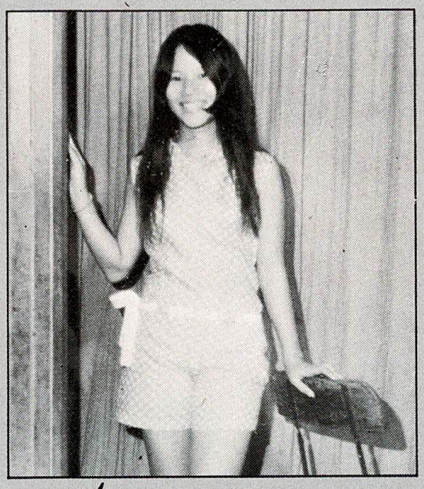
FAVORITE SPORTS: aerobics classes, bodybuilding

IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, Muscular, Artistic & thoughtful & of course, handsome

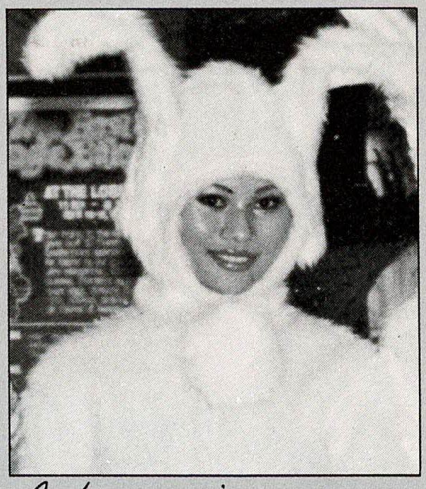
SECRET FANTASY: Sssh... it's a secret!



What a chubby baby! at 8 months



a happy thirteen year old!



a bunny girl already? at sixteen.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A dulcet-voiced callgirl named Shedd,
Who's cultured, well-spoken, well-bred,
Had achieved some renown
For her tone going down —
There's a nice civil tongue in her head.

In a recent survey on why some men are homosexual, 82 percent of the gays responding said that either genetics or home environment was the principal factor. The remaining 18 percent revealed that they had been sucked into it.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculator* as a troubled shooter.

An infamous 65-year-old flasher has announced that he is not going to retire after all. He has decided to stick it out for another year.

A pregnant mum was in her seventh month and she decided it was time to discuss her condition with her five-year-old son.

"Tommy," she began, "you see mummy's tummy? Well there's a new baby in there for our family. If you had your choice, would you like a little brother or a sister?"

"Gee, Mum," he replied, "if it wouldn't stretch you too much out of shape, I'd rather have a pony!"

An elderly jurist with notions
Ingested some monkey-gland potions.
But he froze when they'd sacked,
So his female clerk cracked,
"Mr Justice, I'd entertain motions."

A reporter on a rural newspaper was driving along a country road when he noticed a pig in a field with a wooden leg. He thought there must be a story behind this so he drove up to the nearby homestead.

The cockie came out and the reporter asked him about the pig. "He's a fantastic pig!" the bushie exclaimed. "Two months ago, my three kids fell in the dam and the pig jumped in and pulled them all to safety. He's a bloody fantastic pig!"

The reporter hastily made some notes and then repeated his question about the pig's wooden leg.

The bushie continued: "Three months ago, we were being robbed by two blokes when the pig charged at them and then chased 'em up the road. A fucking fantastic animal, that pig!"

By this time, the reporter was getting a bit impatient. "That's very interesting," he said to the bushie, "but *why* has the pig got a wooden leg?"

"Jesus!" the bushie replied, "ya wouldn't expect us to eat a bloody fantastic pig like that all at once, would ya?"

Q: Why did the chicken cross the basketball court?
A: He heard the referee was blowing fouls on the other side.

When my husband orgasms," the woman complained to the marriage counsellor, "his reaction includes an ear-shattering yell."

"All things considered," commented the adviser, "I should think that would be a certain source of satisfaction for you."

"Oh, it would," said the woman, "if it just didn't wake me up!"

Are you and Warren serious?" the girl was asked by some inquisitive workmates.

"Well, almost. We've just got a few little things to sort out," she replied. "I want a big, old-fashioned wedding and he's willing to settle for a blow-job at the drive-in."

I prefer natural blondes," admitted the office playboy, "because I like to end the evening with a light supper."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *geriatric bang* as pushing 70.

And then there's that new movie about a blue-collar working girl who wants to make it big as a bottomless go-go dancer. It's called *Gashdance.*

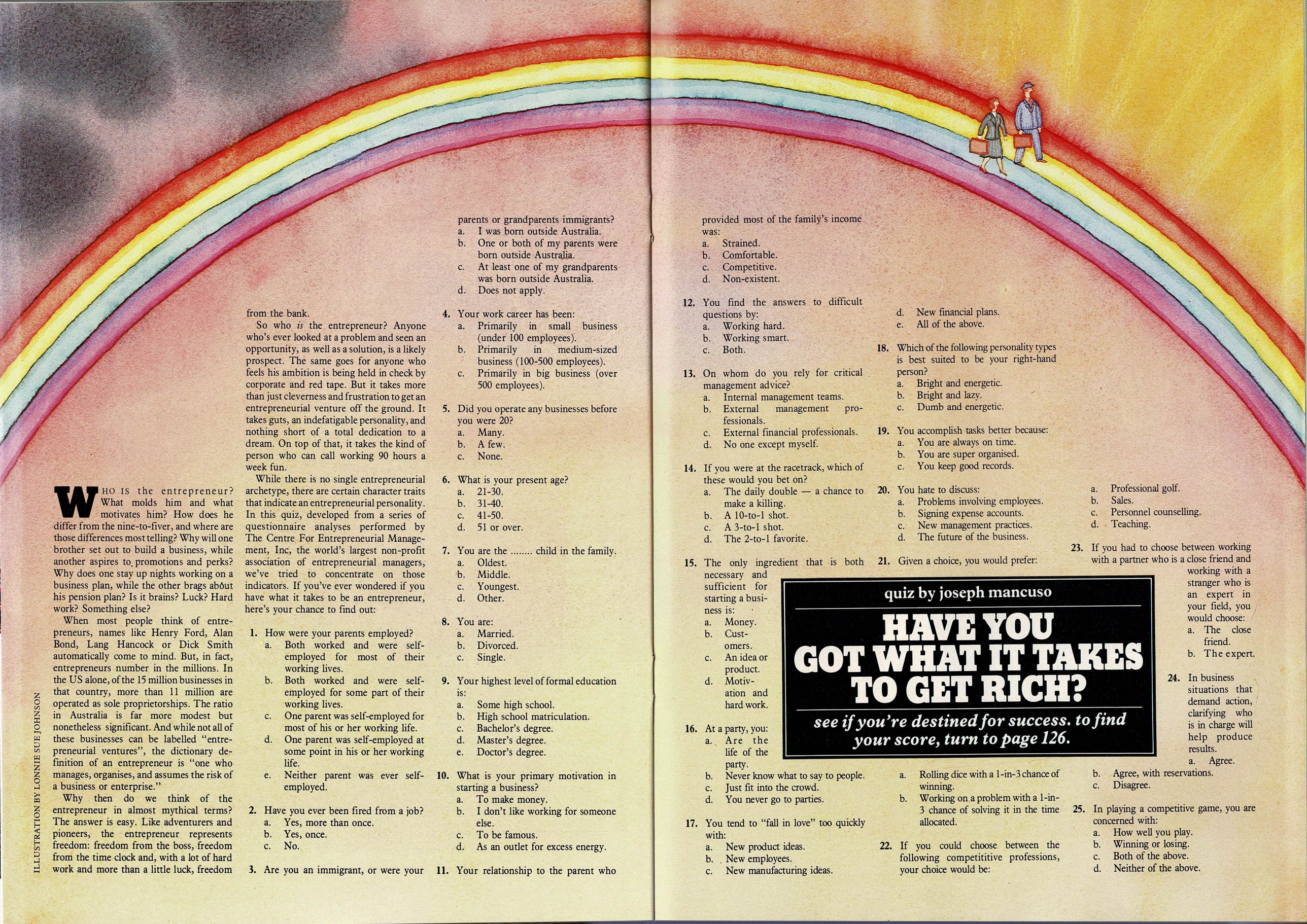
Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

"It is not for us to question why, on certain mornings, the Master is silent."

quiz by joseph mancuso

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET RICH?

see if you're destined for success. to find your score, turn to page 126.



WHO IS the entrepreneur? What molds him and what motivates him? How does he differ from the nine-to-fiver, and where are those differences most telling? Why will one brother set out to build a business, while another aspires to promotions and perks? Why does one stay up nights working on a business plan, while the other brags about his pension plan? Is it brains? Luck? Hard work? Something else?

When most people think of entrepreneurs, names like Henry Ford, Alan Bond, Lang Hancock or Dick Smith automatically come to mind. But, in fact, entrepreneurs number in the millions. In the US alone, of the 15 million businesses in that country, more than 11 million are operated as sole proprietorships. The ratio in Australia is far more modest but nonetheless significant. And while not all of these businesses can be labelled "entrepreneurial ventures", the dictionary definition of an entrepreneur is "one who manages, organises, and assumes the risk of a business or enterprise."

Why then do we think of the entrepreneur in almost mythical terms? The answer is easy. Like adventurers and pioneers, the entrepreneur represents freedom: freedom from the boss, freedom from the time clock and, with a lot of hard work and more than a little luck, freedom from the bank.

So who *is* the entrepreneur? Anyone who's ever looked at a problem and seen an opportunity, as well as a solution, is a likely prospect. The same goes for anyone who feels his ambition is being held in check by corporate and red tape. But it takes more than just cleverness and frustration to get an entrepreneurial venture off the ground. It takes guts, an indefatigable personality, and nothing short of a total dedication to a dream. On top of that, it takes the kind of person who can call working 90 hours a week fun.

While there is no single entrepreneurial archetype, there are certain character traits that indicate an entrepreneurial personality. In this quiz, developed from a series of questionnaire analyses performed by The Centre For Entrepreneurial Management, Inc, the world's largest non-profit association of entrepreneurial managers, we've tried to concentrate on those indicators. If you've ever wondered if you have what it takes to be an entrepreneur, here's your chance to find out:

1. How were your parents employed?
- a. Both worked and were self-employed for most of their working lives.
- b. Both worked and were self-employed for some part of their working lives.
- c. One parent was self-employed for most of his or her working life.
- d. One parent was self-employed at some point in his or her working life.
- e. Neither parent was ever self-employed.

2. Have you ever been fired from a job?
- a. Yes, more than once.
- b. Yes, once.
- c. No.

3. Are you an immigrant, or were your parents or grandparents immigrants?
- a. I was born outside Australia.
- b. One or both of my parents were born outside Australia.
- c. At least one of my grandparents was born outside Australia.
- d. Does not apply.

4. Your work career has been:
- a. Primarily in small business (under 100 employees).
- b. Primarily in medium-sized business (100-500 employees).
- c. Primarily in big business (over 500 employees).

5. Did you operate any businesses before you were 20?
- a. Many.
- b. A few.
- c. None.

6. What is your present age?
- a. 21-30.
- b. 31-40.
- c. 41-50.
- d. 51 or over.

7. You are the ..... child in the family.
- a. Oldest.
- b. Middle.
- c. Youngest.
- d. Other.

8. You are:
- a. Married.
- b. Divorced.
- c. Single.

9. Your highest level of formal education is:
- a. Some high school.
- b. High school matriculation.
- c. Bachelor's degree.
- d. Master's degree.
- e. Doctor's degree.

10. What is your primary motivation in starting a business?
- a. To make money.
- b. I don't like working for someone else.
- c. To be famous.
- d. As an outlet for excess energy.

11. Your relationship to the parent who provided most of the family's income was:
- a. Strained.
- b. Comfortable.
- c. Competitive.
- d. Non-existent.

12. You find the answers to difficult questions by:
- a. Working hard.
- b. Working smart.
- c. Both.

13. On whom do you rely for critical management advice?
- a. Internal management teams.
- b. External management professionals.
- c. External financial professionals.
- d. No one except myself.

14. If you were at the racetrack, which of these would you bet on?
- a. The daily double — a chance to make a killing.
- b. A 10-to-1 shot.
- c. A 3-to-1 shot.
- d. The 2-to-1 favorite.

15. The only ingredient that is both necessary and sufficient for starting a business is:
- a. Money.
- b. Customers.
- c. An idea or product.
- d. Motivation and hard work.

16. At a party, you:
- a. Are the life of the party.
- b. Never know what to say to people.
- c. Just fit into the crowd.
- d. You never go to parties.

17. You tend to "fall in love" too quickly with:
- a. New product ideas.
- b. New employees.
- c. New manufacturing ideas.
- d. New financial plans.
- e. All of the above.

18. Which of the following personality types is best suited to be your right-hand person?
- a. Bright and energetic.
- b. Bright and lazy.
- c. Dumb and energetic.

19. You accomplish tasks better because:
- a. You are always on time.
- b. You are super organised.
- c. You keep good records.

20. You hate to discuss:
- a. Problems involving employees.
- b. Signing expense accounts.
- c. New management practices.
- d. The future of the business.

21. Given a choice, you would prefer:
- a. Rolling dice with a 1-in-3 chance of winning.
- b. Working on a problem with a 1-in-3 chance of solving it in the time allocated.

22. If you could choose between the following competititive professions, your choice would be:
- a. Professional golf.
- b. Sales.
- c. Personnel counselling.
- d. Teaching.

23. If you had to choose between working with a partner who is a close friend and working with a stranger who is an expert in your field, you would choose:
- a. The close friend.
- b. The expert.

24. In business situations that demand action, clarifying who is in charge will help produce results.
- a. Agree.
- b. Agree, with reservations.
- c. Disagree.

25. In playing a competitive game, you are concerned with:
- a. How well you play.
- b. Winning or losing.
- c. Both of the above.
- d. Neither of the above.

ILLUSTRATION BY LONNIE SUE JOHNSON

hitch a lift with playboy's phil jarratt on a liver-wrecking jaunt in the fast lane

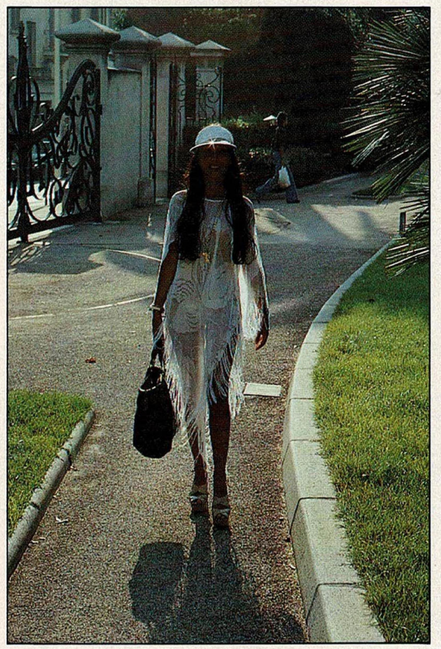
EUROPE ON $1000 A DAY

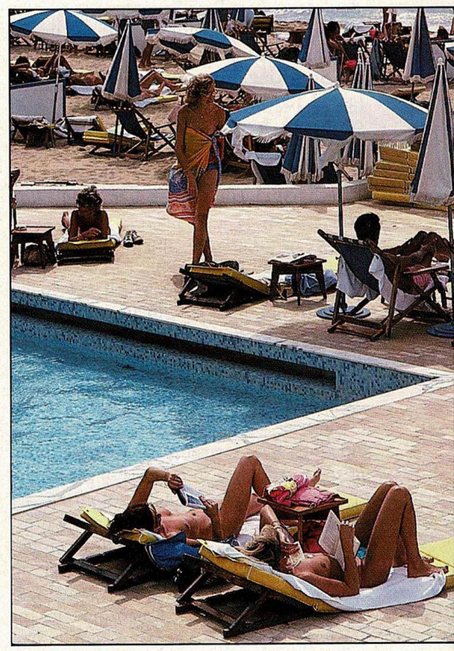
SOME YEARS AGO, Neil Jameson, associate editor of this magazine, and I cashed in our luncheon vouchers at the country newspaper where we toiled and took off for Europe. It was a well-planned trip. We knew from looking at maps that most of it was flat and therefore we would have no trouble travelling everywhere by bike. In this way our ground transport costs would be next to nothing, which was just as well because this was precisely the amount we had.

With merely a thousand bucks between us, we somehow lasted for months, combing beaches and living on sardines and cheap wine that came in plastic bottles. Things got a bit rough now and then — at one stage we tried to sell our blood in Portugal — but by and large we lived like low-rent kings.

There comes a time in a man's life, however, when sardines and plonk just aren't

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES AND RENNIE ELLIS





Opposite page: Revving up on the Riviera (left); Casino at Monte Carlo (top); cool and casual in Cannes (centre); swimming pool at Villa D'Este, Lake Como (bottom). This page: tanned and topless on the Italian coast (left); poolside panache Italian-style (top); lazy daze on the French Riviera (above).

good enough any more. Motoring now through my fourth decade on this planet, I feel it behoves me to insist on wine that comes in glass bottles and to sleep indoors when I travel. Call me a snob if you will, but never again (if I can help it) shall I clean the rat trails off my sleeping bag in the cool of the morning. Oh, I've got nothing against budget travel, just as long as the budget is immense. Mr Eric Frommer's guide books are very interesting but, in these recession-riddled times, you can't really do Woy Woy satisfactorily on $20 a day, let alone Europe.

With these prejudices in mind, my wife and I encountered only one small problem when we decided to spend last summer in Europe — reality. I went to see the Travelabroad Group as I knew they handled holidays for fat cats.

"Listen," I said, "just suppose a rich aunt left me $30,000 which I had to dispose of immediately or hand over to the tax man. And let's also suppose that I wanted to spend a month in Europe getting rid of it. Where would I go and what would I do? Give me the ultimate thousand-bucks-a-day itinerary."

We arrived in Paris and took a cab to the Hotel de Crillon on Place de la Concorde, which seemed an appropriate place to start the decadence. Paris is, after all, still the hub of Europe, and Hotel de Crillon, an 18th century palace, is the headquarters of Relais et Chateaux, an association of luxury hotels with whom we would be staying.

Porters and footmen were darting about under the chandeliers in the marbled foyer and it was all *tres magnifique*, he says, slipping into the vernacular. But this splendor paled into relative insignificance when compared with the suite we were shown to on the second floor. From my diary: "We have a sitting room with bureau, a large bedroom, a changing room and a bathroom which is so luxurious it borders on obscene. We have a mini-bar thoughtfully stocked with half-bottles of Taittinger, which sit at an angle of 45 degrees in a special rack, and we have two chilled flutes which seem to be begging to be drunk out of. We have jazz and classical music piped throughout, and our windows look out on the garden restaurant where men in suits are lingering over coffee. While they linger we are popping the champers and running the bath."

But there is more to Paris, of course, than champagne and bubble bath. When the heat of the afternoon subsided, we wandered through the salons of the hotel and across the square to the Champs Elysees, where the strollers and boulevardiers were pounding their Guccis from cafe to cafe. Paris in the summer. . . a marvellous, colorful madhouse. Barely clad ladies around the floating pool on the Seine and serious lovers along the banks. It's easy to see why more cliches are penned about Paris than most other cities, but we weren't there to be trite, we were there to spend money, so we moved along in search of more bars and bigger restaurants.

More champagne with friends in Le Bar at the Crillon and some serious night-clubbing. We ate seafood late at Au Pied de Cochon, drank in the bars of St Germain de Pres before settling into the table where Hemingway or Scott Fitzgerald may once have sat in the downstairs piano bar at Harry's New York Bar ("sank roo doe noo since 1911, cable address COCKTAIL PARIS"). And finally in the wee hours, to the club called Bains-Douche. Where once, not so long ago, young Parisians boogied the night away in the opulence of Regine's, now they zone out on deck chairs in an underground bathhouse filled with sand and fake palms. It costs a fortune to get in, drinks start at around 10 bucks, the spotlighting is so intense you need sunglasses and at four in the morning it's at least 10 degrees hotter than any beach in France. The patrons, who wear shorts and boat shoes, can't get enough of this summer city craziness. At seven there may be the hint of dawn upstairs but down on the fake beach in the basement the beat goes on. As a Parisian friend says: "In Paris crazy is normal."

And then, the food. I ran in the garden of the Tuileries and in Parc des Buttes Chaumont, aware that four or five meals a day was not doing my figure a world of good, but how can one say no to the best cuisine in the world? From the excellence of Le Crillon dining room to the funky chic of such brasseries as Terminus Nord, and the exuberance of the sidewalk cafes on the

cobble-stones of Montmartre, we shrank not from our task, shovelling in all manner of pastries, tarts, breads and cakes, washed down by wine so good it made me blush. There are, of course, bad French wines, but the clever buggers export them to places like Australia.

Before we left Paris, we paid an evening visit to the Palace of Versailles, driving along the Periferique past the Bois de Boulogne where Brazilian transvestites now outnumber the straight whores, and up the hills to the magnificent obsession of Louis, the Sun King. Twenty minutes away from one of the biggest, most bustling cities on earth, we walked in the gardens in the golden evening light and might have been in any century, even Marie Antoinette's. Which reminded us, it was time to eat more cake.

We left Paris at approximately 160 kilometres an hour, feeling no pain behind the wheel of a Citroen BX which seemed not to touch the road. Due to an oversight, or perhaps the shocking downturn in the French economy, Citroen found itself with a large stock of new cars and not enough cash flow. Thus was born the Citroen leasing system, which is represented in Australia by Travelabroad. With very few of the restrictions so beloved of car hirers, the company makes its fantastic touring cars available by the week, month or months. The longer you take, the better deal you get, but considering the comfort and style in which you travel, anything is a bargain.

So there we were in Calais queuing for the ferry. My wife is a pom but even she had to wind up the window to get away from the whingeing. There is nothing more miserable than a pom on his way home from a holiday. The kids won't shut up, he hasn't had a decent warm pint in a month, the frogs have ripped him off and now he has to face his bank manager about the overdraft. In late August the English Channel fairly rings with the sounds of pommy whingeing, but we managed to minimise our discomfort with the aid of a bottle of Pernod. And then we were in England.

The English country hotel is quite a different proposition to the English cross-Channel ferry. It is a relic from a past age, a time when one dressed for breakfast and positively titivated for dinner, when sherry was a classy drink and muzak hadn't been invented.

We subjected ourselves first to Gravetye Manor, which is up a country lane near East Grinstead in Sussex. The manor was built in 1598 and is as beautiful an Elizabethan house as you will find. William Robinson, who pioneered the idea of natural gardens, bought the house in the early part of this century and its slightly untamed 30 acres of garden and outlying 1000-acre forest are now a monument to his memory. Within the grounds one can fly for trout on the well-stocked lake, walk the bush paths or play croquet. It's all very stiff-upper-lip but after only a couple of hours I found I actually wished I knew how to play croquet or fish for trout. Still, I knew how to walk and we did.

Inside the manor this cool Sunday morning, retired sergeant-major types were reading *The Times* over tea in the library, having only recently finished their kippers. It was very, very quiet. Our room, The Holly Room, overlooked the garden and the lake. Its big bay windows were about a mile or so from the foot of our huge bed. We could see dark clouds scudding in from over Brighton way and it was nice to feel a little chilled after sweating in Paris, so we curled up with a cuppa and *The Sunday Times* in which the American novelist Paul Theroux was saying nasty things about the fair city of Aberdeen. We slept and woke just in time to walk up an appetite for dinner.

Our host Peter Herbert was away but he had left in the Club Room bar a bottle of '79 Trittenheimer moselle, with which to wash away the dust of the road. A wonderful way to start a dinner which was as delicious as it was elegantly served. I had the smoked salmon followed by rabbit ragout, she a vichyssoisse and beef wellington. We washed it down with a Chateau Margaux Bel Air Marquis d'Aligre '75. We were in a room filled with people in daggy Sloane Ranger suits and you could hear a pin drop.

Next we motored down the south coast of England to Chewton Glen on the edge of the New Forest in Hampshire. The holiday villages overlooking the Isle of Wight could have been Noosa or Byron Bay or Lorne when we came through in the middle of a very warm day. But Chewton Glen itself was unmistakably British. A magnificent lawn, a car park full of Rovers and Rolls-Royces, a tennis court gone slightly to seed (although the sign still politely requested players to wear white) and of course the Georgian mansion itself, new wings and partly reconstructed, but still a blast from another age.

The *bon vivant* travel writers have had a field day with this place. "A hotel that feels more like a home," wrote Ila Stanger in *Travel And Leisure*, "surrounded by that inimitable deep English green and removed from urban cares." "We turned into Chewton Glen's winding, tree-lined driveway with its border of mushroom-like straddle stones and arrived at the hotel serenely set among flower beds and trees," gushed *Gourmet*'s Elisabeth Lambert Ortiz. "A model of country house elegance," writes Egon Ronay in his 1983 *Lucas Guide*. But the ambience of the place is, I think, best described by Rene Lecler in *Harpers And Queen* magazine's *300 Best Hotels In The World*: "Chewton Glen is both grand and intimate, a rare combination. . . an image of England people dream about."

The hotel's proprietor, Martin Skan, is also the kind of Englishman you might expect to find peopling such a dream: the young David Niven, impeccably groomed and mannered with a sparkle in his eyes that suggests the heart of a larrikin lurks within. Not to piss in his pocket, I would have to say that he is one of the most charming men I've met. After a few drinks he reminded me of that crazy racing driver Peter Janson, telling outrageous stories with a delivery similar to that of the Duke of Edinburgh, incongruous but effective.

Skan bought Chewton Glen in 1966 when, he confesses, he knew "absolutely nothing about running a hotel". It was a rundown guesthouse with eight bedrooms and one bathroom but Skan saw its potential and set about a solid decade of renovation. By the early '80s it had almost 50 rooms and as a hotel and restaurant had won every major award for excellence in the hospitality industry.

HOW TO SPEND $1000 A DAY

It is, of course, quite simple to spend more than $1000 a day living like a king, eating Iranian caviar and drinking 1950 Chateau Margaux, 1966 Latour, 1976 Dom Perignon and 1945 Croft. We exercised some restraint. Most prices are straight off my credit card vouchers. God bless American Express. This was one day at Italy's Villa d'Este where we didn't do much driving, but for the purpose of this exercise, we have averaged petrol and road taxes over the whole period.

Apartment at Villa d'Este (incl breakfast)	$330
Boat hire (2 hours)	80
Lunch (2 courses, wine, coffee)	58
Laundry (2 shirts, 3 prs socks, 2 prs undies, 2 dresses, 1 blouse, 1 skirt	35
Beers by the pool (4)	20
Tennis (1 hour, balls incl)	15
Shopping in hotel boutique (souvenirs, toiletries)	65
Pre-dinner cocktails (incl water ski exhibition)	32
Dinner (3 courses, 2 bottles wine, coffee, liqueurs)	120
Drinks in night club	37
Nightcaps in Piano Bar	48
Tips (all day)	30
Car hire (Citroen 30-day plan, BX model)	25
Petrol (average)	26
Road taxes	14
Total for two people	**A$935**

We checked into our room overlooking the glen and hit the ball around the tennis court for an hour before dinner. When we returned to scrub up we were greeted with flowers and a glass of sherry. Dinner in the large Marryat Room (so named for the author of *The Children Of The New Forest*, who lived and wrote at Chewton Glen last century) sent us again scurrying for the book of superlatives. We started with terrine of leek and artichoke, and more of that sensational Scottish smoked salmon, then progressed to medallions of veal served with mushrooms in a leek sauce and breast of duck in peppercorn and apple sauce. Finally we waded into a specially prepared strawberry tart which could have fed a dozen more. Skan chose the wine, which was just as well as he has a remarkable cellar which encompasses some of the best wines made anywhere in the world. We began with a Pouilly Fume from the Loire, then put away the main course to a 1970 Domaine de Chevalier, a great Bordeaux red. Dessert was an excellent sauterne and coffee was helped along famously with a Remy Martin.

Indulgence has a limit. As I plodded along the Solent cliff top in my Nikes the following morning, I felt I had very nearly reached mine, but to my great relief I found a hearty breakfast of bacon and sausage seemed to sort me out. The debauch continued.

We made our way across the south-west to Bath via country roads which crossed streams where the English were exposing their bodies to the late summer sun. We stopped in tiny pubs for ploughman's lunches and pints of lager (Foster's by name only) and eventually found ourselves at dusk in the crazy Roman fortress city with its cobble-stones and ancient buildings. We found the Priory Hotel almost hidden in creeping suburbia, but its lawns and gardens were as lovely as we'd come to expect during this binge. Proprietor John Donnithorne joined us for a few scotches and revealed that he was once coached by the great Lindsay Hassett. "You're not the first Australian I've told that to," he said, "but you seem more impressed by it than the last chap. He barely looked up from his dinner. I told him a few more things about cricket and then went to check his name in the guest register. It was Greg Chappell."

Dinner started with a bottle of Bollinger, continued with red wine and wonderful venison and concluded with more cognac in the library in the company of an American property developer, an antique dealer from London and an insurance broker from Salisbury. As we bullshitted on into the night, it occurred to me that while the class system is still very much alive and well in England, the doors these days seem somewhat ajar. You can pretend to be rich, but at least you no longer have to pretend that it's old money.

We made our way back to the Channel ferry very slowly, stopping for a Pimms and a piss at Gidleigh Park, whose owners claim it to be the most secluded hotel in Britain — and well it may be, we were certainly busting before we found it — and for a swim, a set of tennis and a watercress salad lunch at Hunstrete House. Hunstrete, just a few minutes from Bath, was an all too brief delight, with its deer park and walled gardens and the easygoing charm of proprietors Thea and John Dupays. But we had had the call — France needed us, Mitterand's economy was crying out for a fix.

Totally into the swing of elegant indulgence now, we made our way directly from Cherbourg to what is possibly the most indulgent building in the whole of France — the Chateau d'Artigny near Tours in the Loire Valley. This amazing construction began in 1912 when the famous perfume czar Francois Coty bought the site of a castle which had been razed during the Revolution. Obsessed by the grandeur of the 18th century, Coty set about building his own mock Palace of Versailles. Now it is the last word in opulence, a heli-port to one side of its tiered lawns and lavish marble floors, gilded columns and the like within. Stunning but garish. The dining room offers cuisine which rates with the best in France, there are classical concerts in the gallery and there is a discotheque underneath the chapel. Our room had a spectacular view of the Indre Valley and inside was lavishly appointed but somehow it lacked personality. The only reading matter in the room gave an indication of the style of guest to whom the hotel is tailored. A publication called *Happy Few*, it lamented in an editorial that the French "happy few" had been born "out of their century, in a country where individual freedom and leisure is fast disappearing, and where everything which glitters appears highly suspicious".

The well-fed Americans by the pool didn't seem to mind that beer was $5 a glass or that tiny, governed motor boats were renting at $40 an hour.

Down through Bordeaux and into the Basque country, which is not really France and not really Spain, but is truly magnificent. We overnighted at Chateau de Brindos on a lake's edge behind Biarritz. A beautiful, Spanish-styled mansion of vast halls and pillars, Brindos has a superb dining room where Basque dishes complement the French cuisine, and a swimming pool by the lake which is pure Med. . . bare tits at last.

From Biarritz we followed the line of the Pyrenees across the bottom of France and on up the Mediterranean shore to the French Riviera, where we drank on the balcony of the Carlton in Cannes and watched the people show. Meals in the tiny cafe in the castle at Roquebrune, and on the waterfront in the old village of Villefranche. We were coming to the end of the rort. Time and money were running out. Reality was coming back to haunt us, but before it did, we needed one last blast for the good times, one last reminder that money isn't everything but it counts for quite a lot.

Back into the Citroen and through the tunnels to Italy, Monte Carlo way below us. Up on to the plateau and past Milan, on to the indescribable serenity and beauty of Lake Como. Here, at the very top of Italy, on the edge of Switzerland, is the granddaddy of them all, the last word in last words. Dominating the lakefront in the village of Cernobbio is the Grand Hotel Villa d'Este, which for more than 100 years has been the retreat of the Beautiful People. During the Jazz Age, Europe and America's leading layabouts summered at Villa d'Este while Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald had some of their more public altercations and Hemingway contemplated whether to go fishing or to war.

This 400-year-old villa has been the home of exiled queens of England, Russian czarinas and Italian revolutionaries, but since it became a hotel in 1873, it has been devoted exclusively to pleasure. It took us days just to take in the grandeur of the place, and days more to sample its restaurants, bars, floating swimming pools, tennis courts, night clubs and discos. It may take us years to fully digest the cost of living within its walls. At last we had found a place where a thousand dollars a day was barely enough.

The well-fed Americans by the pool didn't seem to mind that beer was $5 a glass, or that tiny, governed motor boats were renting at $40 an hour, or that a lettuce leaf and a piece of tomato served on the terrace was a steal at $12, or that four nightcaps in the piano bar came to $48. Well, we decided it wouldn't concern us either.

It was interesting to note, however, that you can get too much of a good thing. Were I able to seriously pursue the lifestyle of the "happy few", I think I would alternate it with brushes with abject poverty, just to restore equilibrium. In Villa d'Este we dined with the memories of kings and queens and the company of stockbrokers and statesmen. The food was fantastic but nothing surpassed a meal we had on our last day in Cernobbio. We drove up the cobble-stoned switchback until we were high above the village and the villa. Houses turned into farms and we found a cow pasture that afforded a view all the way to Switzerland. On 10 bucks worth of ham and cheese and rough red we were high as kites and richer than anyone.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

MY GRANDFATHER'S AIR TICKET

the old man's song should have ended, but the malady lingered on

TODAY an airline ticket came for grandfather. I handed him the fat envelope, his first mail for months. He opened it, read the letter and looked at the ticket for a long time.

"Be happy," he said. "I am going away. But don't tell your parents."

He is 77 years old. His name is David Botany Roberts. He once told me his father named him Botany to remind him of his convict origins. My grandmother said it was because my great-grandfather studied plants and trees. My grandfather gets along in his own private cloud.

He went from bad to worse after grandmother died. He moved in with us, bringing her favorite chair. No one was allowed to sit in it on Sunday evenings.

One time a business friend of father's came and talked about bathrooms. After the meal they went into the lounge. The businessman was about to sit down when grandfather whipped the chair away and put it in the passage.

"Don't you know what day it is?" he snapped at my father. He is my maternal grandfather, so my father is not his son.

Most of the time grandfather is simply out of reach. My sister Jeannie is 18 and, of all of us, she is his favorite. She treats him as though he is sane and she sometimes penetrates the mist that surrounds him like an invisible ray out of Star Trek.

"It's dinner time," she says to him.

"Din time? Did you say *din* time, young lady? Why then *din* time it is!"

Grandfather picks up the human skull that beams from on the top of the piano. He begins beating it with a wooden steak tenderiser he bought just for this purpose.

Most of the real trouble started with the piano. Jeannie was the one who took grandfather's side and, without her, he would never have got it inside the door.

"I had one at the other place," he said.

"That was where *you* lived," said father. "This is where *we* live."

"It's only a small piano," Jeannie offered. "Maybe we could put mattresses round the walls."

"There's no such thing as a small piano," said father.

Grandfather got one anyway. He rented it from his monthly pension and from then on home was a kind of hell.

Whatever it was, it wasn't music. It was sometimes fast and sometimes slow. Occasionally smooth but often jerky. One minute up the top of the keyboard, the next thundering down the bottom.

"Ivory keys," grandfather pointed out to me. "Elephant's teeth."

by arthur baysting

The racket went on for a year and we all put up with it because we had no choice. Mum and dad escaped to the club several nights a week. Jeannie locked herself in her bedroom with her latest boyfriend and never complained.

Grandfather's enthusiasm never flagged. When his long fingers tired, he rested and listened to himself on the cassette recorder he borrowed from me.

Then everything changed. One day he stopped playing and said he felt like books for a while. And, for a while, books it was.

"My eyes are going," he told Jeannie. "Plenty of time for music when I'm blind."

The books were about everything from music to eastern philosophy to erotic art. He read them, took notes from them and stacked them on the table in the hall. It was always us who took them back to the library because they were too heavy.

"They're never too heavy coming into the house," said father, "but thank heavens the piano's going."

"Who said the piano was going?" asked grandfather, quick as a rat.

"You're taking up three times your space," said father, who had recently become unemployed.

"Damn rubbish," swore grandfather. "Tell me three!"

"Your room one, that piano two, that bloody chair three." Father ticked each one off. "And there are books all over the hall table."

Grandfather fell back on his usual ploy, pretending he heard nothing.

"Half your pension should be rent," said father.

Grandfather ignored him but dragged me into it.

"Follow your father's example, young man," he said. "When you grow up and can't make yourself a living, stick him under the stairs and steal his pension for rent."

Father was stung by this. He had still not adjusted to being out of work. Darling Fittings had folded suddenly and father was chief salesman of nothing.

Everyone needs bathrooms, he told mum. But now there was only Smithco and Saunderson Bath Accessories. Darlings had put in their last plastic flusher.

Grandfather needed all his pension to pay the piano hire and send away his packages. These were notes and codes he wrote out and posted to people he'd never met, in countries where he'd never been.

"Why do you do that?" I once asked him. I was back from mailing one of his packages to Japan. It cost two dollars more than the five he'd given me.

"Sheer impulse," replied grandfather. "Share the change with your sister."

The rent argument subsided when Jeannie got a job and contributed generously. This enabled father to keep up his three or four nights a week at the club.

To be fair to him, he tried to get work. Smithco advertised a position but as he explained to mum, the competition was fierce. A woman got the job. This so demoralised father he was put off applying for jobs for several months.

"Twenty years in bathroom sales," he muttered, "and they gave it to a girl."

He crushed a can and looped it into the tin bin.

"If you can't sell dunny seats," suggested grandfather, "sell television sets. They're the two essentials for survival these days."

"Old man," said father, "isn't it time you thought about passing on?"

Mum laughed nervously and started talking about the Lotto results, but father was well started.

"Most people quieten down when they pass their allotted span," he went on. "You get the neighbors' dogs barking at three in the morning."

Grandfather had recently returned to the piano. "You think it's time I died?" he asked.

"You can't live forever," answered father. "When you're hitting 80 you should start making a bit less noise."

"That's the dole talking," said mum. "Take no notice."

The racket went on for a year and we all put up with it because we had no choice. Mum and dad escaped to the club several nights a week.

"If there's one person I take no notice of," said grandfather.

He shuffled off to his room and disappeared under the bed. With some difficulty he emerged dragging a large tin chest which held papers, magazine clippings and stuff accumulated through 60 or more years.

I helped him take it out the back, to the narrow stretch of lawn separating the house from the toolshed and outside loo.

First he emptied the chest and set fire to the papers. It took three hours to burn up all the evidence of his life.

"Don't put washing on the line," he called to the Greek lady over the fence. "It's bonfire time."

He plucked an old newspaper clipping from the fire. It was dated 1934 and was about a long-distance cycle race from Echuca to Mildura.

"Hundreds entered," said grandfather. "I came ninth."

Next morning grandfather dragged the empty chest into the toolshed and filled it with all the tools that had been hanging on and leaning against the walls.

"I need those tools," said father.

"When was the last time you used them?" said grandfather contemptuously.

No one could remember.

Taking a crowbar, grandfather started tearing down the front of the toolshed. He ripped off the corrie sheets and slid them up on the roof. Father swore but he didn't dare go near him while he had the crowbar.

He nailed the extra sheets over the roof so it extended out another three feet. He made a lot of noise and the next-door neighbor came out to watch.

He waved his hammer at her. "Not bad for a 77-year-old madman," he shouted.

His hands were shaky but he held the nails with mum's clothes-pegs. When he missed he smashed the pegs instead of his fingers.

He took the backdoor off the house and Jeannie and I helped him drag the piano out of his room, across the yard and into the toolshed. He just had room for the stool and grandmother's chair. Naturally, the skull kept its place on the piano.

"Voila!" he said. "The music room."

To celebrate he played a small piece which was real music: a familiar tune played passably well.

"Why not play more of that?" I asked.

"Because it's not mine," he explained, returning to his own jerky style.

From then on he polished the elephant's teeth in the backyard and a kind of harmony reigned.

He hung a roll of thick canvas from the roof to give the piano some protection from the weather. It slowly lost its tuning but he didn't care.

"Even when it sounds wrong," he told me, "I can still imagine the right note."

One time I was smoking a cigarette on the toilet and listening to him bang his piano. Just as I was about to pull the chain a voice hissed.

"Don't flush it!"

I jumped so much I peed in my sock but it was only grandfather. He was in the throes of composition and he didn't want the noise to knock him off his particular cloud.

He showed me the piece written out. On the cover, in large spidery letters, it said: *The Music Room* by David Botany Roberts.

Like all the others, I mailed it together with the cassette recorded on my player. This one went to West Germany. If I hadn't paid the extra dollar postage from my allowance it's possible he wouldn't have got the airline ticket.

He told me about it over the tea table. The piece had won an important European prize for modern composition. In two weeks he was being flown to Berlin where he would be guest of honor at the first public performance. The piece would be played by a world-famous pianist. The performance would be recorded and released on a record album carrying the name David Botany Roberts.

With the prizemoney grandfather said he would spend a month in Paris after the festival. He planned to hire a bike and cycle past the Eiffel Tower.

"My God, Mr Bonnard — when you said you were going to jump me, I didn't expect. . ."

20 QUESTIONS: SYLVIA KRISTEL

the classy queen of soft core talks about how a frigid country girl made a career in erotica, the perils of poor men and the lot of a sex object

Five years after Linda Lovelace made Deep Throat *and eight before Marilyn Chambers took her* Insatiable *excursion, there was Sylvia and* Emmanuelle — *the classiest, best-crafted and most artistically alluring act in soft core pornography.*

Emmanuelle *was the first full-length porno movie husbands could comfortably take their wives to see. It's been more than a decade since Dutch-born Sylvia starred in the first* Emmanuelle *and we have seen a procession of imitators, not to mention* Emmanuelle *sequels two and three. Now, after swearing never to do it again, Sylvia will be seen in her entirety yet once more in the fourth* Emmanuelle.

Australian PLAYBOY tracked Sylvia down to her home town of Amsterdam where it all started and put some pertinent questions to her about men, movies and money. Never backward in coming forward, Sylvia was Kristel clear about it all.

1.

PLAYBOY: Even though in the past few years you've repeatedly sworn never to do anything like *Emmanuelle* again, you've made the fourth *Emmanuelle*. Why?
KRISTEL: Why? I had to pay my phone bill! It's true, at a given moment I *did* say: "I will not lend myself to those kinds of things any longer. Not even for a million dollars." But that was in my richer days. Then, I could afford those comments and attitudes. Now it's completely different. Times are hard. For everybody, but for me in particular. My career was diluted, my marriage a failure, I had come to a dead-end and. . . debts, debts, debts. So I took this chance with both my hands. For the money. I had no choice whatsoever. It's as simple as that.

2.

PLAYBOY: You must have made a substantial amount of money with *Emmanuelle*. Why the financial problems?
KRISTEL: Men. Mainly *poor* men. And a rather excessive style of living. The greatest damage to my bank account was caused when I lived in France and worked from there. Between the shooting of *The Man In The Iron Mask* I went shopping in Vienna. In one afternoon I bought a Mercedes 450SEL, a Harley Davidson and an electric typewriter. The same night I threw a party for Olivia de Havilland. That party alone cost me $18,000.

3.

PLAYBOY: How much did you make on the first *Emmanuelle* film?
KRISTEL: $4000 US. With the second and third *Emmanuelle* films, I made about $100,000. But that was gross and before the percentages, producers and directors. *They* made gold, not me. I always came off a loser.

4.

PLAYBOY: A few directors have said that you don't have much talent.
KRISTEL: For what I — a frigid country girl — have achieved, I should have gotten the highest awards.

5.

PLAYBOY: You believe you *are* talented?
KRISTEL: Oh yes, sure. I only have one big problem. The moment I am confronted with blockheads — and I have met a lot of them — I become a blockhead myself. Then I don't know the name of the movie I'm playing in and I forget my lines. When I play beside an actor like Rex Harrison, everything goes smoothly. Almost automatically. Those kinds of actors pull the lines out of your mouth, so to speak. That means I am more of a reactress!

6.

PLAYBOY: You paint a picture of an industry that makes you sick to your stomach.
KRISTEL: I don't even go to the movies any more. That's how much it depresses me. The day my finances are organised again, it's over. I'll stop, unless I can do comedies, like Lucille Ball. That is just the thing for me, because I finally could be myself.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the world is waiting for that?
KRISTEL: Of course not! What use is a Kristel who doesn't take her blouse and bra off?

8.

PLAYBOY: You have announced that you don't want to be a sex object anymore. Is that still true?
KRISTEL: Mainly in the beginning when I did not know what I was doing and when I saw myself as a kind of Simone Signoret. Now I have a different attitude. Of course, every time I have to take off my clothes, I die a thousand deaths. It's not a pleasant feeling, being a sex object.

9.

PLAYBOY: Does your son have problems with your image?
KRISTEL: Sometimes, when kids at school tell him his mother plays in dirty pictures. Then he calls me and says: "Please mom, don't do it anymore. They are nagging me." I tell him: "Listen, as far as I am concerned you can look at those movies, although it's better to wait until you are a little older. But I can assure you, there is nothing to be ashamed about. Tell your friends: 'My mother is a movie star and yours is not. Sour grapes.' "

10.

PLAYBOY: *Emmanuelle* runs through your career like a thread. Say that name and people immediately think about Sylvia Kristel. What's the secret of that success?
KRISTEL: Maybe fate. Maybe timing. For the public it was a relief between all that violence. It was most certainly not pornographic. Let me put it this way: *Emmanuelle* was the first movie of an erotic nature that a man could go and see without having to hide himself in a raincoat. Also, he could take his wife with him.

11.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the part?
KRISTEL: By sheer luck. I had to do a detergent commercial in Studio One in Amsterdam. The director, Just Jaeckin, was making test-shots for *Emmanuelle* in another part of the studio. He wanted an innocent but sexy type. I was told that he had searched in every European country and he just could not find the girl. In those days I had straw-colored hair and little tits. He looked straight through that wrong image and saw an enormous appeal.

12.

PLAYBOY: You accepted without any hesitation?

KRISTEL: Of course not. I talked about it at length with my lover, Hugo, [the Belgian writer, Hugo Claus]. My main concern was how to tell my mother. Hugo said: "Nobody will see these movies." It turned out differently but. . . okay.

13.

PLAYBOY: Is it true to say that feminism is not your cup of tea?
KRISTEL: The feminists of the Western world always ask me: "How could you do this?" To them it's exploitation of the woman. But in Japan I'm the heroine of the feminists. In one of the *Emmanuelle* movies is a scene in which I climb on top of the man. That's forbidden in Japan, but every woman in the theatre rose to her feet and started to cheer. What I am trying to say is this: feminism is very relative.

Equal work, equal pay. That's what I think. But I will never say men treat women as doormats and have no consideration whatsoever. When they really roll over you, you have asked for it, I think. Because you always get what you are looking for.

Listen, I'll tell you something I have told nobody yet. There once was a time, I was completely fed up with men and I said to myself: I'll become a lesbian (as if a decision can be made just like that). I'll withdraw to a community of the like-minded. Women know how women think and men belong to men. Forget it. It was a disaster. Women are worse than men. If I were a man I would never open my fly and I would not be able to get an erection. Women would scare me to death.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to talk about men, the men in your life and the fact that you seem to fall in love very easily?
KRISTEL: Well yes, men are my favorite topic. Besides, they don't call me the Love Goddess of the '80s for the heck of it. You will be surprised, but I haven't been in love for a long time. But when I do love somebody — and nobody will believe me — I am very faithful and monogamous. I don't want to hurt my partner unnecessarily. My behavior is always correct and queen-like. I flirt, sure, but that's nothing more than a game. I am not Emmanuelle. Quite the contrary. I am not that exciting, sexy or erotic at all.

15.

PLAYBOY: You had a stormy relationship with actor Ian McShane. . .
KRISTEL: He was the biggest mistake of my life. When two people want to dominate, it's bound to go wrong. There was one throne in the house and we both wanted to sit on it.

16.

PLAYBOY: You claim many of your lovers have hit you?
KRISTEL: As long as I've known men, they have beaten me up. I only have to open my mouth and bang, they hit me.

17.

PLAYBOY: Why so many?
KRISTEL: It has been that way from day one. Men seem to hate me. And I cannot keep my big mouth shut, of course. I say things like: "If I were you, I would do this or this." It infuriates them. Instead of being grateful for my advice and suggestions, they start hitting me. Obviously I confuse them. I still have to meet the first man I don't confuse.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your name has been connected with an impressive number of famous men. Whom do you remember the most?
KRISTEL: Alain Delon, the greatest jerk I ever met. The man has an ego from here to Rome. We worked together in *Airport '79*. He was the pilot and I was a stewardess. During one of the shooting days he told me to massage his feet. I did it instantly, because I knew he had shot his bodyguard once. You have to be nice to people like him. Besides, he does not look like the hunchback of Notre Dame. So it was not that bad. I would not have minded sleeping with him but he behaved like a kind of gangster. In other words, he had become like the parts he always plays: a crook.

There we are, sitting half-naked in his Beverly Hilton hotel room. All of a sudden he takes his gun out of his bedside cabinet. I had to put my blouse on again and leave the room. As if he had examined me and did not like what he saw. The humiliation. The creep.

19.

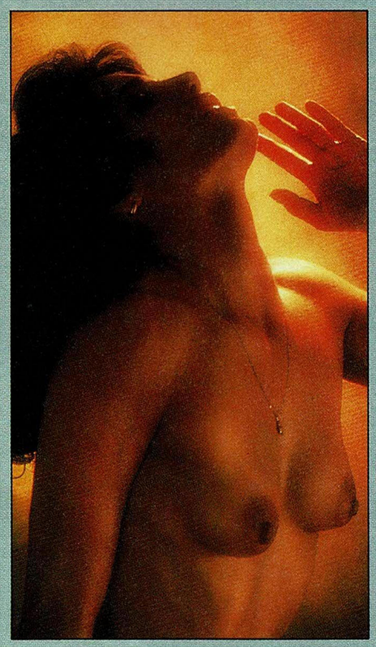
PLAYBOY: Why did you join Alcoholics Anonymous last year?
KRISTEL: I went two, three times. As soon as a session was over, I stopped at the nearest bar and got loaded on alcohol. It's not a good example for the readers of course, but it happens to be true.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you want to add to all this?
KRISTEL: Let's have a drink for Chrissake!

"Hi, there! Moses is the name and morality's my game!"

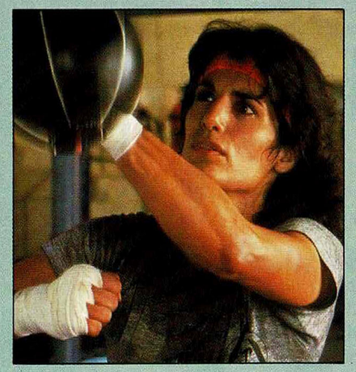
WOMEN OF STEEL

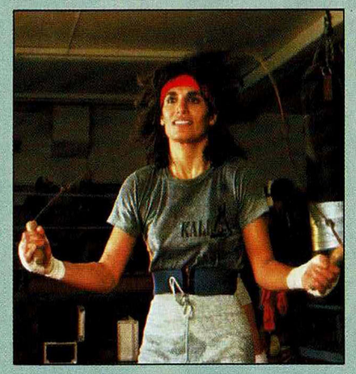


Have you ever met a girl who can really take care of herself? Well, here are three. They are tougher than you and me, but don't kid yourself that they're anything less than healthy, happy and hetero. After all, this is the era of the physical female, the girl who can just about shred a phone book without losing a scrap of her sex appeal. She can break your arm or your heart, and you'll love her for it!

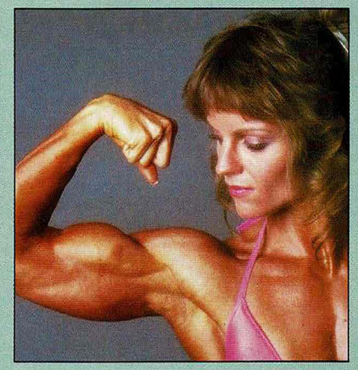
Left to right: world's women's bantamweight boxing champ, Graciela Casillas, 26; security guard Roberta Vasquez, 20, and bodybuilder Anita Gandol, 26.

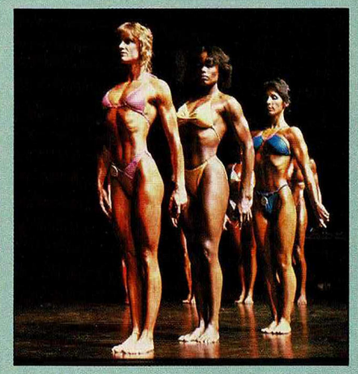
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND DAVID MECEY



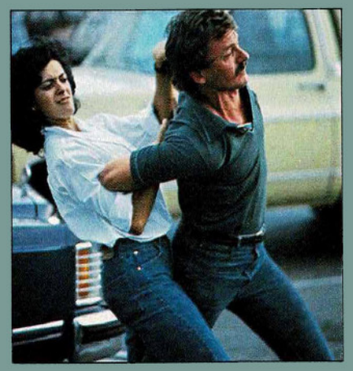


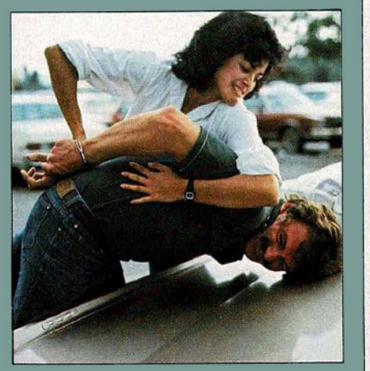
In the third round of the battle for the Women's Bantamweight Boxing Championship of the World, Graciela Casillas, lean, compact, her dark eyes spitting fire, caught her opponent with a right cross to the jaw. The fighter went down hard, her head bobbing on the canvas, and she stayed down for nine minutes. "I never want to hurt anybody. If I were into hurting people I could go out and pick a fight and just be a rowdy individual. But at the moment a knockout happens, it's very exciting. There's a rush when you hit somebody with a clean, solid punch. You know your whole body clicked." Nice talk from a lady, you say. And besides, ocker instincts swelling instinctively, you know the woman hasn't yet been built who can take out the average Aussie macho man, don't you? Think again. Graciela Casillas is also the world's women's karate champ. Make no mistake about it. She could hurt you if she wanted to. But take a second look. Wouldn't it be much nicer to get on her good side?





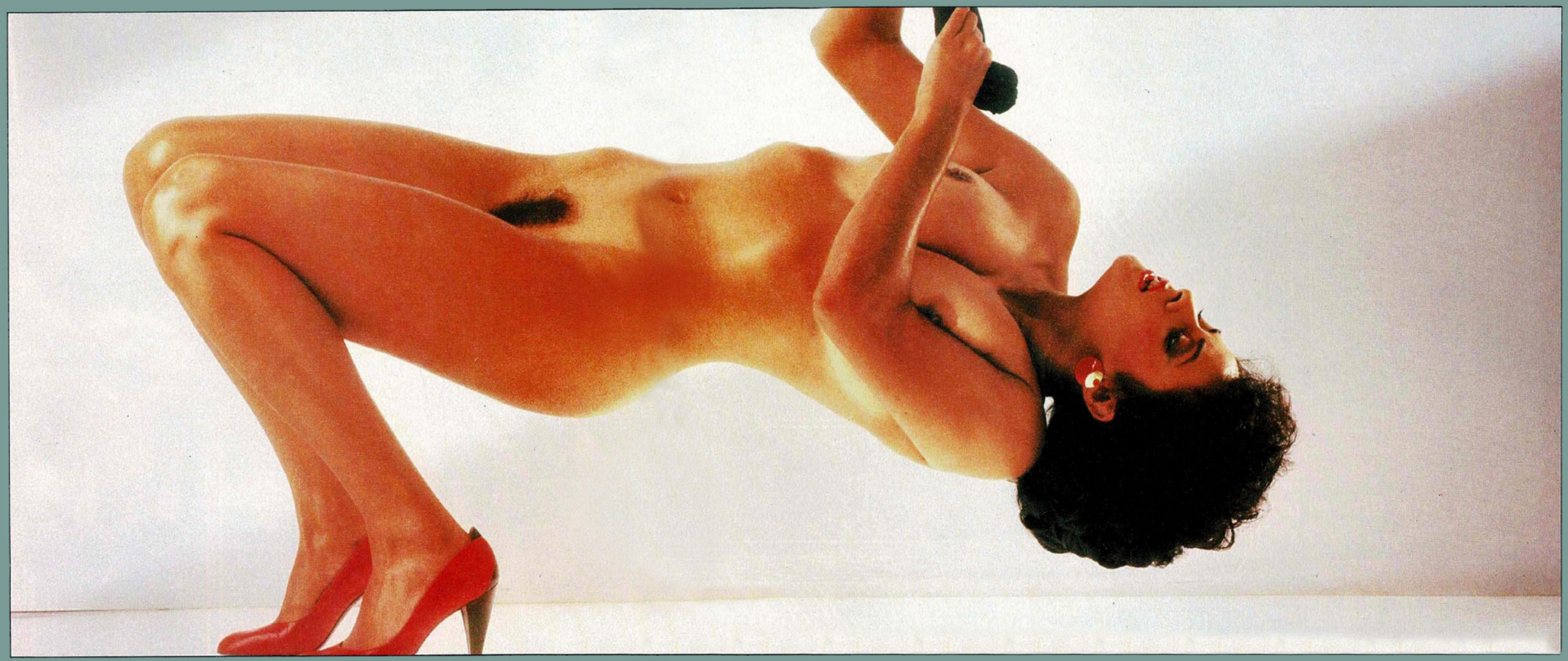
Bodybuilder Anita Gandol strolled into her local health spa three years ago thinking she was starting to get "a little flabby". She started working out with weights to trim down and tone up. Then she started looking at those men's bodybuilding contests and wondered. . . "I just watched the men's contests, since that was about all there was," she says. "I like men's bodies. . . but I've been in seven women's contests since then." And picked up three major titles in women's bodybuilding events. A sport which, you may have noticed, is starting to attract an increasing number of Australian women.

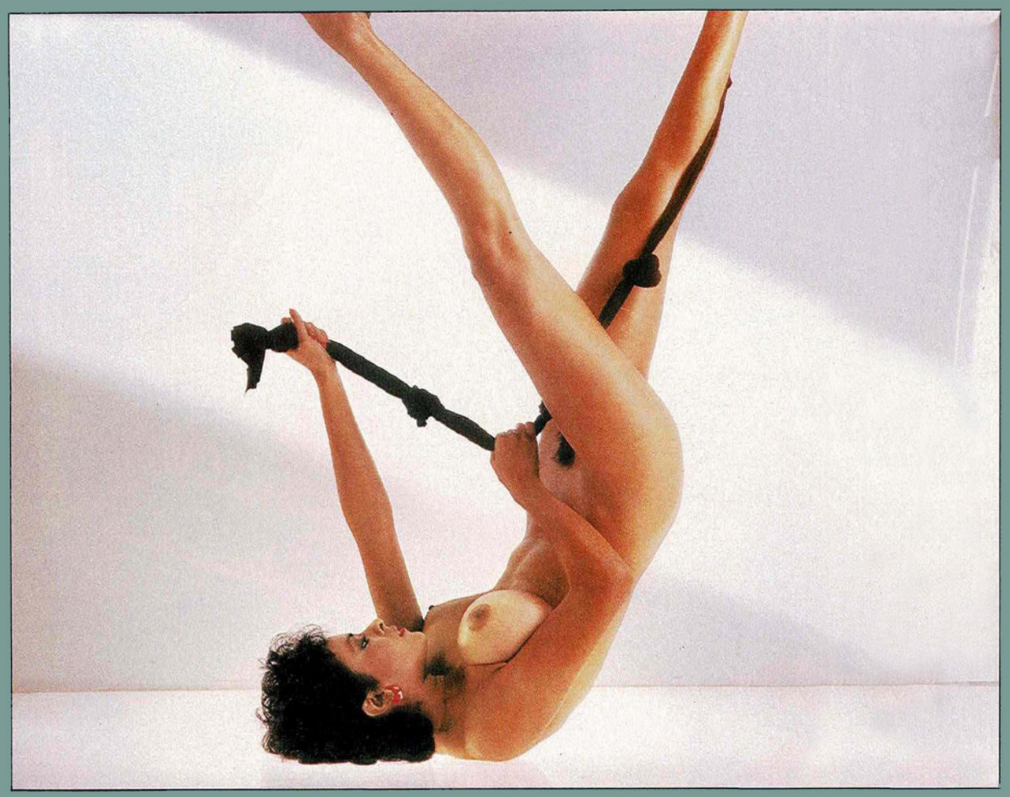




One day last year, department store security guard Roberta Vasquez spotted a woman stuffing her oversized fur jacket with expensive shirts. A black belt in karate, Roberta followed the woman outside where a car-load of men waited at the kerb.

When Roberta grabbed the woman, one of the men jumped out of the car. "And this guy was huge," recalls Roberta. "So there I was in the parking lot, pulling on this woman's jacket, trying to get her back in the store and her boyfriend starts kicking me. I had to let go of her and start hitting him." The battle raged in the car park before a crowd of startled onlookers but Roberta was the victor and she won the spoils... the shoplifter's blouse, jacket, a chunk of her boyfriend's hair and, oh yes, all the stolen shirts.

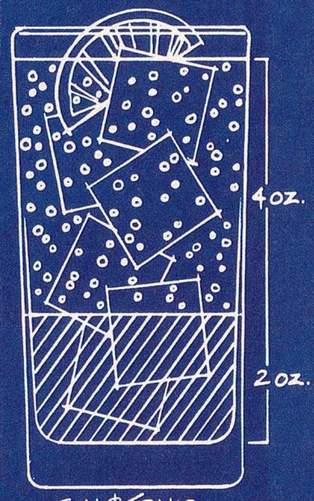




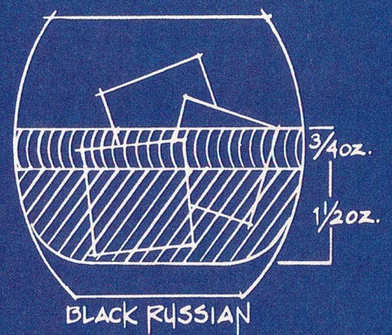
a boozer's blueprint for 12 top tipples

COCKTAIL CONSTRUCTION

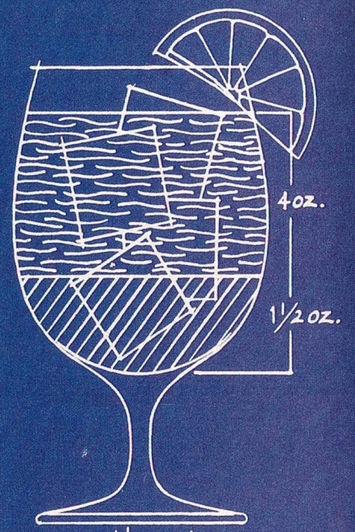
drink by emanuel greenberg



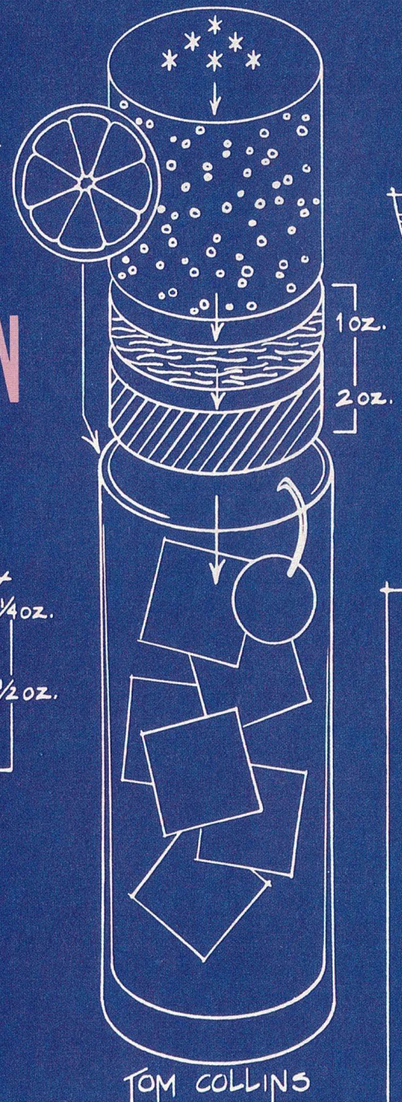
GIN & TONIC



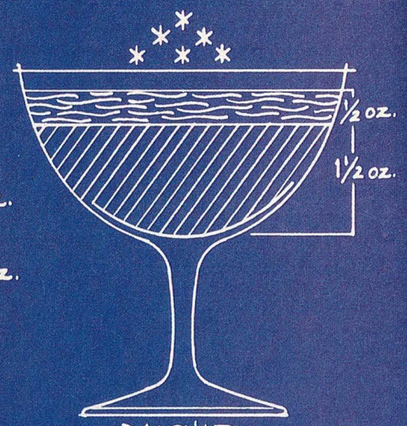
BLACK RUSSIAN



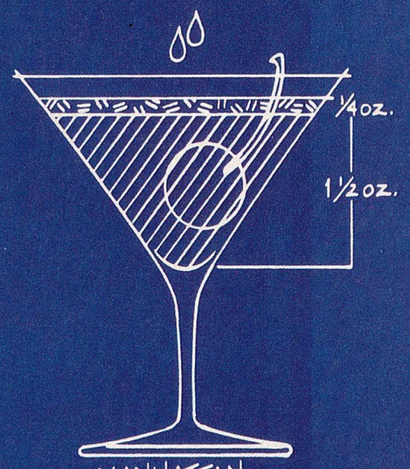
SCREWDRIVER



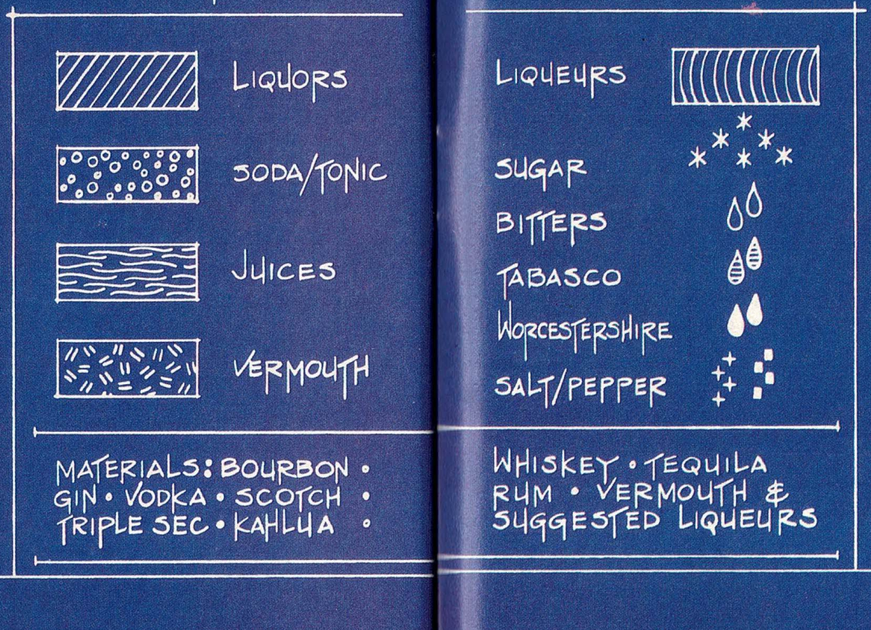
TOM COLLINS

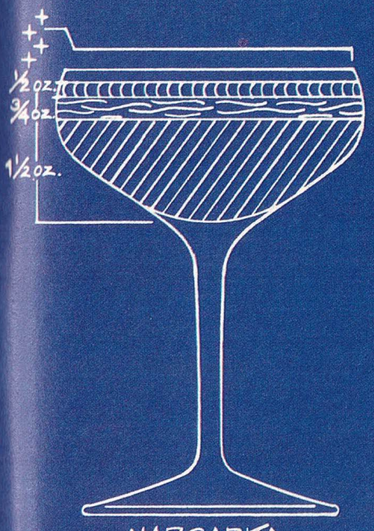


DAIQUIRI

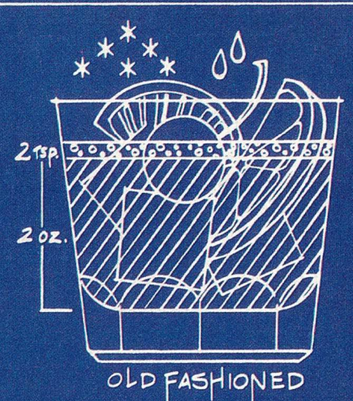


MANHATTAN

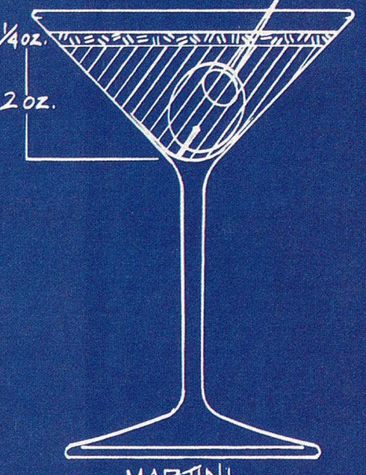




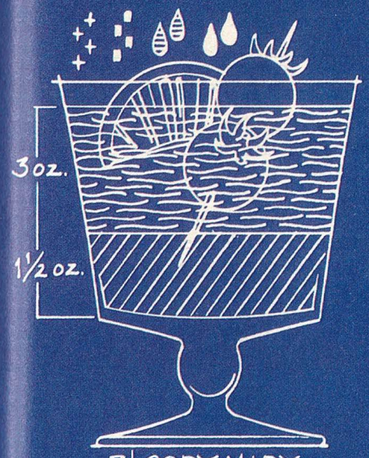
MARGARITA



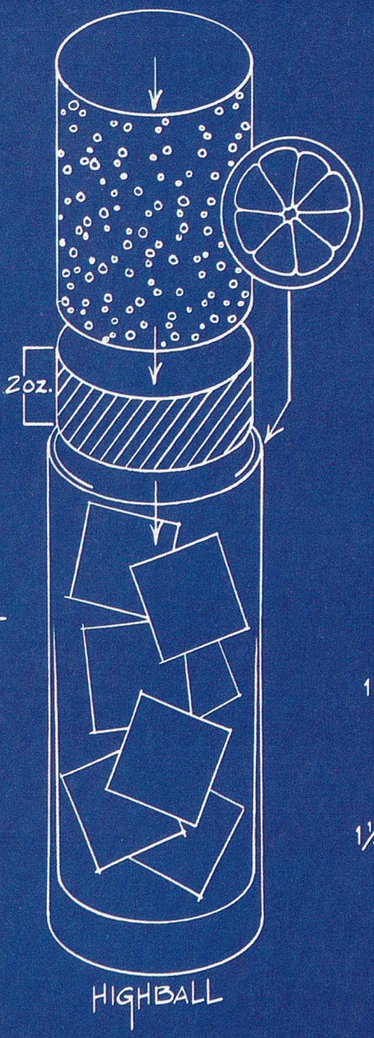
OLD FASHIONED



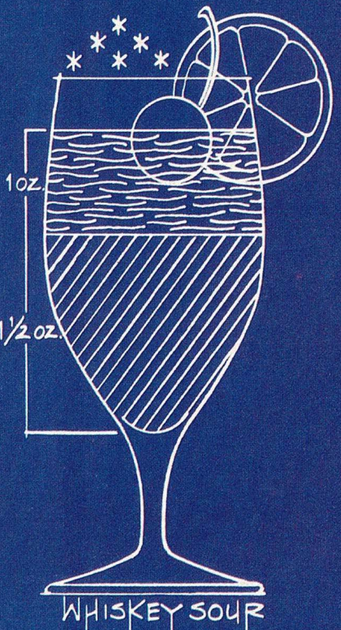
MARTINI



BLOODY MARY



HIGHBALL



WHISKEY SOUR

THE COCKTAIL is an American invention. There are many explanations for the origin of the word, the most plausible being that early American taverns used the feathers from rooster tails to identify different jugs of liquor.

With time mixed drinks became a little more sophisticated. They reached their peak during the '20s when imagination, taste and consumption knew no limit.

Drinkers weren't deterred by the spectre of cirrhosis quite so easily in those days despite the efforts of

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NELSON

prohibitionists. In the mass hangover that followed the '20s, cocktails became the exclusive preserve of the wealthy. The cocktail set was just another expression for smart society.

However, despite revolutions in behavior, style, music, hair and fashion one fact of life endures — you can't beat good taste.

And classic cocktails are still the best.

With the new sophistry of youthful society, the classic cocktail is making a comeback here in Australia as well. The dry martini, whisky sour and highball are deservedly in favor once again.

There is just one more fact you should know about this most refined form of piss artistry: you don't *make* a cocktail — you *build* it by measuring the ingredients and putting them together as carefully as a draughtsman constructs a blueprint. Follow our plan and you will be equipped for a lifetime of happy hours.

WHISKY SOUR

1½ oz whisky
1 oz lemon juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
Orange slice and cherry with stem

Shake whisky, lemon juice and sugar briskly with cracked ice. Strain into sour glass or smallish wine glass. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.

Option: Use the spirit of your choice—bourbon, Scotch, Irish whiskey, brandy, gin, tequila, vodka, rum. They all work well in this recipe.

MARGARITA

Table salt
1½ oz tequila
½ oz triple sec
¾ oz lime juice

To frost rim of cocktail glass with salt, moisten *outside* surface of glass at the very top with lime juice, no more than ⅛ in wide. Sprinkle shallow layer of salt on to flat plate. Invert glass and set straight down in salt; don't turn glass. Lift and tap lightly to remove excess salt. Set aside. Shake remaining ingredients briskly with cracked ice, to chill. Strain into glass.

Option: Superfine or coarse salt is sometimes used, but neither is recommended.

OLD FASHIONED

½ teaspoon superfine sugar, or to taste
2 dashes Angostura bitters
2 teaspoons soda water
2 oz bourbon or other whisky
½ slice orange, lemon slice, cherry with stem

Add sugar, bitters and soda to heavy-bottomed old fashioned glass. Mix with wooden stirrer until sugar is completely dissolved; take the time to do a thorough job or the drink will finish sweet. Add ice cubes to glass, then pour in whisky. Stir well to chill. Decorate with orange, lemon and cherry or fresh fruit in season.

Option: To modify the bitters accent, use only one dash of Angostura.

GIN AND TONIC

2 oz gin
Lime wedge
4 oz chilled tonic, or to taste

Place ice cubes in highball glass, add gin, squeeze in juice of lime wedge and add wedge to glass. Stir well. Pour in tonic, to your taste; stir quickly. Be attentive when adding mixer. This drink is often made with too much tonic.

Option: Use vodka instead of gin to make a vodka and tonic.

SCREWDRIVER

1½ oz vodka
4 oz chilled orange juice, or to taste
½ slice orange

Place ice cubes in 8-oz wine glass. Add vodka and orange juice, to your taste. Stir well to chill. Hang orange slice on rim of glass.

Option: Add 2 teaspoons Grand Marnier, Cointreau or other orange liqueur to deepen orange taste.

With the new sophistry of youthful society, the classic cocktail is making a comeback here in Australia as well as in the USA.

DAIQUIRI

1½ oz white rum
½ oz lime juice
Scant teaspoon superfine sugar

Shake ingredients briskly with cracked ice to chill and dissolve sugar. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over fresh ice in old fashioned glass.

Option: For a frozen daiquiri, buzz all ingredients, with ½ cup finely crushed ice, in blender until slushy. Pour into chilled wine glass.

BLOODY MARY

1½ oz vodka
3 oz thick tomato juice, chilled
1 dash Worcestershire sauce, or to taste
2 dashes Tabasco, or to taste
Pepper and salt (if desired), to taste
Lemon wedge
Cherry tomatoes

Chill footed goblet or 6-oz tumbler. Stir vodka, tomato juice and seasonings with cracked ice in chilled container. Strain into prepared glass. Taste and correct seasonings if necessary. Squeeze in juice of lemon wedge, add wedge to glass. Stir once. Impale two cherry tomatoes on bamboo pick and plant in glass.

Option: Use vegetable juice instead of tomato juice for a tangier cocktail.

MARTINI

2 oz English gin
¼ oz dry vermouth
Pitted olive, rinsed

Chill ingredients, utensils and cocktail glass. Stir gin and vermouth with cracked ice until well chilled. Strain into glass. Spear olive on pick and place in glass.

Option: Substitute strip of lemon peel for olive. Twist strip sharply, directly over glass so lemon oils spray surface of drink. Rub moist side of peel around rim of glass and discard.

MANHATTAN

1½ oz bourbon
¼ oz sweet vermouth
Dash of bitters
Cherry with stem

Chill cocktail glass. Stir bourbon, vermouth and bitters with cracked ice until well chilled. Strain into glass; drop in cherry.

TOM COLLINS

2 oz gin
1 oz fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
soda, chilled
Lemon slice or cherry

Shake gin, lemon juice and sugar briskly with cracked ice. Strain over ice cubes in collins glass. Add soda to taste. Stir quickly. Add lemon slice or cherry or both. Insert straws if you wish.

Option: Substitute long strip of cucumber peel for lemon/cherry garnish.

BLACK RUSSIAN

1½ oz vodka
¾ oz Kahlua or other coffee liqueur

Add ice cubes to roly-poly glass; pour in vodka and coffee liqueur. Stir well to chill.

Option: Pack glass with finely crushed ice. Combine spirits and pour into glass. Serve with short straws.

SCOTCH HIGHBALL

2 oz whisky
Chilled soda
Lemon slice

Pack highball glass with ice cubes. Pour in whisky; stir. Add soda; stir quickly. Hang lemon on rim of glass.

Option: Use ice water, mineral water or ginger ale instead of soda.

All kinds of seasonal drinks, from mulls and gloggs to wassails and eggnogs, surface from time to time. Some people enjoy them, some don't. But the classic cocktails detailed above are bound to please the gamut of tastes. After all, that's why they're classics.

MADMEN

(continued from page 55)

Formula Ford is still a breeding ground for the pure enthusiast, unlike touring car racing.

bored into Formula Ford and ran third outright in both the Driver-To-Europe Series and the Coca-Cola Series. He has just bought Rebel Wheels from its South Australian founder, Len Walker, and is set up with road and race car wheel shop, panel shop and midnight steelworks shift before he is 25. He finds time to race and chase women, both of which he does relentlessly. He has been known to travel far afield in the pursuit of both. He races from Surfers to Adelaide, and wenches regularly on week nights in Sydney's Benito and Juliana's discos. He says he's looking forward to his first race groupie, and she shouldn't be far away as he doesn't mind a bit of a spend and the pit cruisers love this. He dumped around $25,000 into his racing this year and he'll tip more in to win next year.

Malcolm Oastler is perhaps his main rival. But there are others. One of them is Mike Quinn, a hard-charging Sydney "veteran" with several seasons behind him. Another is *not* Bruce Connolly who won the 1983 Big Double (Driver-To-Europe and Coca-Cola Series). Connolly is disqualified from racing this year: the rules state that the series winner is automatically eliminated from further competition. Formula Ford is a "stepping stone" formula designed to provide a training ground for drivers who want to make it into the next standard of racing.

The golden handshake for the victor is a ticket to Europe. In the distant past, it was attached to a purse to give the winner a start overseas. Not so long ago, TAA fronted the freight as sponsor of the series (with some generous internal travel concessions backed up). These days, money is tighter and TAA pulled the plug after 1982, so the series benefactor and organiser, Ian McKnight, formerly of Melbourne's Light Car Club race management, put the money up for the ticket.

TAA may be back this year to capitalise on some of the best TV racing ever broadcast. If so, the financial position of most regular competitors could be drastically improved. Last year, prize money was halved to a pittance ($150 for first place) and at Amaroo Park Bruce Connolly even had to buy his own commemorative trophy (the circuit organisers didn't put one up). The minor place-getters compete for what amounts to shrapnel and in most cases it doesn't even pay the fuel bill. So the winning is the big pull, plus the ticket to Europe. Bruce Connolly, who has just collected at the Formula Ford lottery office, will use his ticket to race briefly in the UK. He has applied for a limited race permit in Australia in Formula Ford in 1984, to keep his hand in for half a year and run his new Van Dieman (English) racing car which he ran successfully at the last round at Winton. If he does, he believes he may get a "buy drive" in England from Van Dieman. This will cost him around $1500 per meeting plus race insurance (about $350) but will give him a "works" car, which can win. He wants to run the Formula Ford Festival at Brands Hatch — wall-to-wall racing through October. Geoff Walters will pursue similar ambitions if he wins this year. Malcolm Oastler, however, has another vision — perhaps a couple of Formula Ford races in the UK, but, better still, a development engineer's job in Formula One, preferably with Brabham or Williams. If he wins, he has a good chance. For every driver, the Big One is a ticket to ride.

Meantime, they slug on in the face of stupendous odds. A race car costs around $10,000-$15,000 to get up to the pace. New ones cost $20,000 plus; a season costs a minimum of $10,000 to run, many spend more than $25,000 and, as no drivers are millionaires, it all comes out of personal consolidated revenue. Bruce Connolly does it by working bulk hours in his Chatswood (Sydney) mechanical workshop; Geoff Walters does it with three jobs, while Malcolm Oastler does it by applying engineering expertise, leaning on friends and doing almost everything himself. Oastler cuts corners by bunking down in entrepreneur/racer Peter Jansen's buses when interstate (he used to service them in the early days), resorting to Tent City and overnight vans in less hospitable bases. Bruce Connolly gets by with a little help from his interstate friends.

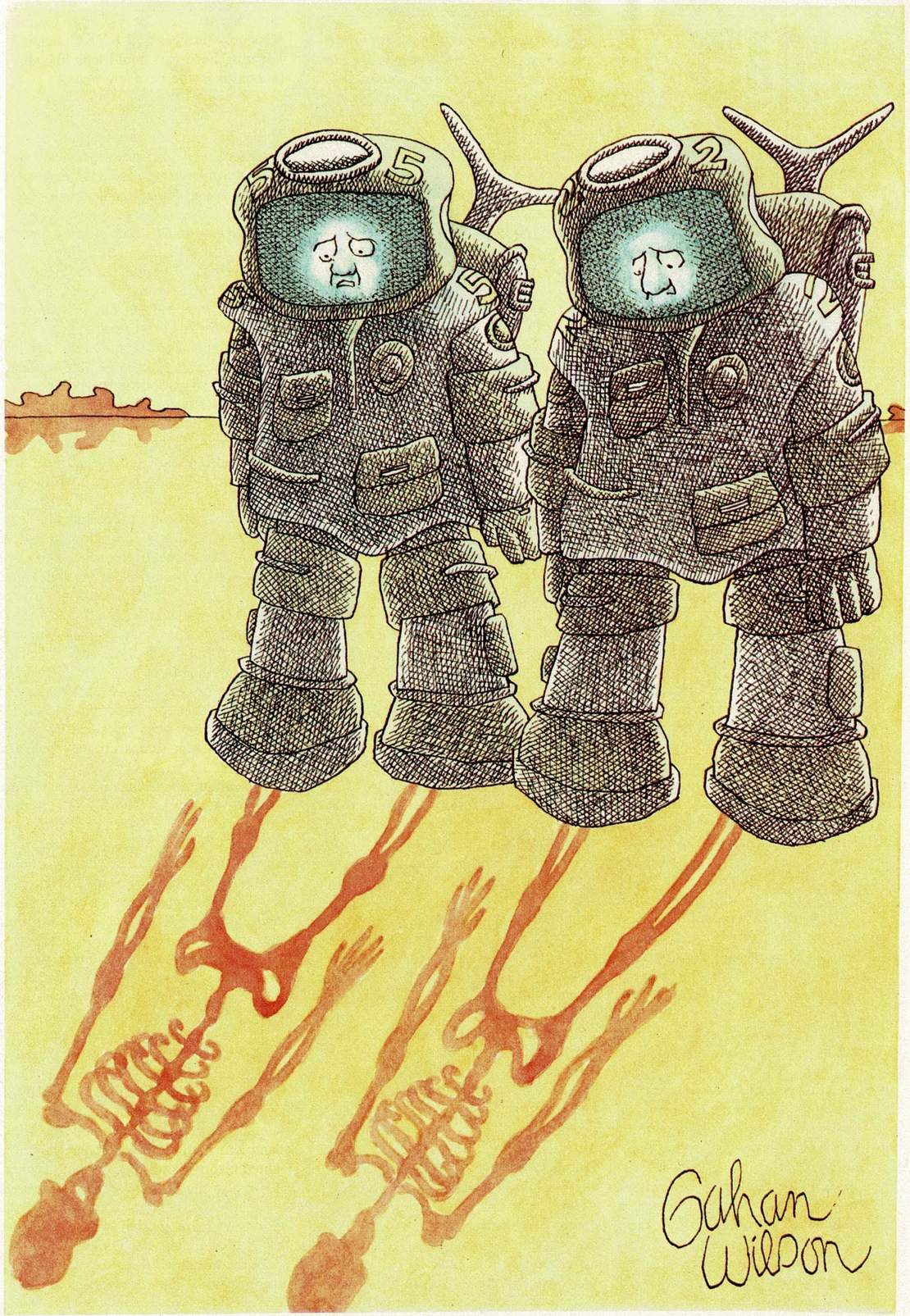
All teams get the benefit of special inputs by the inner sanctum of Formula Ford racing. People like Brisbane's Dave Standing whose missus, Kiera, pulled $1500 from a ring-around and put up everything from prizemoney to a post-race barbecue. Then there are the support crews. Every top racer has his own chief spanner or mechanic, perhaps a crew or wife (like Connolly) or girlfriend (Oastler) and team manager. The last one comes first, and is responsible for the biggest influence in Formula Ford racer success. It's the "Mentor Factor". Bruce Connolly's win this year is exemplary. His teamwork was masterminded by Wally Storey, proprietor of live-wire Sydney engineering race-shop Mawer Engineering, and a founding figure in Formula Ford. Storey, himself a veteran racer, master-minded Connolly's assault on the last title, programming the driver in everything from car sorting to track and car knowledge. Connolly says openly that Storey saved him a year of racing and there is no way he could ever repay the hours.

Storey is tactician, finance controller, organiser, head spanner, worrier and counsellor. He is also a member of the Formula Ford Association Council, the self-regulatory body that keeps Formula Ford on the rails and has eliminated the need for intervention by the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS) for more than 12 years. The body keeps the rules in order, controls cars and scrutineering, sorts problems. It has been hassle-free all these years because every leading driver is involved. Despite random pull-downs every meeting, the organisation hasn't uncovered a major cheat in 10 years, nor has anyone pointed a finger. In this category, it's driver versus driver and not driver versus the rule book.

Every driver who strikes a realistic pre-season budget comes within an ace of it at season closedown, despite various approaches to teamwork spares and race components. A typical team will spend $10-15,000 up front for the car, perhaps another $4-8000 for engines, and a total $15-30,000 for the season of 10 races, the variation falling largely between penthouse or tent-level accommodation plus numbers of tyre sets (at $450 a set), parts, hours of development and wrecks.

Unlike tourers, there are no mid-season rule tweaks, so there are no hidden $20,000 excess chits. And the same car will run year after year. Geoff Summers won '82 in a five-year-old Elfin, Phil Revell won '81 in a six-year-old Lola. There is a network of experts and support factories for the beginner or expert alike to draw on. There's a massive range of rollers (rolling chassis) available, parts and equipment (Mawer Engineering and others) and engines. Bob Holden, another guru-figure of Formula Ford, has built some of the finest for years. These days he has competition from Steve Knott, Steve Weisner, Bill Reynolds and Steve Dewhurst, newly floated in from the UK. The competitor can go on dyno figures (113bhp is a good benchmark) or track performance (most top steerers can pick a 100rpm drop-off anywhere on any circuit), but the engines will be pretty near identical. And if they are fudged, the scrutineers will pull the rug out. . . if the other drivers don't do it first.

This keeps the drivers honest and the costs down. Formula Ford is still a breeding ground for the pure enthusiast, unlike touring car racing where Alan Moffat (the real big spender of 1983) may have forked out as much as a million dollars or more *not* to win Bathurst's Hardie 1000. Certainly his likely wage bill (say $200,000) would run 10 cars for a season of Formula Ford. Most competitors have had to do it on their own; sponsorship so far is not a big factor, because the Formula Fords haven't had the public recognition of the tourers. But with giant TV coverage last year and some success recorded by sponsors of Oastler's



"I think it means we'd better find some shade!"

RACE FOR THE WINNING EDGE

The NIH Factor (Now Invented Here) is strong among competitors with locally designed and built cars dominating Oz Formula Ford racing. Last year it was a local one-off, the Galloway (after Harry Galloway), which took over the season. Next year it could be a Hawke, a Wren, an Elfin, a Bowin (Malcolm Oastler) or Elwyn (Geoff Walters now has Elwyn Bickley on his team). They are all locally designed and built cars, developed to a fine pitch and rated as equal to the best in the world

But the victor could also come in a pencil called a Van Dieman, PRS, or possibly Lola. Mike Quinn, the other serious hard-runner from 1983 and this year, will be mounted in a brand new Lola. So far no one has completely sorted the heavy English cars for the Australian circuits, but Lola is one of the finest names in overseas racing, and a serious local developer could do the job. Mike Quinn may be the man for it. Certainly Bruce Connolly was the man for it at the end of last season. He took over a brand-new Van Dieman and, after winning the championship by the second last round in the Galloway, gave the VD its legs at Winton and ran away and hid while Malcolm Oastler and Warwick Rooklyn were having their famous tangle.

There are some big numbers riding on the backs of the Formula Ford championship for these cars and the local builders and importers are at each other's throats for a win which might give them a flush of sales for new competitors coming through for the next season. Drivers lucky enough to occupy the top few tenths of competition could expect more and more help from the "factories" in the years ahead — a big break for an upcomer with the title in his sights. Last year, there was plenty of help offered round among the Gang of Four (Connolly, Oastler, Walters and Quinn) but this year the war will hot up with factories providing whole cars and even back-up for competitors who have a shot at the outright running.

This could open up the competition downwards through the field, for it is a well-accepted factor of Formula Ford racing that development provides that fine edge. Drivers with "mentor" backing (Connolly and Oastler) did better this year on average than pure privateers. Similarly, the Victorians looked bloody brilliant on their home circuits, but failed interstate.

NSW drivers, who have won 10/12ths of the last Formula Ford yearly titles, put it down to a lack of tiger: "They don't growl at each other like the NSW boys do," says the Formula Ford guru, Wally Storey. "They're just not as serious." But the NSW brigade also concedes that Victorian circuits (dinky little straights connected by U-turns) don't bring out the best in development of cars and drivers. By comparison, a car that is sorted at Amaroo Park in Sydney with a mega-hour development program will be competitive anywhere in the country.

With more "factory" support this year, the top Vics could easily be catapulted to the top of the field. This will introduce another angry bunch of chargers to the lead including Laurie Bennett (Wren), Mark Forrester (PRS83S), Mark Day (Wren), Ted Angelo (Hawke DL17), Peter Randalls (Elfin) and Ron Barnacle (Elfin 620B). And the Victorians checked out the NSW development programs last year and will be injecting bulk hours on man and machine to close the gap.

There are other guns in there with a chance — David Roberts has a new PRS from UK, Don Baker is running a 1982 ex-works Royale, Martin Tighe has a good Van Dieman, and Warwick Rooklyn — the rookie find of three years back — will be on the blacktop again with either a rebuilt or a new car. As before, he will be doing it on his own. His father, Jack — the poker machine magnate and kilobuck investor in blue-water yachting — gives his tough little son no financial encouragement.

car (Siffari Jewellery) and Connolly (Custom Clutches and KYB Shocks), the Formula Ford cars could look like mobile billboards in the next few years.

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The TV commentator has motor-mouth syndrome. he is gabbling incessantly, almost inanely, ranting at the crazy mess-up of cars out on the track. In the first corner melee, five cars kissed and kept on racing. A lap later there is a fearful shunt and one of the leaders is doing a little farming with the throttle still wide open. He rejoins further down the pack. At middle distance there are four cars abreast in most corners and it's a lucky dip who will get out first, if at all. There's a fistful of spins and a couple of full "offs'. Right near the end, two cars lock horns and one gets airborne 20ft in the air, right over the top of the snarling pack.

Formula Ford is the formula for close racing. Identical cars, with identical equipment. Talented drivers with a hairsbreadth of skill and daring separating them. Wheel-locking potential with fearful results. All without horrifying consequences, however, as no-one has ever been very seriously injured or killed in Australian Formula Ford racing. The worst seems to have been broken arms and legs. Most of those drivers returned to the formula. In the monster crash described at the start of this story, young Warwick Rooklyn simply smiled, got out and started picking up the bits of his wreck. He needed everything he could find. Yet there is a vast and colorful panoply of action. Most grids set 24 to 28 cars; most races feature four or five multiple-car scraps up and down the field.

The end product is men like Steve Brook who dominates Group E (Series Production), John Wright who had Formula 5000 by the shorts and John Smith, the gladiator of Formula One (Formula Pacific or Formula Mondial). These are fine young racers who have gone on to challenge the upper limits of other categories.

They get there with a curious mixture of cut-throat opportunism and balanced restraint: "The smart driver never locks wheels with an opponent," says Connolly. "I have no friends on the track, only off," comments Walters. "On the track I'll drive through them or over them to win."

This is the country that has produced the finest cars of the type in the world. This statement has been attributed to world champion Alan Jones after he allegedly sighted Geoff Walters' locally-built Elwyn. This is also the country that has produced some of the finest racing car drivers and race car constructors in the world (including Jack Brabham and Alan Jones).

To the insiders, they are the stuff of future legends. To the average observer, they are just The Madmen Of Formula Ford.

MACHO SUSHI

all you need is a little raw courage

NOW WE KNOW. Those wonderful folk who gave us Pearl Harbor and Darwin were just softening us up for the main assault. Sushi! The Oriental art of swallowing the unpalatable. . . with a smile. Sushi has already conquered slices of the US. There is no escaping those dainty sushi bars where little men with sharp knives and a taunting gleam in their eyes challenge western macho men to eat things they'd normally spray with Mortein.

The sushi invasion of Australia is already well advanced with some 20 Japanese restaurants in Sydney, 15 or so in Melbourne and many more setting up new beachheads in other capital cities every day. Some Australian men have already learned to swallow raw fish, squid, sea urchin and seaweed with an appropriate insouciance to thoroughly impress their girlfriends.

But you should have known the Japanese, shouldn't you? Once again, they've lulled you into a false sense of security — though clearly, any nation that can invent the Sony Walkman can make you dance to *its* beat. Did you know that in Japan's sushi bars they serve a fish called *fugu* — slices of blowfish with the poison included? The idea is to get just enough of the poison to feel a kind of sushi rush, but not enough so that you die. Every year, dozens of people cut it too close.

But now that you're in the game, you can't back down, can you? All you can do is wait and watch and try to be ready for the next wave. John Wayne would want you to do it that way, and so would your girlfriend. And as the Japanese say, there are lots of fish in the sea. Here are some you might expect.

humor by jim morgan

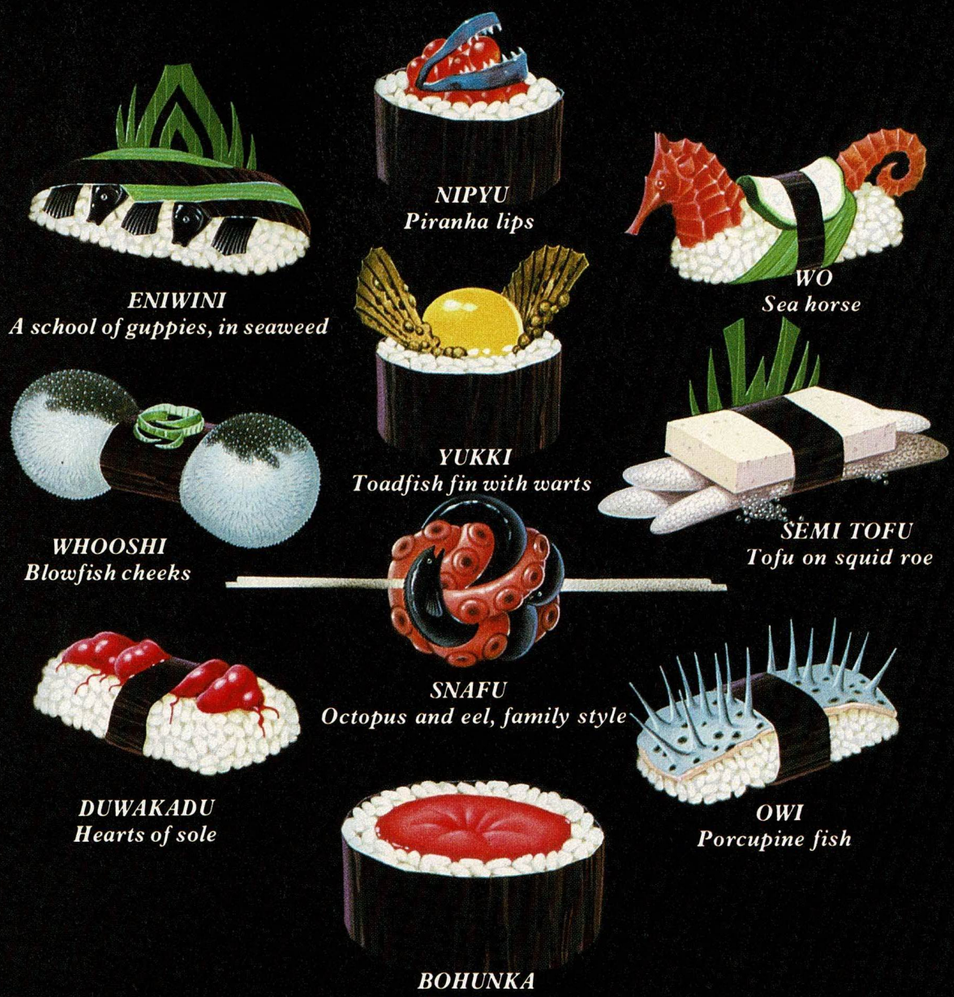


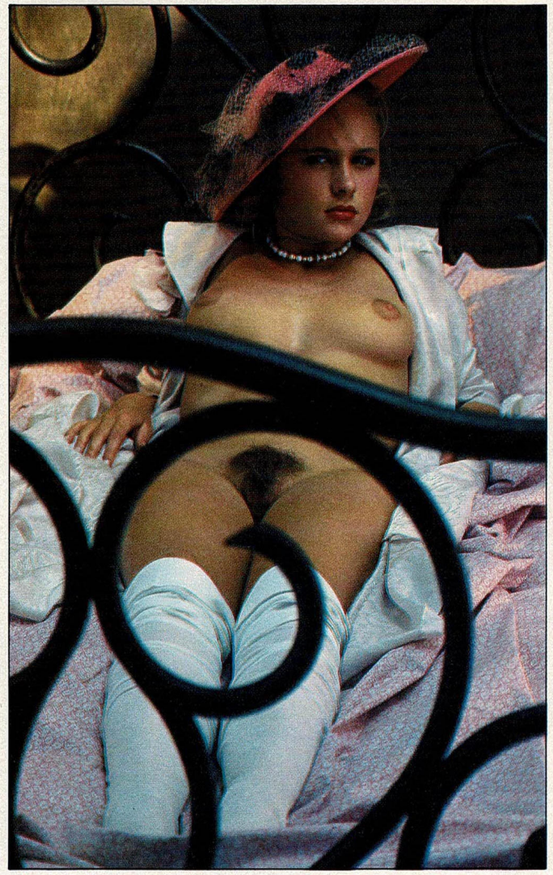
ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NELSON

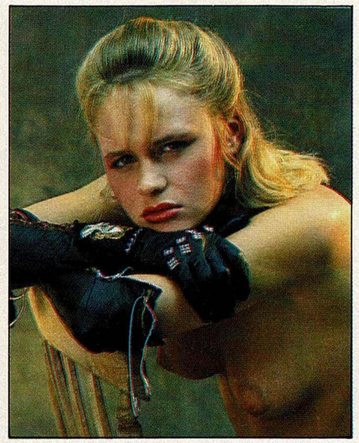
DREAMS & WHISPERS

a lonely lady goes to the wall and discovers walls have ears, and lips, and arms. . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

There is a popular fantasy in the minds of young men. The fantasy that somewhere a beautiful woman is waiting. . . A woman like Valerie perhaps. A woman with a healthy fantasy life of her own. Valerie chooses to live alone because it gives her the freedom of choice. Freedom to indulge her whims, her spontaneity, her desires. But sometimes living alone demands a price. Frustration. Even loneliness. Especially on those nights she wishes she could be with a new lover. Those are the nights Valerie gives her fantasies wings.





She wonders if the right man could be close. The same neighborhood, the same street, the house next door. Just beyond the wall. "There is an absurdity in the smooth surface that separates you from your neighbor," says Valerie. "It is a frontier not to be exceeded and this makes the transgression even more alluring. On the other side curious ears guess at your whispered words. Every noise becomes a story."

"I played a game the other night. I pretended I was talking with an absent lover, hoping the presence beyond the wall would accept my provocation. A few seconds later I heard his breathing intensifying and his voice whispering. . ." Valerie is not the kind of woman to wait for long to turn her fantasies into reality.

THE BUCK (continued from page 45)

Undercover *paid $145,000 to its Australian principal actors and actresses and $97,000 for minor parts.*

was lying dormant, full of period backdrops it would have cost thousands to build. Elfick was able to negotiate a good rent on the building but the consortium understandably insisted on a very large security bond. Other locations around Sydney included the Regent Theatre, the cat pavilion at the Showground and Clive Evatt's mansion at Leura in the Blue Mountains. None of these locations was expensive, but re-creating the past is never cheap. Take *Undercover's* major out-of-town shoot, for example. The village of Taralga, near Goulburn, was put back 50 years for one, brief scene. For the sake of authenticity tonnes of dirt had to be poured up and down the main street to cover the bitumen, and every visible television aerial had to be taken down. The shoot was on federal election day, so at the request of residents, Elfick had a giant team of television technicians standing by so that the aerials could be put back up without delay.

When you start to think about tonnes of dirt, television aerials and the other minutiae of movie production, a budget of $3,500,000 doesn't seem so outrageous. It is, after all, only a tenth of Coppola's budget for *Apocalypse Now*, and several major Hollywood studios now have $40-50 million pictures in production. But by Australian standards it was a sizeable budget. In the late 1970s, a million-dollar budget for an Australian film was unheard of. In 1981-82 the average was $1.3 million and by the time *Undercover* was in production, figures as big as five million were being bandied about, particularly in relation to *The Return Of Captain Invincible.* Still, $3,500,000 is a lot of money. Where did it go?

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Film budgets are divided into two categories — "above the line" and "below the line". The former means basically the people whose names you see in big type at the beginning of the opening credits. The latter includes everyone else, from supporting actors to cameramen to messengers, plus all the real costs associated with the production, like travel and accommodation, costumes, location fees and so on. Then you have indirect costs such as legal charges and, in *Undercover's* case, a brokerage fee. Filmco was paid $175,000 for arranging the finance of the picture, one of the largest costs.

The above-the-line costs tell an interesting story about comparative job values. Under the heading "story and script", we find almost $125,000 accounted for, but Mandy Downes, who was the principal author of the script and whose idea it was, received $32,000 for five drafts and a treatment written over a two-year period. The rest went as interest on development loans, research and the like.

Elfick and his director David Stevens were paid $102,000 and $92,500 respectively, which might seem like a lot but consider this: Elfick worked and sweated on the project for three years; Stevens had an 18-month involvement which included 40 weeks of intensive work in which he lived and breathed the movie.

American actor Michael Pare, who had been seen as a support actor in the successful TV series *Greatest American Hero,* cost the production $75,000 for his 12-week involvement.

This last figure needs to be seen in the context of what other actors in the film received. Not wishing to create animosity, David Elfick was somewhat coy about revealing salaries, however other sources in the industry say that a very good actor or actress in a major role might command $5000 a week, or about $40,000 for the picture. This figure represents payment only for actual shooting — during which a normal working week is more than 60 hours — and rehearsals are calculated at a lower rate.

In all, *Undercover* paid $145,000 to its Australian principal actors and actresses, and $97,000 for minor parts. Crowd extras (of which there were many) cost $206,600. Extras get $40 for a four-hour call, the minimum time for which they can be employed, but it is interesting to note that budget-conscious directors work very hard at ensuring that the wide shots utilise as few people as possible.

Nevertheless, *Undercover* had as many as 600 extras on some days.

But salaries paled into insignificance when compared with the high price of turning back the clock. Of *Undercover*'s total below-the-line budget of $2.4 million, almost $200,000 went to the art department which in turn supervised the construction of sets at a cost of $73,000 in materials and a further $142,000 in props and set dressing. Locations cost another $67,000. Re-creation of the clothing styles of the '20s was another costly item; a $60,650 wardrobe staff used $65,000 worth of wigs and costumes.

Period drama also creates hidden costs. Sound editing, for example, can become very expensive when such things as plane noises have to be deleted. It cost just under $50,000 to make *Undercover* sound true to its period.

We are not going to list every item on *Undercover*'s budget. For starters we weren't given access to every item and for closers, much of it is dead boring. The movie business is much like any other business when it comes to examining the ledger. There are high spots but most of it would cure an insomniac. However there is one item below-the-line which puts paid to the idea that picture people live in the lap of luxury. Hotel and living expenses totalled only $177,000, which for a crew of around 100 is pretty good.

Says David Elfick: "The only way to go on location is democratically. Everyone has the same standard of accommodation and the minimum standard is a private room with attached bathroom.

"People who are working long hours under a lot of pressure simply have to have their privacy at the end of the day. Bunk houses wouldn't work."

According to Elfick, there is rarely a problem with stars being dissatisfied with their standard of living during shooting. "Equality of conditions seems to make for happier crews," he says. "But we take an egalitarian view about all this. The stars make the most money so if they want to eat at the best restaurant in town, they're welcome to. Most of the time I think they'd rather slum it with the rest of us."

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Undercover was delivered on June 29, 1983, and bought for distribution by Village Roadshow on June 30, both transactions taking place neatly within the tax concession year. Marketed by Filmco, the picture will be released this month in the hope that its essential message of pride in Australian achievement will tie in nicely with the ballyhoo surrounding fund-raising for our Olympic team.

Although no one would stick his neck out and make box-office predictions, Filmco, Elfick and the film's investors would consider they had backed a winner if *Undercover* netts $1 million apiece for the United States and the rest of the world. So far, according to industry sources, up to January 1st, 1983, some 17 Australian films have grossed more than $2 million domestically after the distributors had taken their cut. The top money-earner was *The Man From Snowy River* followed by *Gallipoli* and *Mad Max II*. Interestingly, included in that 17 are such old stayers as *Alvin Purple* and *They're A Weird Mob.*

Undercover's other great hope is that American network television might pick it up, a development which would probably realise a further $2 million.

If the picture does return $4 million, it will realise approximately 14 percent to its investors, in addition to the 150 percent tax deduction they have already claimed. In the bizarre and scary world of movie-making, these people — doctors, dentists and solicitors, quietly getting on with real life — are the true winners.

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WETDREAMS

winter wetsuits for gentlemen of the board

Gone are the days when a wetsuit was simply a black rubber body stocking designed to keep you warm. The wet suit of the 1980s is a fashion item available in dozens of smart colors, varying thicknesses for summer and winter temperatures, and in specialised cuts for all manner of water sports. In our fashion spread, five of the leading manufacturers of wetsuits each present one of their winter '84 designs modelled by the surfers they individually sponsor. From left to right: Mark Occhilupo, the youngest pro surfer on the circuit wears a short-sleeved steamer by Peak ($120); Terry McKenna one of the best surfers to ever call Newcastle home, is fitted out in a solar wave wetsuit by New Wave ($108); Kingsley Looker, already rated as 18th in the world and getting better each season, sports an Aggrolite T21 by Rip Curl ($135); Rob Hale, the surfing world's underground super hero, is wearing a short-arm spring by Piping Hot ($94) and, finally, Scott Bell, considered by many to be a potential international surfing champion, shows off a 2mm short-sleeved steamer by Surf Skins ($125).

fashion by vitek

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT MELTON

BARRY JONES (continued from page 39)

People often forget we have got Soviet bases in our territory (Antarctica). It's never raised. . .

because, first of all, the sheer cost of exploitation of minerals down there would be prohibitive. If we got to the stage where we had to rely on it, there would have to be the most desperate situation in the rest of the world. In other words we'd only be doing it if we were contemplating oil prices four or five times what the ruling rate is. By that stage, if we really had run out of all the other resources on earth and we were looking to Antarctica as the last area for resource exploitation, then I'd say it was time we ought to be looking for another planet.

PLAYBOY: But you are fairly aggressively stating that 40 percent of it is *ours*.

JONES: I don't say my attitude is particularly aggressive. I think our role down there is almost entirely scientific, or that's what it's intended to be. And it's a great challenge. It's like a great museum of the world's weather. If we learn how to read the Antarctic continent carefully, we will know a tremendous amount about weather patterns in our region. And 90 percent of the fresh water of the world is down there. Though we do claim 40 percent, I think it's fair to say that we claim it in a quasi-trusteeship role. People often forget that we have got Soviet bases in our territory. It's never raised; nobody gets very excited about it, but in fact, in what we think of as Australian territory we've got three bases and the Russians have got three bases.

PLAYBOY: What do *they* say about our claim?

JONES: Oh, they don't recognise our claim. Neither does the US or Japan. There's only a handful of nations who recognise our territorial claim. The poms do, because the poms have got their own. As do the Norwegians. I'm going down there in December. I'm going down to McMurdo, which is just under Mt Erebus, near Australian territory, and then we are flying down to the Pole, the Amundsen Scott base.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see more military commitment?

JONES: I'm saying I'd like to see the Department of Defence take an interest in it. The defence budget is cast on a pretty generous scale.

PLAYBOY: And train people for that sort of terrain?

JONES: Absolutely. It would be good for them.

PLAYBOY: Can you be specific about what sort of military commitment you would like to see in Antarctica?

JONES: When the US sends a plane down there, it is a military plane. I would like to see our military getting involved in the logistics. They have a fairly large budget. Otherwise it might have to come out of my budget, and that would hurt.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see equipment bought specifically for Antarctic conditions?

JONES: As I understand it, such needs could be met with add-on elements fitted to equipment already in use with the forces.

PLAYBOY: Should the Australian Army train in Antarctica?

JONES: Certainly. They should be trained to kill in *any* environment.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see the raising of a force specially trained in Antarctic conditions as the British have done for Arctic conditions?

JONES: Britain is a bit cooler than Australia, and such a force might have more application there. But Antarctica has potential for defence training. The military could certainly help with logistics, and at the same time it would be demonstrating a presence there.

PLAYBOY: In terms of getting a new start in high technology, aren't we sooner or later going to have to look at nuclear power?

JONES: No, I wouldn't think so.

PLAYBOY: You don't consider that an absolute essential?

JONES: I wouldn't have thought so, no. The thing that worries me about nuclear power is that the configuration of power implicit in the use of uranium is like a model of a totalitarian state. In other words, you cannot have a sort of *laissez-faire* operation of uranium. You've got to have a very tight power structure. You've got to have armed guards, you've got to have security clearances, you've got to have all those impedimenta that we associate with totalitarian control. And I think, too, that inevitably you are going to have the situation where people are hijacking material, or getting rid of material, and it does pose security risks.

PLAYBOY: You have said the thinking behind the Franklin Dam was obsolete — why is that?

JONES: Because the assumption was that if only you generated enough power, massive industries would come rushing down. The Tasmanian Minister for Industry, I was told, went to Britain and the United States offering power for new industries. They advertised in the local papers, saying, "Small dependent state looking for new industry, no questions asked, please express your wishes." Out of the two major cities, there was only one expression of interest, that was from a bookbinder. And I thought to myself, well he could probably get all the power he wants from a couple of car batteries, so I sent a telex to the Tasmanian premier and offered to pay for them. You see the assumption was to say: "If only we've got the power, everyone will come flooding in." But industry is not like that.

PLAYBOY: There's almost no mention of women in your writing and the articles about you, and no mention of family life. Is it a thing you just don't talk about?

JONES: It's just a thing I don't talk about. I must say that I'm conscious that the kind of work I'm in is a very self-destructive kind of life, which I don't like. I have a private life, but I really, literally, don't talk about it. In a sense, making the transition between private and public life is really painful. You can go on with your work providing you think of yourself as an *apparatchik* even though you are conscious of the fact that, in the long run, it's probably personally pretty damaging. In a sense, as a public figure I have no private life.

PLAYBOY: You must have a very understanding wife.

JONES: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a workaholic?

JONES: I'm afraid yes.

PLAYBOY: You'd prefer not to be?

JONES: Well, in a way. There are just a hell of a lot of things I'd really rather be doing. I'd rather be listening to music or reading or writing. Or putting my feet up. But I'm conscious that if I do that for a few days, I then become bored. Somebody once said that the worst punishment they could devise for me and my friend Phillip Adams would be to put us in a hammock for a week with nothing to read.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any feelings on the feminist movement?

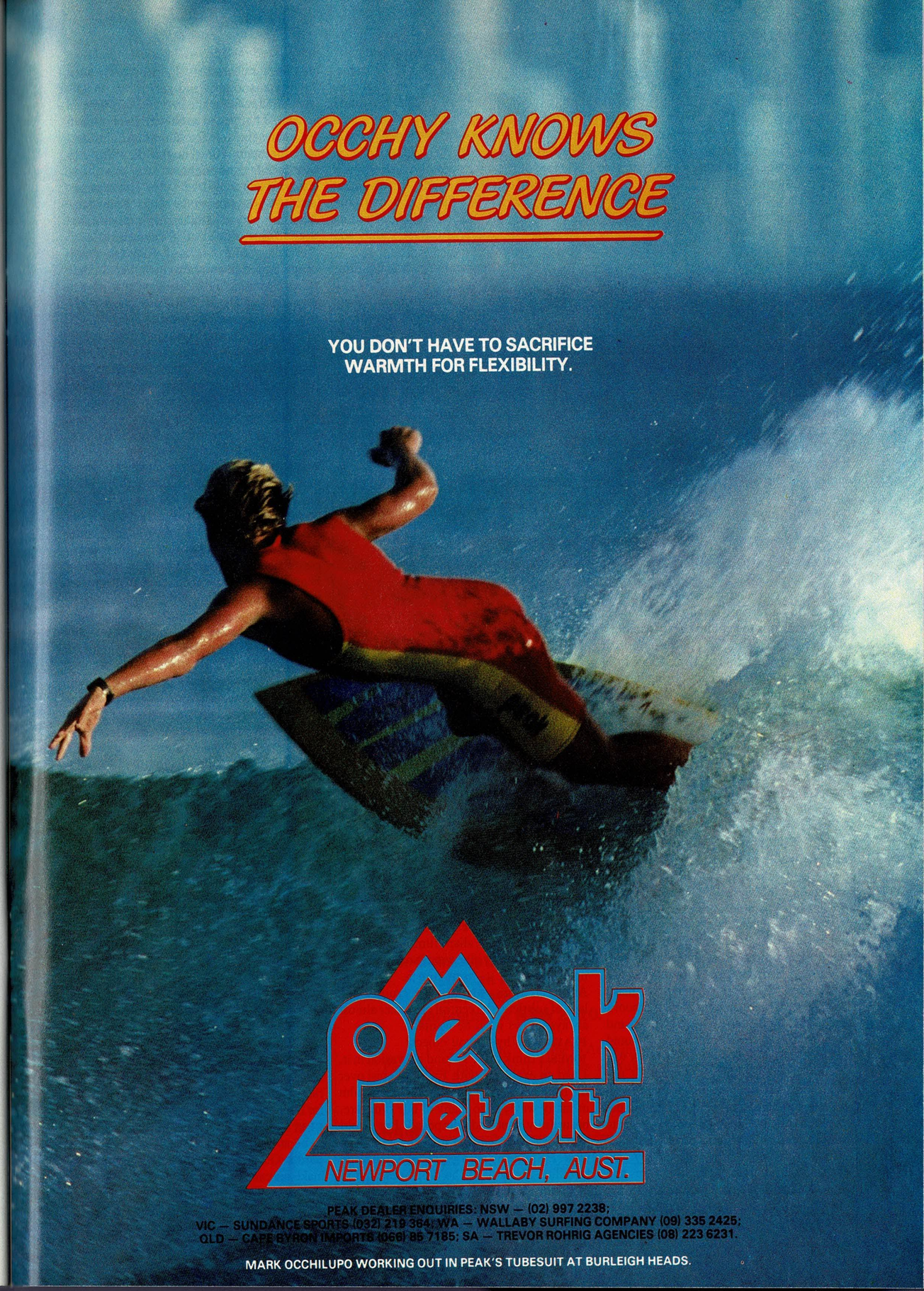
JONES: I'm very sympathetic to it. Having a viable, decent and compassionate society depends to a very large extent on replacing what we think of traditionally as the masculine values of aggression and competition, with the traditional female characteristics of tolerance and patience and compassion.

PLAYBOY: You're known for your impressive collection of historic documents. How's that progressing?

JONES: I haven't really added to it for a long time. When I go to Britain or the States and I get a chance to have a look at the dealers, I see what there is to pick up. But that market has exploded in such a way that a lot of things that I was able to buy 25 or 30 years ago I couldn't afford now. I didn't have much money then and I've got more money now, but I can't afford now what I could buy then.

PLAYBOY: Why do you collect them?

JONES: It's really part of my passionate interest in history. I'm very excited about history. Although my training as a lawyer is not something I talk about with much pride, I'm interested in the whole concept of the recording of ideas, in putting them down in a tangible form. I'm fascinated with words. I'm fascinated by the centrality of language to our culture. If you communicate just at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the level of basic English, just in grunts or gestures, then it means you lose the capacity to comprehend the significance to you of the ideas in, say, Plato's Republic. So there's a kind of collective impoverishment.

PLAYBOY: Even though you hold the science portfolio, the arts are still central to your philosophy?

JONES: It's my aesthetic drives and sometimes obsessional conviction about the "abundant life" that really forces me on. My interests in economics and technology are in some ways subsidiary to the idea of people having the abundant life. Adlai Stevenson said that everyone carries suitcases through life. They are all the same weight, but some people fill their cases with old rocks and broken beer bottles, others with Tolstoy and all sorts of things which can really lift the spirit.

PLAYBOY: Do they have a choice about what goes in?

JONES: This is one area where class is a problem. A lot of working-class people take it for granted that the arts are just things for snobs, and the only things that are of value are material. I'm not a great enthusiast for the Soviet Union, but it's clear that access to the arts is a very serious matter there. I've got an enormous drive for cultural evangelism. I got a letter from a psychiatrist the other day. The last time we met had been in a record shop, where I had forced him to buy a record: I had probably been quite obnoxious to get him to buy Mahler's *Fourth Symphony*. He said in the letter that he had been so irritated that it had been quite a while before he could bring himself to play it — but once he did his reaction was to say, "How come I never heard this before? How could anyone be without this?"

PLAYBOY: Are you in the habit of forcing people to buy records?

JONES: Frankly, yes. And books too. A lot of people think it's cold-blooded, but I've really worked my way through an enormous amount of literature in a systematic way. I read the whole of Proust a few years ago. That really changed my life; made me examine my motives. Was I really listening to what other people were saying?

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you think people should be pushed into culture, and how do you propose that they should be?

JONES: It means making certain arrogant assumptions and I'm prepared to make them. When I was teaching at high school I used to try to persuade kids to come in and listen to these great recordings I would bring in. Of course it was easier on a wet day, but gradually the numbers built up. And I notice now, 20 years later, that people retain a recollection of what we used to do. People say: "You really opened my eyes to music. If you hadn't raved on about it. . ."

The common theme shared by my involvement in technology and in films and the arts is that I've really been in a teaching role. One of the best things I ever did was when I was on the Australia Council. I was on it right from the start. It laid the framework for the development of our film industry, where I think Phillip Adams and I played a critical role. We were both committed to Australia developing its own film culture. I was the only person to be on all three of the important film bodies: I was on the Australian Film Development Corporation for five years, and that later became the AFC, then I was the founding chairman of the Australian Film and Television School.

PLAYBOY: Are current Australian films what you hoped for?

JONES: Not exactly. We've taken a long time to get over the nostalgia. There's an interesting theme running through Australian films. . .

PLAYBOY: Jack Thompson?

JONES: Apart from Jack Thompson. Our films all look back to the way life used to be. The audiences say: "Jeez, life was simple then. You didn't have these terrible choices and complexities that we've got now." We've turned away from looking at the complexity of life as it is in 1983. So often the leading character is a recessive of some sort. He's essentially a simple guy who really doesn't quite understand what's going on around him. The very first film that was a success — *The Adventures of Barry Mackenzie* — was an example of this. He's placed in a more complex society and he says all the time: "I don't know what these flaming pommies are doing." The same with Alvin Purple. He was Casanova — in reverse. He was really saying: "What are all these flaming sheilas trying to get me strides off for?" Very often the central character in Australian films hasn't any clear objective. Or if he wants something, he doesn't want it very much. Now in American films, for all their crudity and lack of subtlety, the central character almost always knows what he wants.

A lot of working-class people take it for granted that the arts are just things for snobs and the only things of value are material.

PLAYBOY: Why do you object?

JONES: I think there's a kind of evasion in it. I had an exchange with Fred Schepisi over his film *The Devil's Playground.* A fine film in many ways, as so many of our films are, beautifully shot and composed. But I told him I was worried that it lacked a point of view. He came up with a piece of democratic humility. He said: "Who'd be interested in my point of view?" I said: "The person who shells out the money to go to see the film."

PLAYBOY: In *The Man From Snowy River* you have a character who does know what he wants, and goes and gets it.

JONES: I saw it for the first and only time on a plane. I happened to be with Barry Cohen — the Minister for Home Affairs and Environment. He thought the film was wonderful. I thought it was absolutely banal. We literally had a blue on the plane, and it was days before he spoke to me again. The film played safe, it didn't take on any issues. But that's very characteristic of Australian films. In our films so many characters walk away from conflict. I don't think the films have much guts. With the exception of David Williamson, and that's in the theatre, we've never done anything to expose the explosive potential of the family. Take a film like Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes From A Marriage,* where you've really just got a man and a woman talking — yet it's absolutely engrossing. If you tried that here the reaction would be: "Where are the kangaroos? Where are the shots of Sydney Harbor?"

PLAYBOY: How did you pick up these interests? Were you encouraged by your family?

JONES: No, I think it was really when I was at school, with regard to music. I'd come from a vaguely musical family. I'd learned to play the piano and so on, but I hadn't really liked it. In fact I'd learned enough of playing the piano to know that I didn't really want to do it much.

PLAYBOY: What's a "vaguely musical" family?

JONES: Oh, my mother was a pianist, my grandmother was quite a celebrated singing teacher, she'd been a pupil of Melba. So I was in a sort of musical environment. My father wasn't musical at all.

PLAYBOY: What did he do?

JONES: My father had joined the navy as a boy. He was welterweight champion of the Australian Navy at one stage, believe it or not. Then in the Depression he worked as a salesman of menswear and manchester. He joined the air force — which he enjoyed very much — in the Second World War. He stayed on in the air force after the war and was killed in an accident in 1947.

PLAYBOY: You're an intellectual, you don't drink and you're not interested in sport. Does that make you an exceptional kind of Australian?

JONES: Well, I used to play golf.

PLAYBOY: That's what we mean, you're not interested in sport.

JONES: Well, if people want to talk about it I'm quite happy to listen. I'm not indifferent to sport as a social phenomenon. If somebody dragooned me into going to the races, I suppose I'd probably go, but I'd do it for the purposes of observation.

PLAYBOY: You once said you would prefer to be at the dentist's than in the pub.

JONES: Oh yes, that's absolutely right. But I make an exception in the case of eating.

PLAYBOY: Curried clams?

JONES: Yes, that's one of the few things I'm capable of making myself. I'm not a bad tooth man. Robert Ray and Kim Beazley and I are generally regarded as the best tooth men around.

PLAYBOY: You were Shadow Spokesman on Aboriginal Affairs for a while in Victoria. . .

JONES: I was Shadow Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, Social Welfare, the Arts and Transport. One of the dangers of the sort of expertise I've built up is that people might say that I'm quite competent in science and technology, but hopeless in any other area. But I like to think that there are at least a dozen portfolios I could administer with distinction. It's just more or less coincidental that I happen to have moved into this area. My training is not scientific or technological.

PLAYBOY: Who has been your favorite Labor leader?

JONES: I've had a good relationship with the last four Labor leaders. They were different in so many ways. I never saw Curtin, but I met Chifley a few times and I must say he was a magnetic figure. He had an instinctive grasp of the difference between being a democrat and being a populist. I admired Evatt but it's clear that there were really great mental problems, particularly in his last few years. He was very eccentric and awful in the way he dealt with other people. But on the other hand he seemed to have an astonishing historical perspective. He was very good on the international scene, but not very good on the domestic scene. Arthur Caldwell I liked very much; he was very good to me personally, but I disagreed with him on a tremendous number of issues. Whitlam I had a profound regard for. He had a very strong grasp of the role of culture and of the central role of education. But his weakness was — as he was frank to admit — that he really didn't have any interest in the economic side of things, so he was flawed there.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Bob Hawke?

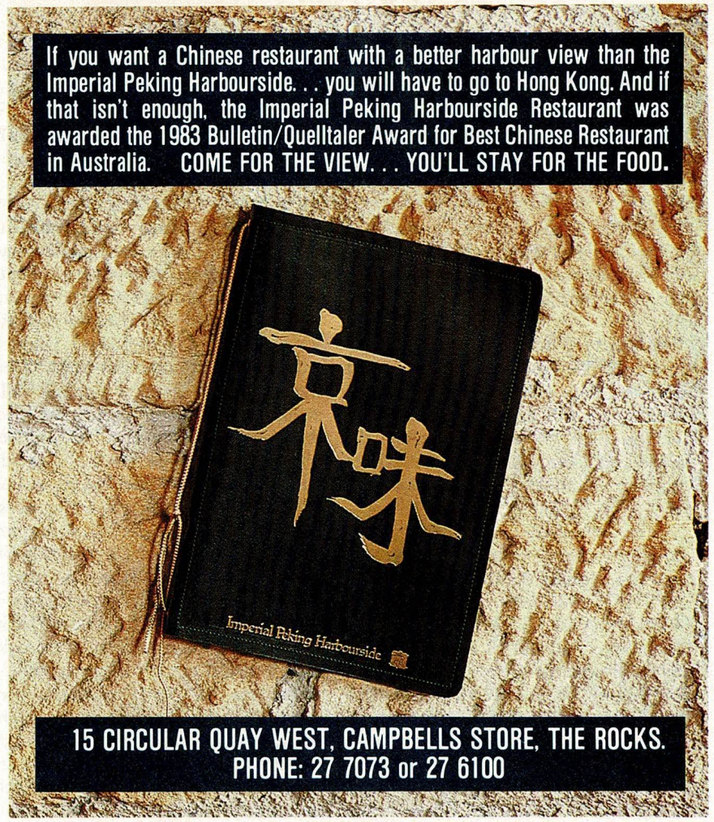
JONES: He is an instinctive politician with an extraordinary flair for communication and a phenomenal gift for finding common ground with people with whom you might not have thought he could have made contact.

PLAYBOY: Has the present government been as successful as you had hoped?

JONES: It has certainly made a very promising start. But you would have to ask me in four or five years.

PLAYBOY: We understand you don't like to refer to your days as a quiz king. You don't seem to me to be the sort of person who'd mind referring to that.

JONES: I suppose I'm sick of it. People who have been champion footballers and so on, and then go on to do other things, perhaps get a bit irritated with people saying, "Jeez you were terrific, what are you doing now?" I suppose it's a sense of dismay to think I've had this other life for all these years and then, as if it's a matter of enormous discovery, people come up to you and say: "I used to watch you every week on *Pick-A-Box.*"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HOLD-UP *(continued from page 59)*

Hulland saw Smith take his mask off so that for the first time there was a face to go with the gun.

his right hand. I picked that up and I was going to hit him over the head with it but my wife was in front of him and I thought that if I don't do a good job, he'll come and get my wife.

"So I just put it back on the table and he run out the door. . . The other person that was in the TAB, who had the people lined up against the wall, he went to the door and then he said: 'If anybody leaves the agency. . . if anybody leaves the agency within five minutes I'll blow their head off!' "

No doubt the key question they put to Clarke at Sydney police headquarters on that warm February night four months later was: Why did you decide to rob *that* TAB? To which they say Clarke replied: "Bill said it was a large TAB and it was Caulfield Cup day so he said there would be plenty of money there." So then they asked him when he had discussed committing this armed robbery with Bill Smith? And Clarke allegedly replied: "It was a couple of weeks before we did it." So whose idea was it? "Mainly Bill," Clarke is said to have replied as if they'd both had it simultaneously, but Smith's version had somehow had more power. "He used to be a drainage contractor and he was earning a lot of money, but then he had a blue with one of the bosses and he got the arse. But Billy liked the high life so we decided to do a robbery."

At 3.42pm, Gunther Putz was still seated in the front seat of his car in the Noble Park shopping centre, still considering *The Age* form guide when he heard a disturbance. "Two masked men came out of the TAB running," he told the Supreme Court. "One was running towards me, towards my car. He looked at me and went over to the car to get in the driver's seat. He threw his gun in the passenger side. The other one went to the back and he took his gun with him and the bag he was holding. The other man (at) the front of the car. . . he took his mask off, put the key in the ignition and started the car. . . and we looked at each other. He started the car three times and it wouldn't start. . . each time, he looked at me because the car wouldn't start. . . we must have looked at each other for more than a minute."

Nor was it quite over — perhaps it never will be — for Alf Hulland who ignored Clarke's lethal warning, hurdled Mark Mottram and pounded across the TAB after the gunmen. He saw the pair as they made it to Christine Poole's elderly Valiant, saw Clarke bundle into the back seat, saw Smith as he jumped behind the wheel and twisted the ignition wires to start the car. And saw him take his mask off so that for the first time there was a face to go with the gun.

In retrospect, one would have to say that William Edward Smith's days were numbered from this moment though a sociologist might argue his days were numbered from the beginning when his mother died or perhaps when he entered a boys' home at 15 or Pentridge at 16. Certainly, by October 29, 1979, William Edward Smith was a veteran of the court and prison system with 15 court appearances and 35 convictions on his record.

Nine days later, an unmarked police car crept along Catherine Avenue, Chelsea, and pulled up outside the block of flats at Number 47. It was 7.30am when a brisk knock at the door of Ms Wendy Stephenson's flat heralded the beginning of one of Smith's more unlucky days. "The door was answered by a female. . . she did indicate that Smith was there and I actually saw him through into the premises. He was standing in the lounge," Victorian Armed Robbery Squad detective Graham Creece would tell the court.

Asking whether he and Detective Sergeant Rod Shedden might enter the premises on such a fine morning, Smith was said to have replied: "Have a look. I'm clean. You won't find anything here." Which was true as far as it went. The flat wasn't Smith's problem. It was the red, rented Hertz Commodore parked out the front that presented him with the real headache. Yet when police asked if they might have a look at the car as well, Smith was said to have replied: "Sure."

And now there was just one terrible scene to play between Hulland, frozen in the doorway of his sacked and bloodied agency, and Smith, who noticed him there and produced a sweet devastating smile that forked across the space between them like lightning across a darkened sky.

"It shocked me," said Hulland later. "I thought he'd shoot me when he realised I'd seen his face. I was prepared for that and I didn't care. But he just smiled and then the car started and, slow as you please, they sauntered past, not hurrying at all. And they went right past where I stood and, so help me, I thought he'd shoot me then for sure but he just smiled again and I've never been able to forget that. When I think of Smith and all the things he done, I still think of that smile and it scares me even now."

And then it was 3.50pm and the first police car arrived. Hulland ran across to the two young officers and felt the bile, thick and scalding, in his throat.

"Quick," he said. "A bloke's been shot."

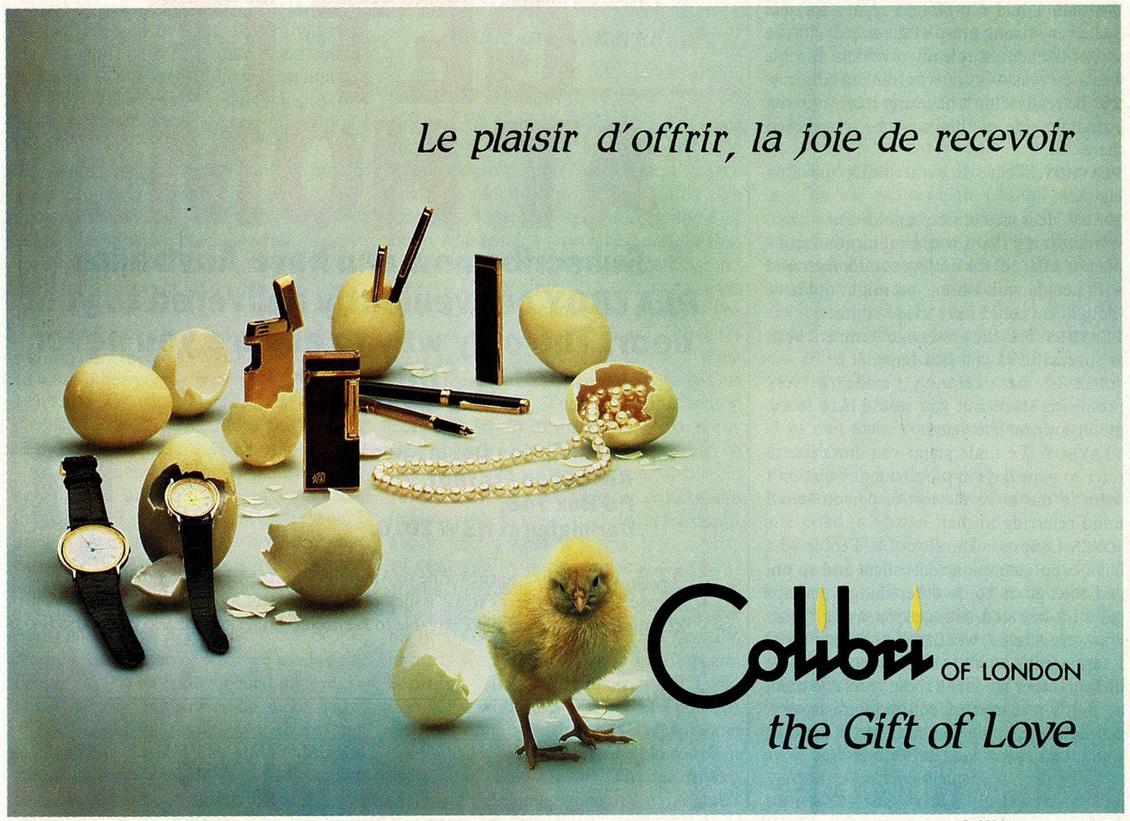
The customers were still huddled inside as the place began crawling with police. One cop took the security film and when it was developed, there was Mark Mottram, arms flailing, caught in mid-air, his features a blur as he fell to the ground. And four-year-old Matthew, frozen in the first step of flight to his stricken dad. And Smith, loot in one hand, gun in the other and a TAB "Lucky Shop" poster framed behind.

Then the fingerprint cops came and they started at the front door and worked through to the back until, by the time they'd finished, the place looked like something out of *White Christmas*. Then they started on the Valiant, abandoned a few streets away. There was some crushed newspaper in the back so they took that away and tested it for prints. And wouldn't you know it, there *was* a print. And when they checked, it matched with Gregory James Clarke who'd been picked up drunk and disorderly in 1970 and discharged without conviction.

"They (the masks and the guns) were wrapped up in newspaper on the floor of the back of the car we drove there in and then I put them in the back of the stolen car after we left our car," the police say Clarke told them in Sydney. Smith was tracked down by other means. On October 29, nine days after the robbery, police knocked on the door of one Harold "Dumpy" Smith, council worker, of Chelsea, just a hop, step and a jump from Noble Park. They showed him a photograph of the suspect and asked Smith (no relation) whether he had seen this person in the neighborhood. Mr Smith replied: "Yes. He drives a red car." Mr Smith also volunteered that the car and Smith were frequent visitors at a block of flats across the road.

On police evidence, however, Smith was quick to recognise that this was a silly move. Perhaps he'd suddenly remembered what was in the boot and on the floor near the front seat. "As I placed the key into the boot lock, the accused suddenly rushed back into the flat and slammed the door," said Detective Creece. "I immediately ran out on to Catherine Street and turned left. . . I was aware. . . those flats. . . there's a small backyard to each flat. . . so I ran to the next premises and I could see Smith. . . in the backyard about to jump the back fence. . . and I also jumped the back fence and saw that there was a laneway there and I saw Smith about a hundred yards in front of me. I ran some distance, a fair distance until I got to the end of the laneway. . . it's a dead end and at the end of the lane there's a fence going into another premises. I looked over and I didn't see Smith.

"I ran to the street," said the dogged Detective Creece. "I saw Smith walking along Chelsea Road and I saw him walk into a house. . . I walked up the driveway. . . I walked through to there and I saw Smith walking towards the back fence of the house. I called on him to stop. He turned around and saw me. I believe he saw me.



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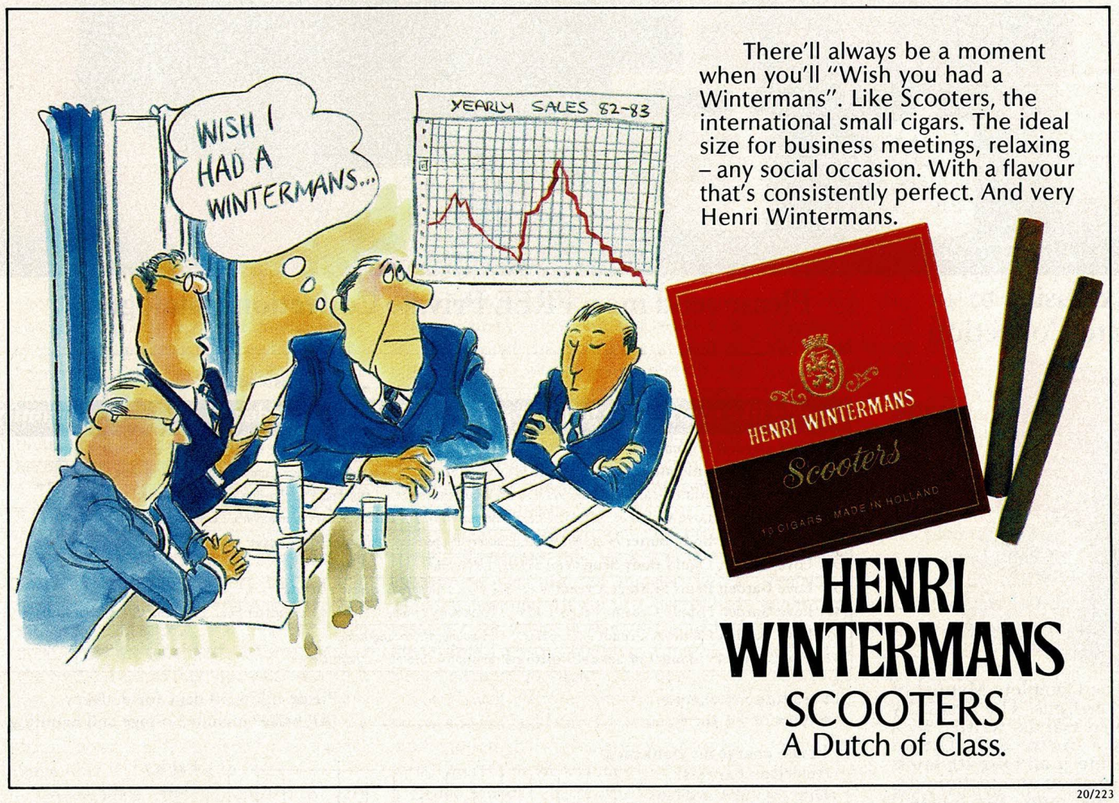
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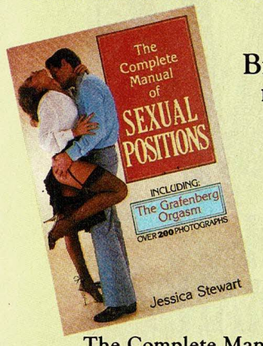

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And commenced to run. There was a fence, a fairly high fence. . . at the back of these premises. . . He commenced to climb the fence and I called out again. I also fired a shot from my .38 calibre revolver. I fired the shot into the ground beside me and Smith stopped. He got off the fence. I ordered him on to the ground. I then took him from the premises at gunpoint and sat him on the nature strip beside the police car. I radioed D24 for assistance and a short time later a divisional van arrived."

Smith's day, by this time, was going downhill because the officers took him back to the red Commodore round the corner and they opened the boot. Inside was a full-length double-barrelled shotgun and a green plastic garbage bag which contained a sawn-off double-barrelled shotgun — the weapon police say was used to shoot Mark Mottram. Police also say they asked Smith whether he was the owner of the car's unfortunate cargo and that he replied: "What do you reckon?" So they followed up by asking him if that was why he had run from them earlier. And Smith said: "Good enough reason," which, when you think about it, was a fair enough answer in the circumstances.

Then they asked what all that stuff was doing in the boot of his car to which Smith was said to have replied with masterful understatement: "That was a mistake."

The $3000 police found in another garbage bag inside the car was also a mistake. Asked to explain the money, they reckon he said, "That's pretty bloody obvious," followed by, "Look, you've got me and you've got that. Work it out for yourself. I won't say anything till I see my solicitor." And he didn't either.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city it wasn't over yet for Alf and Pauline Hulland. After the robbery itself, Alf had been quite calm and rational. As regulations demanded, he'd locked all the victims in the TAB. He'd phoned head office from a milkbar a few doors away. He'd watched as they'd loaded Mark Mottram on to a stretcher. He'd been a sane and pivotal character, quietly watchful as the police spent hours interviewing everybody who'd been in the place. Finally, at about 7.30pm, they got around to him. And then Alf realised in the oddest sort of way that though he was still calm and rational, he had become something more.

"I don't know what time it occurred to me," he said. "I don't know whether it was sudden or sneaked up. . . but when the police started to question me, I just couldn't decide whether the robbery had actually happened or whether everything, including the police interview, was part of a big dream." By the time they got home, Pauline Hulland reckoned her husband was in a mess. "He was just shaking and very depressed," she claimed. "We got the doctor down and he gave us both a shot of something and we went to bed."

On Sunday, Alf was apparently very withdrawn and unwell, then, on Monday morning, he emerged at breakfast with tears rolling down his face and his body jerking as if he was working an invisible jackhammer. As all the neighborhood kids headed off to school, an ambulance pulled up at the Hullands' home and, just like Mark Mottram, Alf Hulland was loaded on to a stretcher and bundled off to hospital. The difference was that they were able to fix Mark Mottram but there just doesn't seem to be a surgeon's knife that can cut deep enough to fix Alf Hulland.

Between October 22 and the day when William Edward Smith decided not to jump that back fence, Alf Hulland spent most of his time in and out of a succession of hospitals. He was stuck on anti-depression tablets and he'd wake up in the middle of the night with his body cold as marble and the tears following each other down his damp, grey cheeks. And Pauline would comfort him and try to explain there was nothing he could have done, he hadn't lost his honor and he wasn't a coward. It was around this time he had his first heart attack and then acquired a double-barrelled shotgun and sat on his couch night and day with the lights off and his eye on the front door. Because something had occurred to Alf Hulland — he could identify William Edward Smith and Smith knew it.

They found him (Hulland) wandering near the railway one night. He was in a dressing-gown and waiting for a train to slice him in two.

Pauline Hulland fell to pieces in a different sort of way. On October 20, 1979, she was a trim brunette with a sense of fun and that special serenity enjoyed by people who are financially secure and whose kids are old enough to be friends as well as family. By the time they grabbed Smith —it was still late spring — she was a gaunt, grey-haired lady with eyes like dirty headlamps. While her husband disintegrated about her, she would sit at the mirror and comb her hair until it was thin and grey. Not even two weeks had gone past.

Nevertheless, towards the end of that terrible November, they made a desperate attempt to pick up the threads. On a Monday morning, Alf got up, shaved, had breakfast and went to work. It ended at lunch-time Tuesday. The police came back. They had more questions. They dug pellets out of the walls that were the size of five cent pieces and they told him, for some reason he has forgotten, that the best bullet-proof vest wasn't steel or mesh or some super alloy but a telephone book. This bizarre fact has stuck in Alf's mind, which is remarkable because, for two years after the robbery, almost nothing else did.

They found him wandering near the railway one night. It was after midnight and he was in a dressing-gown and waiting for a train to slice him in two. On half a dozen occasions, he took too many pills — one night more than 200. He went to the Springvale Hospital and the doctor told Pauline it was nearly the Springvale Crematorium instead. And then there were the electric shock treatments — 14 doses in four weeks because he seemed to be in almost irreversible decline and because the end of a trip like that is the cool earth and a pine box. And he lost the agency of course. The TAB asked when he was going back and his lawyer sent them a sheaf of doctors' certificates and medical records and they wrote back and said they accepted his resignation with regret.

In January they committed Smith for trial and in May, 1980, they granted him bail (the police were speechless) and he just walked out of the court as free as a bird. They set the trial for October and Smith didn't turn up. He hid out in some flat in the Melbourne suburb of Sunshine. It was February, 1981, before the police found him again: "I went out to Sunshine, some people I knew where I'd stayed, I suppose for about four and a half to five months," Smith told the Supreme Court shortly before the judge gave him 11½ years. "Unbeknown to me, the police had obtained the address," said Smith, "and it was a Sunday morning, and they'd smashed the door in and I was handcuffed and arrested."

As for Clarke, well he opted for Sydney and a cramped flat in Glebe Point Road where he spent Christmas, 1979. Then, at the end of December, Christine Wilkinson went to Sydney and joined him where they lived happily ever after until February 8 when large numbers of Sydney detectives visited the premises.

"Pig's arse. Not me," they reckon Clarke said when they told him they had information he'd been involved in a Melbourne armed robbery. Later, he was told the police had his fingerprints from the newspaper which had been left in the getaway car. Clarke reportedly replied: "Well it looks like I'm stuffed. The first thing I want to say is I didn't shoot that bloke." It also turned out that Christine Wilkinson didn't even know his real name which strikes this reporter as a little sad considering she followed him to New Zealand and they had just one miserable night together with the cops next door.

Clarke, too, was bailed and on the day of his trial — May 4, 1981 — he got on the train to go to the Supreme Court and just kept going. "I think it was just plain panic. I panicked and Christine. . . she took me down to the train. . . and it was only on the train going in, that was when I just didn't go. I just kept going," Clarke would tell the

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Supreme Court when he was finally brought to account in February, 1983.

Asked how he felt about hiding out in New Zealand, he said: "I didn't want to be there. I'd say a week later I wanted to be back here and I was dirty on myself for being there, for running." So, after a while, he wrote to Miss Wilkinson: "I said: 'Can you come over with me if you still want to be with me. Can you come over?' I said: 'Don't worry, like, don't worry about the police.' I knew they would follow her. 'Come over. I just want to see you because I want to come back.'"

So this sad 23-year-old girl, who'd given up her job at a Melbourne supermarket to join Clarke in Sydney, then flew to New Zealand to spend just one night with him.

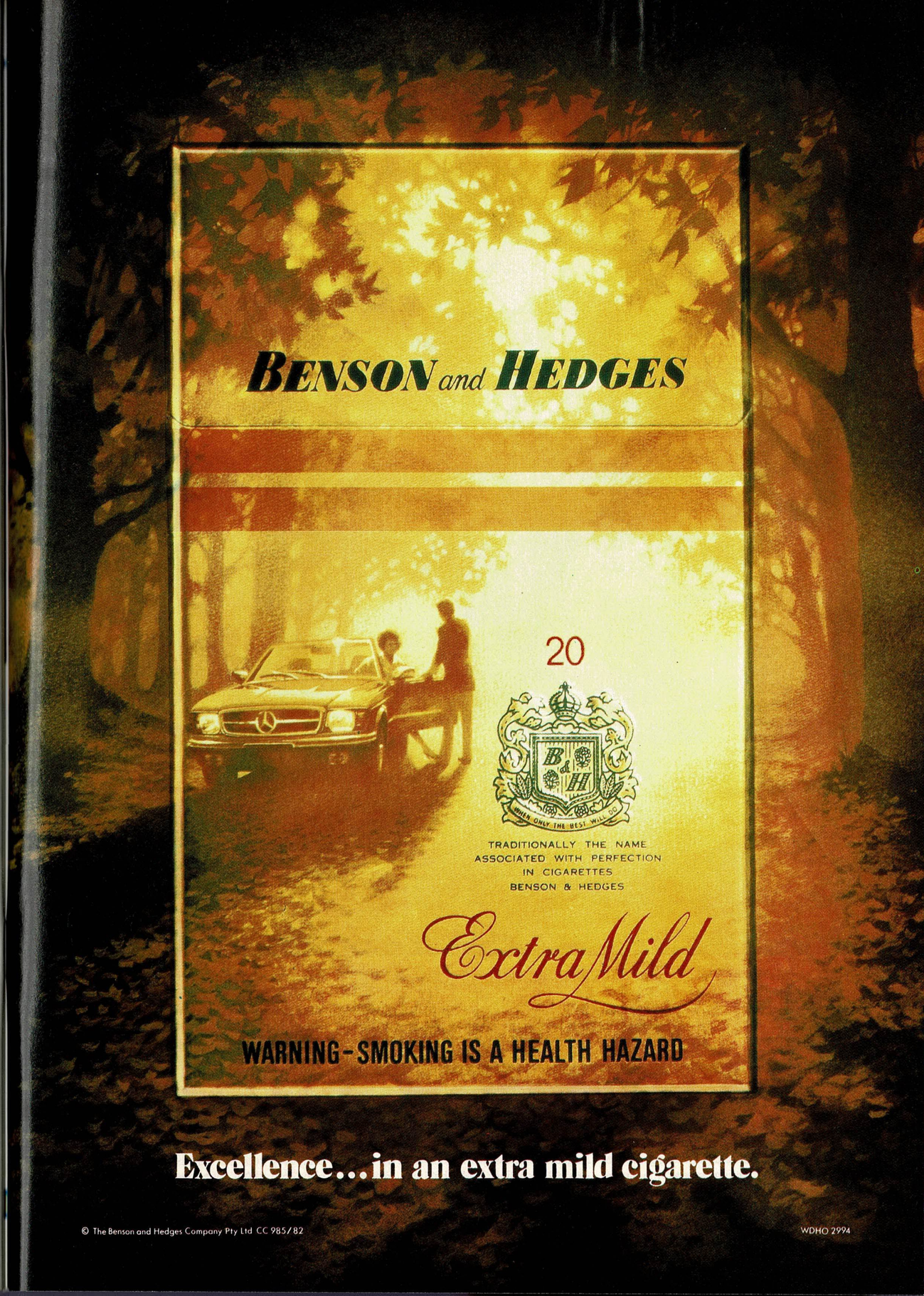
"They (the police) had been following me for a day. They got a motel room right next door. . . that night, the night before I was arrested. I knew they were there all the time. But it was just, I was with Christine and we were talking. I was happy with that," said Clarke, whose childhood consisted of seven sets of foster parents and 22 different schools. The following day, the New Zealand police found him with Wilkinson in the crew's quarters of one of the country's inter-island ferries.

So Clarke at least got a free flight home before he, too, was found guilty of robbing the Noble Park TAB and received a jail sentence of nine years and nine months. Nor did it finally end until June, 1983, when Clarke's appeal — like Smith's before him — was finally dismissed.

That is if it will ever end. It probably has for Mark Mottram who has gone back to his furniture business and who has only a short, puckered, purple scar to remind him of that unseasonably warm Caulfield Cup Saturday. And it may have ended for Matthew Mottram who was only four at the time but is now eight. He is a shy youngster, unusually quiet and he has a way of looking at you so that his eyes never quite meet yours. He remembers the day his dad got shot but he will not talk about it.

It certainly has not ended for Alf Hulland and his wife, Pauline. Alf has not worked for almost four years and he is recovering slowly from his fifth heart attack. They live in a large, new house in a quiet Melbourne suburb. Alf sleeps with a stiletto by his side and a wife who wakes screaming because her nights are filled with men who carry guns and wear masks and threaten to "shoot the bitch" if she doesn't find the key to the safe. And it's just as well the Hullands have a large house because they seldom leave it. Alf sees some vast social betrayal and that he has somehow been shuffled from the deck. He and Pauline talk of splitting up though Alf does not think either of them could survive alone.

The Hullands didn't just lose money on October 20, 1979. They lost each other and they were not insured.



THE GRAPE ESCAPE

steve bunk sips his way through s.a. wine territory

"A BIT PEPPERY," I snuffled, "but full on the middle palate, with a clean finish."

"Of course you have no idea what you're talking about," said Peter and, of course, he was right. But having arrived in wine country, I couldn't just gulp the Gewurtztraminer and say, "Good shit, in'it?" That would be like going to the track broke, just to see them run.

We were having dinner at The Vintners Restaurant near the Barossa Valley town of Angaston, midway through a TAA South Australian Wine Trek that was to see us miss most of the 95 wineries listed in the SA Travel Centre's brochures. One reason for this was because it would take weeks to get through them all. Another reason was the leisurely meals we had in places like The Vintners, a former wine-tasting hall in which Janica and Mike Nichols sniffed out such potential for a restaurant that they left their Gold Plate Award-winning eatery in Perth for the SA challenge.

This move was no lucky event. Janica and Mike have a nose for (among other things) potential. Witness their Lawley Farm near Tanunda, which includes a duplex cottage that they rent out to visitors. The suites, circa mid-1800s, have been restored down to the hand-adzed beams and, more importantly, guests get a bottle of champers every night to go with their brekkie makings. We spent an afternoon hour in the wine cellar that they excavated after noticing rain water draining through a small hole in the ground. Hortense and Lancaster, the Nichols' peacocks, preened in the cellar doorway as we rolled '68 Kaiser Stuhl cabernet over our front, back and middle palates.

In some ways, Janica and Mike are representative of people involved in the wine business here. They actually enjoy visitors, which is a rarity nowadays for any area beset year-round by tourism. What's more, they live at an appreciative pace and although they're unarguably seekers of quality, one doesn't find them poised before life with elbows in hand, remarking on its "volatility".

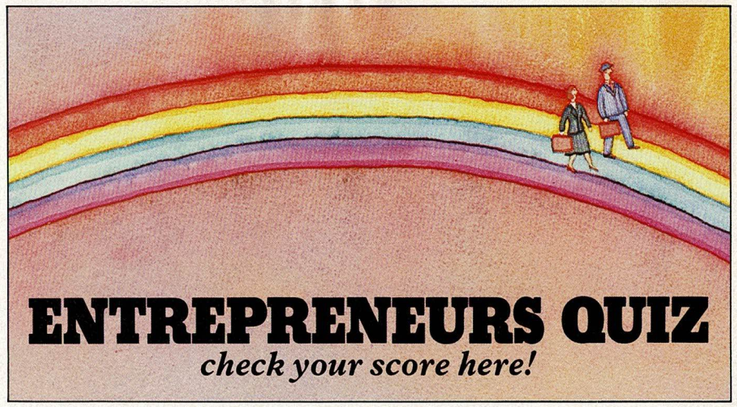
"Got a hell of a nose on this one," I offered hopefully to our hosts down the road, Pat and Laurie, but they didn't flinch. As owner/manager of "Australia's smallest motel" (one bedroom of a cottage built by the community shepherd when Silesians settled the Barossa), Laurie claims, "We're here for the romantics."

Nearby, at the new Bethany Wines, which is run by the fifth-generation members of the Shrapel wine-making family, we heard that, "People here seem to look over your shoulder a bit more than in the Hunter Valley," but, "they'll wait to see what you do and then, if it's all right, they'll quietly accept you." Though SA vignerons appear to agree that making wine is as much a way of life as it is a business, the differences in the wine industry seem to change as subtly as the landscape itself. Being the most famous of the three wine-bearing regions around Adelaide, the Barossa is the most commercialised.

And of the large commercial ventures, the Orlando Winery complex tops the valley's guided tour list. They'll take you from tasting room to cask room to crushing (in season, from February to April) to clarification to storage, and they even bottle

(continued on page 136)

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS



ENTREPRENEURS QUIZ

check your score here!

1. The independent way of life is not so much genetic as it is learned, and the first school for any entrepreneur is the home. It's only natural that a child who has grown up in a home where at least one parent is self-employed is more likely to try his hand at his own business than a child whose parents were in, say, the public service. Research has shown this to be the case more than two-thirds of the time.

Scoring: a-10; b-5; c-5; d-2; e-0.

2. This question is tricky because the independent-thinking entrepreneur will very often quit a job instead of waiting around to get fired. However, the dynamics of the situation are the same: the impasse results from the entrepreneur's brashness and his almost compulsive need to be right. Steven Jobs and Steven Wozniak went ahead with Apple Computers when their project was rejected by their respective employers, Atari and Hewlett Packard.

And when Thomas Watson was fired by National Cash Register in 1913, he joined up with the Computer-Tabulating-Recording Company and ran it until a month before his death in 1956. He also changed the company's name to IBM. The need to be right very often turns rejection into courage and courage into authority.

Scoring: a-10; b-7; c-0.

3. Australia is still a land of opportunity and a hotbed for entrepreneurship. The displaced people who arrive on our shores (and at our airports) every day — be they European, Vietnamese or whatever — can still turn hard work and enthusiasm into successful business enterprises. Though it is far from a necessary ingredient for entrepreneurship, the need to succeed is often greater among those whose backgrounds contain an extra struggle to fit into society.

Scoring: a-5; b-4; c-3; d-0.

4. It's been said that "inside every corporate body, there's an entrepreneur struggling to escape." However, small business management is more than just a scaled-down version of big business management. The skills needed to run a big business are altogether different from those needed to orchestrate an entrepreneurial venture. While the professional manager is skilled at protecting resources, the entrepreneurial manager is skilled at creating them.

Scoring: a-10; b-5; c-0.

5. The enterprising adult first appears as the enterprising child. Coin and stamp collecting, mowing lawns, a paper run, promoting dances and rock concerts are all common examples of early business ventures.

Scoring: a-10; b-7; c-0.

6. The average age of entrepreneurs has been steadily shifting downward since the late '50s and early '60s when it was found to be between 40 and 45. Our most recent research puts the highest concentration of entrepreneurs in their thirties, but people like Jobs and Wozniak of Apple Computers and Dick Smith all got their businesses off the ground while still in their twenties. Although we look for this data to stabilise right around 30, there are always exceptions which leave us wondering. Consider US computer whiz Jonathan Rotenberg: he currently presides over the 8500-member Boston Computer Society, is the publisher of the slick magazine *Computer Update*, and earns up to $1500 a day as a consultant. In 1978, Rotenberg's advice was solicited by the promoter of an upcoming public computer show. After conferring several times on the phone, the promoter suggested they meet for a drink to continue their discussions. "I can't," Rotenberg replied. When asked, "Why not?", Jonathan answered, "Because I'm only 15." An established entrepreneur, Rotenberg is now all of 20 years old.

Scoring: a-8; b-10; c-5; d-2.

7. The answer to this question is always the same. Entrepreneurs are most commonly the oldest children in a family — more than 60 percent, in fact.

Scoring: a-15; b-2; c-0; d-0.

8. Our research concluded that the vast majority of entrepreneurs are married. But then, most men in their thirties are married, so this alone isn't a significant finding. However, follow-up studies have shown that most successful entrepreneurs have exceptionally supportive wives. (While our results didn't provide conclusive results on female entrepreneurs, we suspect that their husbands would have to be doubly supportive.) A supportive mate provides the love and stability necessary to balance the insecurity and stress of the job. A strained marriage, the pressures of a divorce or a strained love life will simply add too much pressure to an already strained business life.

It's also interesting to note that bankers and financiers look a lot more favorably on entrepreneurs who are married than on entrepreneurs living with their mates without the benefit of clergy. This attitude is pragmatic rather than moralistic. As one financier told us: "If an entrepreneur isn't willing to make a commitment to the woman he loves, then I'll be damned if I'm going to make any financial commitment to him."

Scoring: a-10; b-2; c-2.

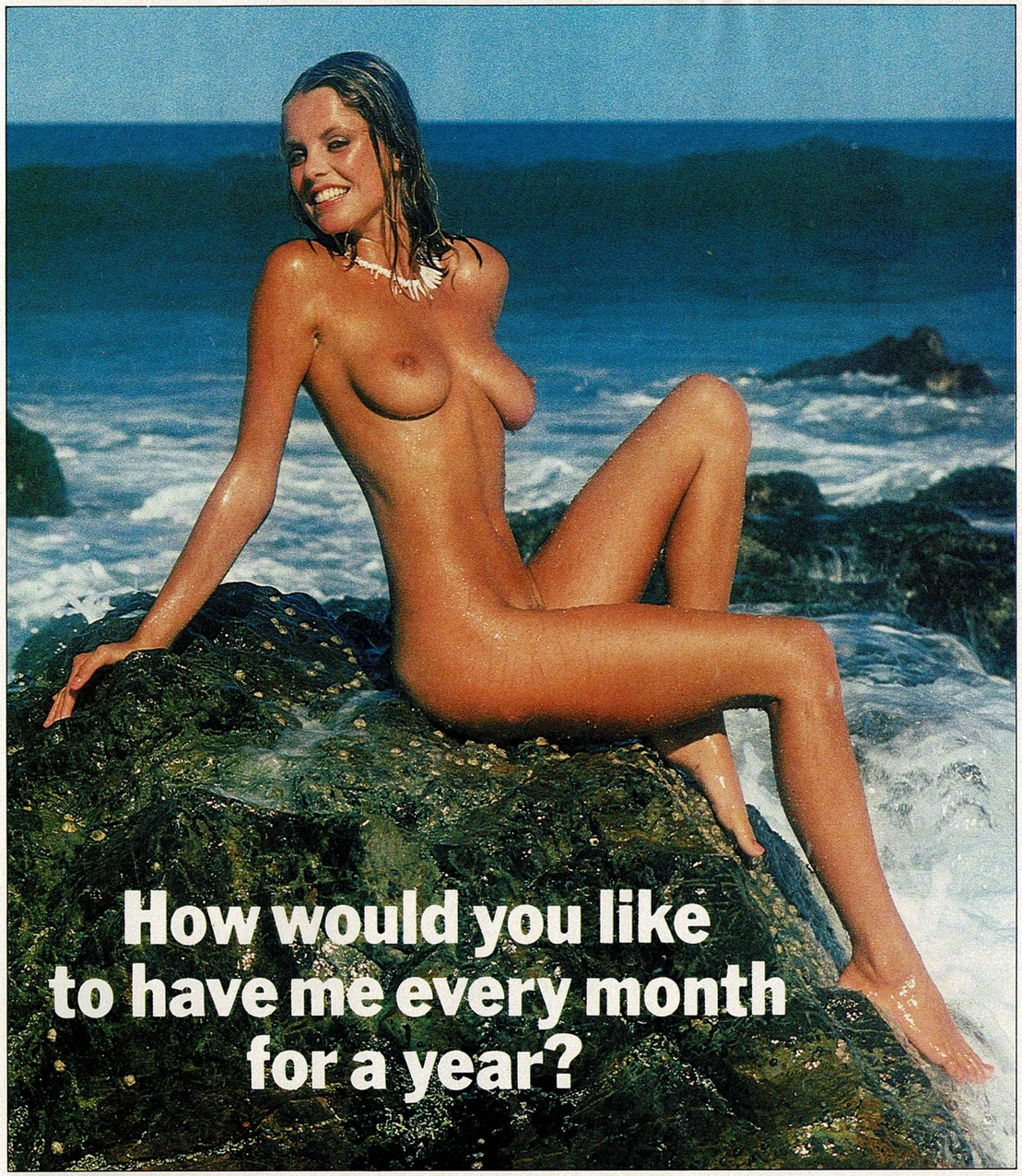
9. The question of formal education among entrepreneurs has always been controversial. Studies in the '50s and '60s showed that many entrepreneurs had failed to finish high school, not to mention university. Our data, however, concludes that the most common educational level achieved by entrepreneurs is a bachelor's degree, and the trend seems headed toward a masters. Few entrepreneurs have the time or the patience to earn a doctorate.

Scoring: a-2; b-3; c-10; d-8; e-4.

10. Entrepreneurs don't like working for anyone but themselves. While money is always a consideration, there are easier ways to make money than by going it alone. More often than not, money is a byproduct of an entrepreneur's motivation rather than the motivation itself.

Scoring: a-0; b-15; c-0; d-0.

11. These results really surprise us because past studies have always emphasised the strained or competitive relationship between the entrepreneur and the wage-earning parent (usually the father). However, our latest study showed that a surprising percentage of the entrepreneurs we questioned had what they considered to be a comfortable relationship with that parent. To a large extent, we think this is directly related to the changing ages and educational backgrounds of the new entrepreneurs, who are children of the '50s and '60s, not the children of the Depression. In most cases they've been afforded the luxury of a college education, not forced to drop out of high school to help support the family, so the entrepreneur's innate independence hasn't come into such dramatic conflict with the father as it might have in the past. We still feel that a strained or competitive relationship best fits the



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entrepreneurial profile, though the nature of that relationship is no longer so black and white.

Scoring: a-10; b-5; c-10; d-5.

12. The difference between the hard worker and the smart worker is the difference between the hired hand and the boss. What's more, the entrepreneur usually enjoys what he's doing so much that he rarely notices how hard he's really working. Some analysts suggest that a decision is an action taken by an executive when the information he has is so incomplete that the answer doesn't suggest itself. The entrepreneur's job is to make sure the answers always suggest themselves.

Scoring: a-0; b-5; c-10.

13. Entrepreneurs seldom rely on internal people for major policy decisions because employees very often have pet projects to protect or personal axes to grind. Outside financial sources simply lack the imagination that characterises most entrepreneurs. The most noble ambition of most bankers and accountants is to maintain the status quo. When it comes to critical decisions then, entrepreneurs most often rely on outside management consultants and other entrepreneurs.

Scoring: a-0; b-10; c-0; d-5.

14. Contrary to popular belief, entrepreneurs aren't high risk-takers. They tend to set realistic and achievable goals, and when they do take risks, they're usually calculated risks. They're very confident in their own skills and are much more willing to bet on their tennis or golf games than they are to buy lottery tickets or to bet on spectator sports.

Scoring: a-0; b-2; c-10; d-3.

15. All businesses begin with orders and orders can only come from customers. You might think you're in business when you've developed a prototype, or after you've raised capital, but bankers and financiers only buy potential. It takes customers to buy products.

Scoring: a-0; b-10; c-0; d-0.

16. Many entrepreneurs may adamantly state that they have *no* hobbies; that doesn't mean they have no social life. In fact, the entrepreneur is a very social person and, more often than not, a very charming person. (Remember, an entrepreneur is someone who gets things done, and getting things done often involves charming the right banker or supplier.) And while he will often have difficulty talking about things other than himself or his business, his enthusiasm is such that whatever he talks about sounds interesting.

Scoring: a-0; b-10; c-3; d-0.

17. One of the biggest weaknesses that entrepreneurs face is their tendency to "fall in love" too easily. They go wild over new employees, products, suppliers, machines, methods and financial plans. Anything new excites them. But these "love affairs" usually don't last long; many of them are over almost as suddenly as they begin. The problem is that during these affairs, entrepreneurs can quite easily alienate their staff, become stubborn about listening to opposing views and lose their objectivity.

Scoring: a-5; b-5; c-5; d-5; e-15.

18. The answer to this question is easy: "bright and energetic". Right? Wrong! That describes a personality like your own. But stop and think a minute. You're the boss. Would you be happy, or, for that matter, efficient, as someone else's right-hand man? Probably not. And you don't want to hire an entrepreneur to do a hired hand's job. That's why the "bright and lazy" personality makes the best assistant. He's not out to prove himself, so he won't be butting heads with the entrepreneur at every turn. And while he's relieved at not having to make critical decisions, his delegating ability makes him a whiz when it comes to implementing them.

Scoring: a-2; b-10; c-0.

Entrepreneurs aren't high risk-takers. They tend to set realistic and achievable goals and when they do take risks, they are usually calculated.

19. Organisation is the key to an entrepreneur's success. This is the fundamental principle on which all entrepreneurial ventures are based. Without it, no other principles matter. Some keep lists on their desks, always crossing things off from the top and adding to the bottom. Others use notecards, keeping a file in their jacket pockets. Organisational systems may differ, but you'll never find an entrepreneur who's without one.

Scoring: a-5; b-15; c-5.

20. The only thing an entrepreneur likes less than discussing employee problems is discussing petty cash slips and expense accounts. Solving problems is what an entrepreneur does best, but problems involving employees seldom require his intervention, so discussing them is just an irritating distraction. Expense accounts are even worse. What an entrepreneur wants to know is how much his sales people are selling, not how much they're padding their expense accounts.

Scoring: a-8; b-10; c-0; d-0.

21. Entrepreneurs are participants, not observers; players, not fans. And to be an entrepreneur is to be an optimist; to believe that, with the right amount of time and the right amount of money, you can do anything. Of course, chance plays a part in anyone's career — being in the right place at the right time; but entrepreneurs have a tendency to make their own chances. I'm reminded of the story about the shoe manufacturer who sent his two sons to the Mediterranean to scout out new markets. One cabled back: "No point in staying on. No one here wears shoes." The other son cabled back: "Terrific opportunities. Thousands still without shoes." Who do you think inherited the business?

Scoring: a-0; b-15.

22. Sales give instant feedback on your performance; it's the easiest job of all for measuring success. How does a personnel counsellor or a teacher ever know if he's winning or losing? Entrepreneurs need immediate feedback and are always capable of adjusting their strategies in order to win. Some entrepreneurs brag that they play by the rules when they're winning and change the rules when they're losing. Although we don't endorse it, when it works it's known as the win/win strategy.

Scoring: a-3; b-10; c-0; d-0.

23. While friends are important, solving problems is clearly more important. Often, the best thing an entrepreneur can do for a friendship is to spare it the extra strain of a working relationship.

Scoring: a-0; b-10.

24. Everyone knows that a camel is a horse that was designed by a committee, and unless it's clear that one person is in charge, decisions are bound to suffer from a committee mentality.

Scoring: a-10; b-2; c-0.

25. Football coach Vince Lombardi is famous for saying, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," but a lesser-known quote of his is closer to the entrepreneur's philosophy. Looking back at a season, Lombardi was heard to remark, "We didn't lose any games last season, we just ran out of time twice." Entrepreneuring is a competitive game and an entrepreneur has to be prepared to run out of time occasionally.

Scoring: a-8; b-10; c-15; d-0.

YOUR ENTREPRENEURIAL PROFILE

225-275 — Successful Entrepreneur*
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LOOKING GOOD

Do you remember The Lamington Brigade — the pejorative label pinned on those unrepentant Australian males whose dark suits were always liberally peppered with dandruff? The type of man who viewed grooming as an unmanly sign of vanity, and whose only acquaintance with a mirror was a hasty once-over before rushing out the front door.

The late '60s and then the '70s saw many social upheavals but they did not produce a revolution in masculine elegance or good looks. Under the harsh glare of world limelight, men certainly underwent a change but the great majority of males tended to be poorly groomed, overweight, unfit and generally unkempt.

Even four or five years ago, any mention of men's skin and body care was instantly associated with poofs, actors, male ballet dancers and the like.

But all that was before the dawn of the new age of the body beautiful and the growing preoccupation with cultivating a healthy, trim, taut and terrific frame. Today, an ever-increasing number of Australian men are dedicated to banishing the image of the beer-gutted, dishevelled Australian Norm.

In the many health clubs and gyms that have mushroomed all over the country in recent years, you'll find that just as many men as women are not only fighting the spectre of obesity but also the prospect of early ageing, premature death and the prevalent listlessness of middle age. However, unlike the narcissistic American approach, the Australian way to good looks is motivated more by logic and common sense.

In a country where everyone's skin is constantly under attack from harsh sunlight, and where the majority of the population is also fighting the effects of city living, skin care, too, has finally come out of the closet, free of snide smirks and pub innuendo.

After years of disregarding helpful suggestions and advice from women, men have finally begun to realise that their skin and hair are equally susceptible to irreversible damage from a harsh environment, stress and pollution.

The new male interest in skin and body care has spawned an expanding industry in men's grooming products. More and more companies are either introducing a growing number of new products into existing ranges or bringing out totally new lines. "Freshness" products that alleviate the "stronger" side-effects of the fitness boom or a stressful day at work are still the top sellers, but moisturisers, bronzers, shampoos and conditioners are making great inroads into their hegemony.

The new preoccupation with fitness and freshness isn't merely coincidental — it's more a case of cause and effect. When you exercise more, you sweat more; when you sweat more, you shower and deodorise more. In many mixed gyms these days, the men's shower rooms smell fresher and more expensive than the women's.

the new age of the body beautiful has brought good grooming out of the bathroom closet

Men have finally discovered that today's colognes and fragrances are infinitely more classy, subtle and sexy than any "natural" odor, and manufacturers have been quick to capitalise on this new awareness by constantly releasing new male fragrance ranges.

Another important development in men's grooming products is the growing number of moisturisers and beard softeners especially designed to mitigate the skin-punishing legacy of shaving. Despite years of male brainwashing, there is nothing super-macho about ravaging a tender, freshly-shaved face with a stinging, high alcohol after-shave.

The same applies to battling the attacks of hot and cold weather and air-conditioning without the benefit of a protecting cream or moisturiser. There is nothing particularly appealing about tight dry skin that looks old before its time.

Treating the male complexion like an elephant's hide not only produces premature lines and wrinkles but the resulting rough-textured skin is as uncomfortable to its owner as it is to any woman unfortunate enough to come into contact with it. Surely it is far more sensible to invest in a shaving foam concentrate that contains soothing aloe vera to lubricate the skin and essential oils that balance the effects of "razor drag", than to labor under the illusion that such products are frivolous.

If you think that it is all right to let razor drag go untreated, why not scrub your face with a Steelo soap pad? The effects are almost the same.

Although it is true that a man's skin is thicker than a woman's, it definitely does not need any further "toughening up". For this reason, most manufacturers have switched to after-shave emulsions and balms that are far less damaging to the complexion than their earlier prototypes. Today's after-shave creams not only soften and soothe a man's skin but they also act as a barrier to protect the skin from damaging outside influences.

Skin maintenance is still a relatively revolutionary concept for most men, but more and more are coming to the realisation that a skin care routine needn't be elaborate (how many seconds does it take to slap on a cream?), and yet the minuscule amount of time involved can help them to look as good as they feel. And, wonder of wonders, nobody notices any tell-tale residue.

It seems incredible that, with modern society's emphasis on youth, it has taken such a long time for men to face the truth that the real name for "character lines" is wrinkles. Of course, laughter lines and crow's feet around the eyes can give you a genial appearance, but they also have the unhappy knack of making you look old. No cream will prevent ageing but the regular use of a moisturiser helps the skin to retain suppleness and elasticity. Growing old is a natural process but there's no need to hurry things along by going out of your way to cultivate moon-like crags and canyons.

Facial treatments were once exclusively the preserve of women, but an increasing number of beauty salons are gaining large male clienteles. The twin offers of expert skin treatments and an hour or so of blissful relaxation are seducing even the most testosterone-filled men into having regular treatments. Male facials, as opposed to many of the female variety, are largely devoted to removing things from, rather than embellishing, the face.

Blackheads, open pores, spots and pimples are the "natural" concomitants of modern city life. A couple of daily cleansès using soap are not powerful enough weapons in the fight against pollution. You need an arsenal of regular, deep-cleansing treatments to unblock years of clogged pores and clear a "muddy" complexion. Professional cleansing treatments also include facial massage. An hour or two of soothing fingers swirling into the nerve and reflex points around the eye sockets, forehead, sinuses, cheekbones and temples produces the greatest feeling of relaxation imaginable. Muscular tension, headache, migraine and general nervous anxiety just seem to melt away.

Although many grooming aids make you look good on the outside, truly great looks come from within. That inner glow comes from having respect for your body, which means eating a well-balanced diet, drinking less alcohol, giving up smoking and taking regular exercise.

Exercise is one of the most important aspects of total health. During their twenties, many men are participators in sporting activities, but by the time they reach the late twenties or thirties, they've usually joined the spectators' gallery. In recent years, because of the increased awareness of the need for exercise, many men who have done nothing more strenuous since high school than take out the garbage, have suddenly decided to snap out of years of lethargy to revamp their bodies. Unlike women, fear rather than vanity often prompts a man to get and stay fit. Many men are shocked to discover that although they are only in their mid-thirties, they cannot race their 10-year-old son without becoming winded.

A major blind spot with a great number of men is that they refuse to recognise that they no longer have the resilience of youth. Not all exercise is good exercise. Far too often many males still think that rushing out and "beating hell" out of an opponent in a tennis game after years of inactivity is the best start to a fitness campaign.

The fact is that launching suddenly into an all-out program of hard exercise — particularly if you are several kilos overweight and are chronically unfit — can prove to be more harmful than just remaining sedentary. To get fit and look good you have to give your body time to adjust. This means easing yourself gradually into a fitness program and not twisting and ruining your body by sudden violent exercise. Gradually building up your tennis or squash game, increasing the number of laps you do at the pool by degrees and starting off slowly at keep fit or aerobic classes are the best and safest routes towards achieving a good looking, trim body.

As mentioned earlier, most men have been conditioned not to look after themselves. However, times have changed and taking care of yourself is no longer viewed as a vain conceit. The reverse view is now the most prevalent; disregarding self-care is now seen as a perverse type of vanity. Good grooming isn't just cosmetic, it is a philosophy based on maintaining your body at its healthiest. As many scientific studies have shown, good looks in both men and women get the most positive response, in both the social and business worlds.

In line with this "male order" thinking, we will be commencing a new column in the next issue to help guide men through the self-care maze. Beauty care does not come naturally and instinctively to females — every women's magazine gives *them* advice on how to make the most of themselves. It's about time the same was done for men.

— CHRIS JACKSON

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1. On a separate sheet, attach your mailing label from a recent issue. Or print your name and address exactly as it appears on your label.
2. Print your new address on the sheet as well.
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SEX • BETTINA ARNDT

When I try to put my finger in my girlfriend's vagina, I seem to get stuck. I can only reach in to about my second knuckle and then I seem to run into something that blocks the way. Is there something wrong with her? Could this be the hymen? It feels like a wall. She has never had sex before.

—R.K., SA.

I wonder if you're trying to insert your finger straight upwards and are running into the front wall of the vagina itself. Many men (and women) are unaware of the fact that the vagina tilts backwards about 45 degrees so if you try inserting a penis or finger straight up, you simply hit the tissue and muscles which form the walls of the vagina. You have to turn a corner — your girlfriend should have discovered this if she's tried to insert tampons. The hymen, if it is still intact, is situated at the entrance of the vagina but it sounds as if the obstruction you are talking about is much further in.

Even if your girlfriend has never had sex before and is still a virgin, it is quite likely you won't encounter the hymen. The thin membrane is often torn or stretched during normal activities and the regular use of tampons also helps widen openings which occur naturally in the hymen. It is extremely common for a girl to be a virgin and not to have an intact hymen.

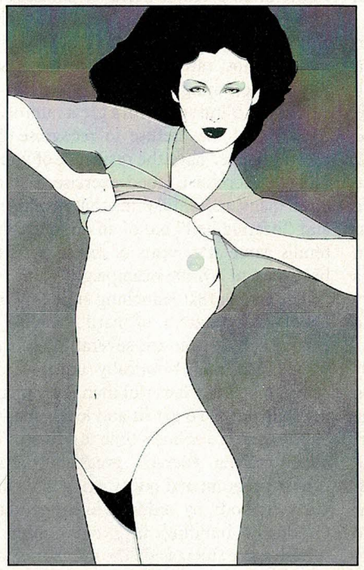
My girlfriend is very embarrassed about the fact that sometimes during intercourse her vagina makes strange noises (rather like "wind"). We laugh about it but I think sometimes it puts her off. It seems to happen more in certain positions than others and although she enjoys these positions, when it happens, she always wants to stop.

— C.P., NSW.

The vagina contains air (like any other orifice exposed to the surface) and this air is forced in and out by the penis moving in the vagina. The noises which result can also occur during masturbation due to changes in the shape of the vagina and the release of pockets of air when the uterus and vagina contract at orgasm. Just as school children delight in embarrassing teachers by making vulgar noises, the vagina can also act as a "wind instrument".

If your girlfriend is still embarrassed about her tuneful vagina, perhaps she could try strengthening the muscles around the vagina using pelvic floor exercises. A taut vagina surrounded by firm elastic tissues is more likely to behave itself — although vigorous sex will always cause those noisy air currents.

I am writing seeking some help or reassurance with a problem we have, and although we have read through many books dealing with sexual matters, we have had no luck solving it. My wife is very self-conscious about the size of her labia, or vaginal lips, which protrude quite obviously and, although I have tried to reassure her that everyone is different, she is becoming obsessed with it and thinks she is abnormal. Since my wife has always been so shy and quiet with such matters, this was never a problem until she became more sexually aware through sex manuals and men's magazines.



breast milk obsession and vaginal variations

I have always told her that I love her vagina because to me it's such a visual turn-on, but she still feels the same. Now she is talking about having the lips removed by cosmetic surgery after talking to her girlfriend who told her about vaginal surgery to correct damage after childbirth. I really think she is going to extremes to even consider such a thing, and besides, I like it the way it is.

—S. V., Qld.

You are quite right in thinking that extended labia are a very common genital variation and you are certainly not the only man to find this a very attractive feature of a woman's body. There are cultures where extended vaginal lips are regarded as the ultimate attraction. Women of African Hottentot tribes are known for their long, pendant labia minora and some Sinhalese women have similarly long vaginal lips. In both cultures manipulation of the lips is encouraged from an early age to stretch them to a desirable length.

But in Australia it's not so easy to convince women that their genitals are normal and attractive. Betty Dodson, a New York artist, once published a little book called *Liberating Masturbation* in which she included superb drawings of all sorts of female genitals. The book may be rather hard to track down now (it was published by Body Sex Designs, P O Box 1933, New York, N Y, 10001). *A New View Of A Woman's Body* by Suzanne Gage is another book which includes some excellent color photographs of genital variations (A Touchstone Book, published by Simon & Schuster, New York, 1981).

I feel it would be a good idea for you to pay a visit to a sex counsellor who could reassure your wife about her genitals, show her photographs of normal variations and help you convince her that you like her just the way she is. I do hope you will be able to convince her not to seek cosmetic surgery. Surgery on this wonderfully sensitive erogenous zone should be avoided wherever possible.

Could you please help me overcome a deep-seated problem which is constantly in my mind. I have always had a healthy sexual life but in the few years I was married — I am now divorced — my wife liked me to suck her breasts for long periods which I used to really enjoy. While doing this she would say things like, "I wish I had my breasts full of warm milk, I would love to see my milk in your mouth, darling." We were unable to have any children and that talk really turned me on, so much so that now I am left with a real desire to try and experience the taste of warm breast milk. Is it possible for you to contact a young nursing mother or mothers who would have no objection?

— D.E., Tas.

Experts have speculated on why breast milk should have such an erotic appeal for some men and have come up with various complicated theories about mother-son relationships and so on. In your case, your wife encouraged the development of what could be regarded as a fetish about breast milk through all her erotic talk on the subject. Many women really enjoy having their breasts suckled — it feels nice enough when a baby is nuzzling away there, but for some a fully-grown male is better still.

I cannot really recommend any way of seeking out a nursing mother. In fact most women would probably be offended at the thought that you were attracted to them purely as a means of indulging this desire. I suggest you concentrate on establishing a new relationship with a woman with whom you are generally compatible. It's not worth allowing this desire to become an obsession which distorts your relationships with women.

SEX IS ON THE AIR

Sex has been having a great run of the airways recently with all sorts of previously unmentionable topics livening up radio programs around the country. In Melbourne, Mike Jeffreys on 3XY took a look at things often said after sex:

"Did you come?"

"Are you finished yet?"

"Congratulations!"

"It's a miracle!"

Judging from calls to the 3XY phone-in, post-coital utterances can be a real minefield. One female caller reported a major blunder — "That was wonderful, Stanley," she murmured sweetly. There was a slight problem — his name was Graham!

Then there was the man who rang to tell of his girlfriend's irritating habit of talking about the football during their lovemaking sessions. "Collingwood's looking good. . . did you see that winning goal. . ." Getting into the spirit of things he waited until she was just about to climax and then shouted, "And it's a goal!"

It's probably safest to just be there with a smile on your face, breathing the occasional sigh of contentment to show you're not asleep.

Talking of being asleep, I recently held a competition on my Sydney radio program asking people to ring in with their worst bedroom boo-boos. One of the winners was a man who discovered afterwards he had fallen asleep in the middle of the action. But what really got to him was his wife swears it was the best performance he's ever given!

Even more embarrassing was the woman who was using her vibrator while watching *The Mike Walsh Show,* lying naked in the middle of her open courtyard. She'd forgotten she'd given a key to the handyman who'd come to do a few repairs. As in all the best erotic novels, when he appeared at the door she leapt up and rushed out of the place leaving her vibrator lying in the middle of the floor. She still doesn't know what happened to it.

Finally, Hobart, of all places, has recently been conducting lively radio debates on extra-marital sex. What's even more surprising is that infidelity won the day. Leon Byner on 7HT holds a regular dial-an-argument session where listeners argue the pros and cons of controversial issues. After the debaters have thrashed out the issues, listeners vote on the most convincing case. The winner was an articulate man promoting the value of affairs. A furore broke out when the winner was announced with conservatives angrily accusing the radio station of contributing to marital breakdown, encouraging infidelity and corrupting public morality!

EDUCATION IN DISARRAY

"Miss, why do girls suck boys' cocks?"

It's hardly the sort of question you'd expect a schoolboy to ask his schoolmistress and it was almost enough to send the new

a lesson to be learned in school sex education

human relations teacher running from the class room. Yet, according to an excellent new book on sex education in Australia, get-the-teacher type questions are simply one of the minor hazards of teaching sex in schools. *Teaching About Sex —The Australian Experience* is a book edited by Wendy McCarthy who is director of The Federation Of Family Planning Associations but is perhaps better known as deputy chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation Board.

The book provides depressing proof that despite our so-called liberated society, there is still urgent need for sex education. In Australia today, 60 percent of girls between the ages of 14 and 19 will experience at least one pregnancy. However much we like to believe that sex education should be conducted by parents in the home, the evidence shows this simply isn't happening. Research shows 90 percent to 96 percent of parents and students choose schools as their preferred venue for sex education. Most parents want help in teaching their children about sex and most kids are searching for answers their parents are too embarrassed to give them.

The most frightening aspect of this book is the chapter showing the tactics of the increasingly well organised anti-sex brigade to prevent other parents from receiving the help they need in educating young people. Thea Mendleson from Family Planning in Western Australia documents the campaigns in Victoria and other states to curtail the sex education courses in schools: the political lobbying, the smear tactics, the misuse of the media, the promotion of half-truths and atrocity stories about sex education programs.

The influence of these minority groups is frightening. Well-run educational programs have been abandoned, politicians have been frightened into soft-pedalling on proposed programs and funding has been cut back. One of the most damaging charges politically is the suggestion that sex education programs form part of an international conspiracy to subvert Christian moral beliefs and destroy family life.

The following letter was published by *The Darwin Sun* (August 1981):

"Sexuality is by far the most outstanding popular and prolific source of crime, sin and exploitation. Sexuality is the root instrument which has been utilised for the destruction of home and family life, the basic right of the unborn."

The Victorian Minister for Education in 1981 commented as follows on the dangers of the activities of one of these groups, the Concerned Parents Association: "They have done an enormous disservice not only to sensitive and courageous teachers, but to thousands of young people in Victoria. What is hurtful is the constant misrepresentation of one's motives, which is an inevitable part of a conspiracy thesis. For a conspiracy thesis to have any credibility, each link has to be seen to be an integral part of the process. The idea is that we are all in league with some international organisation to corrupt and subvert society."

The depressing news is that their tactics are working. Sex education in Australia is in a mess.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

NEXT MONTH

WHO WILL BE OUR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR? WE REVEAL THE GIRL WHO HAS IT ALL: THE MONEY, THE FAME, THE GIFTS. . . AND THE BODY.

BALLAD OF JOHN AND YOKO — THE BRIGHTEST BEATLE MAY BE DEAD BUT HE HASN'T BEEN ALLOWED TO REST IN PEACE. NEITHER HAS YOKO. THE GHOULS AND HYENAS ARE BAYING AT THE GATES OF THE DAKOTA AS BATTLE IS JOINED FOR THE BOOTY.

LET DELECTABLE DONA SPEIR MAKE AN APRIL FOOL OUT OF YOU.

BEWARE! VISITING QUEENSLAND CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. FRANK ROBSON UNRAVELS A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE IN A TOWN WHERE NINE YOUNG MEN HAVE MET MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AT THE SITE OF A HAUNTED MOUNTAIN.

THE INVENTORS: REMEMBER ALL THOSE SMART ALECS FROM THE OLD ABC SHOW WHO LOOKED SET TO MAKE A FORTUNE WITH THEIR CLEVER GADGETS? WE TRACK DOWN HALF A DOZEN TO SEE HOW THEY MADE OUT.

GRAPE ESCAPE *(continued from page 125)*

If McLaren Vale is the Rhine, then the Clare Valley is English countryside with Aussie color.

all Orlando wines at this factory — 7000 to 8000 bottles an hour (70 to 80 casks per minute). For those who want it, this tour is an excellent elementary education in winemaking.

Gnadenfrei boasts perhaps the most spectacular view in the region. The tasting room is actually the living room of Malcolm and Joyleen Seppelt and children. It's large and pine-panelled, with French doors, picture windows and a verandah looking on to their 60 acres of sloping fields.

Malcolm, a slim and balding eldest son of five Seppelt winemaking generations, is known as something of a maverick in the industry. He's worried about an influx of non-professionals, especially those looking for a tax shelter in this cost-intensive business. "They'll say, 'That wine let me down, unfortunately.' Would you want a surgeon to say that to you about his work?"

Malcolm's skills with his own wines are matched by Joyleen's in the kitchen, and she's recently begun offering lunches of cheese, terrine, pate, fruit and homemade bread served in a picnic basket that can be taken away (for a security deposit) and consumed in an outdoors setting. It's a beauty, but I wouldn't say Gnadenfrei is typical of the well-ordered Barossa scenery and winemaking style. Just as the geometric fields of the valley floor give way to the low mountains of the Southern Vales, so too do the Barossa's southern neighbors seem to take on a comfortably cluttered approach to their work.

"Meet your maker at McLaren Vale." That motto comes from Don Hogg, manager of the McLaren Vale Winemakers' Association, who is trying to help the Southern Vales attain a more cohesive identity by stressing the name of the McLaren Vale district, where many of the grapes are grown. "We don't want bulk tourism, we're looking for selective tourism. Here, you only taste wine in a glass, rather than a plastic cup." Vignerons there are also proud of the fact that many of their wines are not to be had at the corner pub in other states, and that the person who makes the wine is often the one offering you a taste.

The proliferation of McLaren Vale wineries in the past decade — from an original 13 to approximately triple that number now — supports Hogg's claim that, "The best of this district's wine would be as good as any in Australia." He's particularly proud of the area's chardonnays, cabernets and ports.

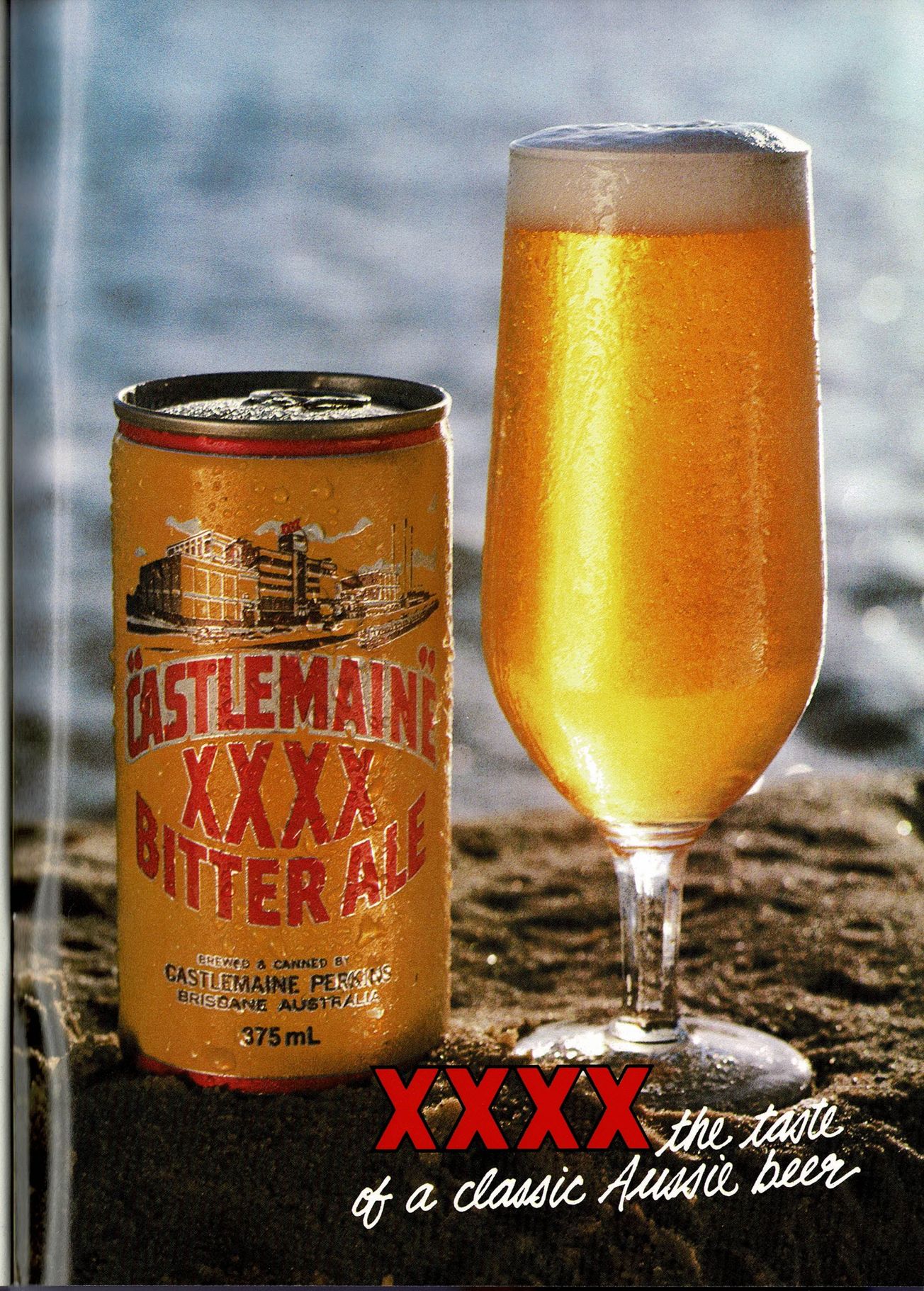
One of McLaren Vale's most appealing characteristics is that it's less than 40km from Adelaide. In this urbanised country, where the only choice sometimes seems to be between desolation and overcrowding, the Southern Vales offer an other-worldly alternative. Be sure to stay at least one night in the Old Clarendon Motel, which perches on a hillside overlooking a Rhine-like valley sprinkled with poplars, plums, apricot, pine and gum trees among the vineyards. The Wintergarden is a huge skylit room where you can get a terrific smorgasbord dinner under a profusion of hanging plants. The motel is in fact a complex of shops and restaurants shot through with wooden steps, wisteria-covered balconies, hot pools and patios.

If the McLaren Vale region is the Rhine, then the Clare Valley, above Adelaide, is English countryside with Aussie color. The road to Burra where you can stay overnight in the renovated cottages of Paxton Square is littered with gorse, eucalypt and the "egg and bacon" of Australian acacia. Near homesteads, sheep and horses graze in fields that fade from brilliant green to lime to steel as they move toward the horizon. Then the ruffled landscape begins to smooth and flatten, as if the earth's skirt were being gathered tight into the billows of the Flinders Range. Finally, the cypress pines appear, their tops towering like weeds above the windmills.

Visit some of the small family wineries such as Skillogalee Vineyards and the nearby Mitchell Cellars, set in hills and vales of tree and vine, stone cottages and wells overhung with weeping willows. Somehow, evidences of South Australia's "free settlers" heritage have blended here with the influence of grape-growing's discipline, while a "back to nature" feel predominates. Killakanoon is the perfect example: the owners of the vegetarian-style restaurant shear their own sheep and make woollen goods for sale. This is an excellent spot for a relaxed luncheon with a bottle of the Clare's finest.

Like a tour of the South Australian vineyards themselves, the effect is, well, it's full on the palate, with a clean finish.

GETTING THERE: The TAA South Australian Wine Trek package available through TAA holiday travel outlets or any TAA travel agent includes seven nights accommodation, a Hertz car with unlimited mileage, brochures, strip maps and a card which identifies you as someone who deserves the winemaker's special attention. Price, on a twin share basis, is $244 per person, excluding airfares. Super APEX (book 30 days in advance) is the most economical way to fly. Sydney to Adelaide return fare is $237.30.



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The NSW/VIC versions had more risque pictorial pages...
(seems the QLD published version toned down the photos)

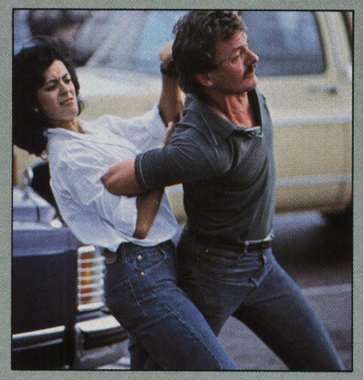
.

Alternative pages 48, 50-51, 66, 92-93, 107, 108-109.

We think Justine is destined to be one of our most popular models and do we really have to explain why? Perhaps it's something to do with the promise of those beautiful brown eyes or the way that lush auburn hair frames her perfect girl/woman face. Or perhaps it's the inviting softness in her smile or those impossibly white teeth. . .

We'll let Justine tell you about her body: "I don't like to see people fall apart physically. I think when you can look better than you do, you might as well. Because, whether people like it or not, everything is based on first impressions and it usually sticks for a while. Posing for PLAYBOY has made me more aware of my body, aware that I can be sexy. I think every woman should pose nude — a lot of women can go their whole lives without having nude pictures taken of them. You can really look at yourself. It's interesting. I've gotten to know my body so much better." Justine, we assure you it has been a mutual delight!

"When I was a teenager I was very naive. Sex was so mysterious. I used to wonder what it would be like. Most young girls fantasise about their first lover. I always knew my first man would have to be gentle. And I believe in making a man wait. . . it's part of the excitement."



One day last year, department store security guard Roberta Vasquez spotted a woman stuffing her oversized fur jacket with expensive shirts. A black belt in karate, Roberta followed the woman outside where a car-load of men waited at the kerb.

When Roberta grabbed the woman, one of the men jumped out of the car. "And this guy was huge," recalls Roberta. "So there I was in the parking lot, pulling on this woman's jacket, trying to get her back in the store and her boyfriend starts kicking me. I had to let go of her and start hitting him." The battle raged in the car park before a crowd of startled onlookers but Roberta was the victor and she won the spoils. . . the shoplifter's blouse, jacket, a chunk of her boyfriend's hair and, oh yes, all the stolen shirts.

She wonders if the right man could be close. The same neighborhood, the same street, the house next door. Just beyond the wall. "There is an absurdity in the smooth surface that separates you from your neighbor," says Valerie. "It is a frontier not to be exceeded and this makes the transgression even more alluring. On the other side curious ears guess at your whispered words. Every noise becomes a story."

"I played a game the other night. I pretended I was talking with an absent lover, hoping the presence beyond the wall would accept my provocation. A few seconds later I heard his breathing intensifying and his voice whispering. . ." Valerie is not the kind of woman to wait for long to turn her fantasies into reality.